



DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. 02 x N

Ac. No. 122587

H4
Date of release for loan
28 MAR 1967

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 5 Paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime.

MODERN DRAMAS

SHORTER EDITION

Edited by Harlan Hatcher

DEAN, COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY



NEW YORK

MCMXLIV

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1941, 1944, BY
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.

[g·1·47]

*All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form, by
mimeograph or any other means, without permission in writing from the publisher.*

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CONTENTS

MODERN DRAMA		v
HEDDA GABLER	<i>Henrik Ibsen</i>	i
THE CHERRY ORCHARD	<i>Anton Chekhov</i>	61
R. U. R.	<i>Karel Čapek</i>	103
JUSTICE	<i>John Galsworthy</i>	147
THE INFORMER	<i>Liam O'Flaherty</i>	195
BEYOND THE HORIZON	<i>Eugene O'Neill</i>	267
WINTERSSET	<i>Maxwell Anderson</i>	327
ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS	<i>Robert E. Sherwood</i>	385
WATCH ON THE RHINE	<i>Lillian Hellman</i>	445
STUDENTS' BIBLIOGRAPHY		493

MODERN DRAMA

PLAYS, with few exceptions, are written for the theatre. Their lines are designed to be spoken on the stage. They are colored by the personality, the voice, and the acting competency of the players; and they are affected by the décor, the lighting effects, and the peculiar milieu created by the interplay of actors and audience in the theatre. The text of a play is the most important element of a production, but it is only one of the several elements that achieve the total effect.

Drama, nonetheless, has long been one of the most favored forms of literary expression. A fair portion of surviving Greek literature is the golden legacy of Greek drama. The highest reaches of English literature are in the plays of Shakespeare. They are stage masterpieces, but they also have an independent life in the private library. If drama were blotted out of the world's literature, much of its richest treasure would perish. In our own time, especially since the appearance of Ibsen in the 1870's, the drama has rivalled the novel as the favored medium of artistic expression. Ibsen, Chekhov, Strindberg, Gorky, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Echegaray, Benavente, Rostand, Shaw, Barrie, O'Neill—these dramatists are among the great literary figures of the modern world. Viewed solely from the point of view of their contribution to literature, few novelists of the same period have surpassed or equaled these dramatists. Nine of the recipients of the Nobel prize for literature since 1901, for example, have been dramatists.

This is not to argue that plays are just as good in the library as they are on the stage. *Othello* is great by any standard, but it certainly takes on new life when produced by Margaret Webster and performed by Paul Robeson and José Ferrer. *Watch on the Rhine* is a greater play as created by Paul Lukas than it is in cold print. But long before these splendid productions are staged, both actor and director have studied every line, every word, every detail of every scene—have pored over them again and again, learned them by heart, and brought them to life in their minds. In this important sense, every play has its origin in the library and its first production in the creative imagination of the reader. And any reader of a play can share to some degree in this experience.

The reading and study of plays is an art in itself. No form of literature asks more from the reader; few, if any, give richer rewards in return. The playing time of a drama seldom exceeds three hours. Yet in that brief compass it manages to convey nearly as much as a novel which may require fifteen hours or more of reading time. It is compact and concentrated. A novelist may ramble; a dramatist cannot. He must make every word count and do double duty. A novelist may consume several pages with character description and analyses of thought and motives. A dramatist has only a few minutes at his disposal for this service, and even then he must convey his meanings through a few spoken words while the central action with which he is concerned drives steadily forward. The burden of understanding and interpretation is laid upon the reader himself. He must catch

the inflection of the character's voice, and detect the nuances of expression which reveal his nature. He must create and furnish the scene (a novelist like Hardy or Conrad would do this for him magnificently in dozens of pages). He must give the action its proper pace, and manipulate the entrances and exits of the characters. For these reasons some people find it difficult to read plays with pleasure. A little practice, however, will master the art, and once the art is acquired, the experience of reading plays is fascinating.

Fortunately the printing and reading of plays has returned as a significant part of the literary life of the nation. The initial failure of Shaw's plays on the stage led him to publish them with elaborate and lively prefaces. Their publication became literary events, and they were read more widely than they were seen. The plays of Barrie and Galsworthy, though quite successful on the stage, also enjoyed wide reading in book form. By the time O'Neill began making theatrical history in America, it had become customary to publish plays to coincide with their presentation on the stage. The plays of Anderson and Sherwood have been offered to the reading public shortly after they were presented to theatre audiences. In short, these plays are as much a part of contemporary literature as the novels of Dreiser, James, Howells, and Sinclair Lewis, or the poetry of T. S. Eliot and Carl Sandburg.

We have brought together in this volume nine important plays of the modern theatre. Quite obviously such a collection has not the remotest thought of trying to represent the extraordinary breadth and scope of modern drama. A hundred selected plays could hardly do justice to the achievement of drama in the last seventy-five years. The theatre throughout the world has been feverishly active. The number of worthy plays written since *A Doll's House* runs to a thousand or more. The theatres of Russia were prolific between the Revolution and World War II. Before the rise of the Nazis, Budapest, Vienna, and Berlin were theatrical capitals. Pirandello gave life to the theatre of Rome. Paris was a center for creative activity and experimentation. The theatre in Prague had a brilliant renaissance. The quality of continental drama is distinguished; its variety is almost bewildering.

The English theatre has been markedly less experimental, but it has been active and its productions have often been brilliant. London has had no production group to compare with the Moscow Art Theatre, the Abbey players of Dublin, the Provincetown or the Theatre Guild of New York. England has had no little theatres to compare with L'Œuvre of Lugné-Poë and Juvet's The Athénée in Paris, or Pirandello's Teatro Odescalchi in Rome. No English dramatist, not excepting Shaw, broke with tradition so sharply as did O'Neill in America. English drama is, nevertheless, a stalwart part of modern world drama, and the plays of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Maugham have been as often played and as widely read on the European Continent and in America as the works of any literary figures of our day. Innovations and experimentations are healthy and desirable, but drama does not have to be experimental to be good or to achieve greatness. In keeping with the national character, perhaps, the British dramatists have worked in the more conservative and traditional forms of dramaturgy, and have attempted to enrich the content without materially altering the form. Marlowe and Shakespeare, Congreve and Sheridan might find *R.U.R.* and *The Adding Machine* strange

and baffling, but they would recognize in *Candida*, *Justice*, or *The Circle* the work of their own inheritors and successors.

Recent American drama has been linked more closely to the ferment of the Continental theatre than to English drama. The modernization of the theatre began with the Théâtre Libre in Paris and the Freie Bühne in Berlin at the close of the 1880's. It soon extended to the Moscow Art Theatre and the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. The movement coincided with the emergence of the great modern dramatists listed above, and stimulated their work by providing understanding production of their plays. This up-surge of interest in the modern theatre reached America last of all. Its influence was first felt about 1915 when the Washington Square Players, the Neighborhood Playhouse, and the Provincetown were founded. World War I joined America closer to Europe than it had ever been before. The Theatre Guild, an outgrowth of the Washington Square Players, brought to America the best work of a score of newer European dramatists heretofore unproduced in this country. The effect was salutary. When American drama came to maturity with one tremendous stride in the 1920's, it was at the same time richly native and, in the best sense, international. One has only to turn from Moody's *The Great Divide*, Thomas's *The Witching Hour*, and Walter's *The Easiest Way* to O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*, *Emperor Jones*, and *The Hairy Ape* to experience the full impact of the revolution in American drama. And from 1920 to the present, American drama has been well in the vanguard of world drama.

During the three quarters of a century of its growth, modern drama has dealt with almost every theme of interest to our day. The intellectual, social, and emotional history of the period could be written from the materials furnished by the plays of the world since Ibsen's *The League of Youth*: the emancipation of women; the decay of Nineteenth Century society; the cumbersome machinery of justice; the transformation of the world's economy through the spread of machines; the problems of love, marriage, and divorce; the class conflict; war and peace; the decline and resurrection of American traditions; romantic dreams and psychological maladjustments; miracles and religion. New forms have been invented or developed to express these themes; new theatres have been designed to give them wider scope on the stage.

The plays here reprinted, though they do not cover the full sweep of modern drama, are a central part of the phenomenon. They were written by leading men and women of letters who have felt themselves a part of their own stirring times. Each of the plays is a significant part of the era in which it was written, but it has continued to live where so many have perished because it is not local or dated; it has a core of permanent truth that flames brightly after the temporary and the marginal have faded. This proved survival of interest is one of the rigorous criteria for inclusion in this volume.

Each of the plays, moreover, is representative of the total work of its author. In many cases the play selected is also the masterpiece of the dramatist. The critical and biographical essay preceding each play attempts to give a brief but comprehensive view of the dramatist and his work, and sets forth the reasons for the particular choice.

But quite apart from their connection with their era and their representation of

the work of their authors, these plays are to be cherished as individual works of art in the form of drama. They are self-contained and self-sufficient if the reader chooses to regard them in that light. They may be illuminated by reference to the author and the times, but they are not dependent upon either. They may be read and studied as solitary performances existing in the singular and magic world which each creates.

HENRIK IBSEN

HENRIK IBSEN is for the historians one of the most convenient figures in literature. He is a landmark. Without controversy, and with a minimum of explanatory defense, two sweeping observations can be made about him: that what we now call modern drama began with Ibsen; and that he is the overshadowing giant among the playwrights of the modern theatre. He not only created the vogue of the modern problem play which has dominated the theatre for six decades, but he illustrated in his long career of fifty years, from *Catiline* in 1849 to *When We Dead Awaken* in 1899, almost every aspect of the drama that has interested our times.

Ibsen's life was not colorful. His plays are much more interesting than his biography. But he had the genius to extract the qualities of universal import from the experiences that did befall him, and to transform casual episodes into stirring drama. He was born on March 20, 1828, in Skien, a small coastal town fifty miles up the beautiful Lofn Fjord off the Skagerrak. It lies at the base of the rugged and legend-haunted mountains of southern Norway which Ibsen described with such spirited enchantment in *Peer Gynt*. In Ibsen's youth the town was flourishing and socially active in a provincial way. At the time of Ibsen's birth, and for the next seven years, his family belonged to the prosperous merchant class. The Stockman house, as their home was called, faced the large public square of Skien. In the center of the square was the church, and around it were the Latin

and grammar schools, the town pillory, the madhouse, and the jail. That grim arrangement certainly presented to the eyes of Ibsen a microcosm of the heights and the abysses of man's reach in his institutions of worship, education, punishment, and asylum. Following his own lead and symbolic method in the later plays like *The Wild Duck* and *Rosmersholm*, we may be permitted to speculate upon the significance of this early scene and its effect upon Ibsen's temperament and his mature view of life and human destiny.

At the end of the seven good years in Henrik's life, the Ibsens lost their money and their social station. Their property was liquidated to satisfy their creditors, and they were forced down to a meager existence in a wretched little farmhouse outside Skien which they were able to save from the wreckage. Such bitter family experiences left a deep and ineradicable scar in the developing mind-set of this ruminative child. He learned early how to brood through the long gloomy days over human mutability, over the hypocrisy of the professed friends of his family who deserted them in their misfortune, and over the materialistic values that corroded the lives of these pillars of society. Memories of this reversal, of its disastrous effect upon his father who immediately deteriorated, and of the harsh struggle of his mother, come poignantly through the romantic fabric of the first scenes of *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen himself said, "This poem contains much that has its origin in the circumstances of my own youth. My

own mother—with the necessary exaggeration—served as the model for Ase.”

The effects of these first conscious experiences were not mitigated but only deepened by the years of struggle that preceded his first success. His portraits are all worthy of study. Stern purpose burns through his eyes; the corners of his mouth dip and snap into a pose of stubborn aggressiveness; the forelock above the massive curve of his skull is a plume of confidence; and his flowing beard completes the halo of the zealous and successful champion of reform. But that highly individual countenance was moulded only after years of determined self-discipline, and of persistent achievement. By his own blazing energy he triumphed over all the barriers that lie between a penniless young son of a bankrupt and broken father in an obscure mountain valley and the place of supreme eminence among the poets and dramatists of his age.

During the eight years on the barren farm Ibsen felt his ambitions stirring toward the art of painting, for which he had talent but no means, and toward literature and the theatre about which, shut away by himself, he gloomily day-dreamed. Those avenues seemed closed. When he was fifteen, he got a place first as apprentice and then as assistant to a druggist at Grimstad. In this commonplace, provincial, and puritanic community Ibsen shrewdly observed many details of character in men like his Parson Brand in *Brand* and Pastor Manders in *Ghosts*. He also learned a great deal about the human spirit from his own lonely, subordinate, discouraged, and distressed days in this cluster of red houses, on a melancholy sea coast whose isolation, except as a port of call for certain boats, was absolute. He was caged in Grimstad from 1844 to the end

of 1849. His morose rebellion was softened a little during the last years by some progress in his trade, by the solace of writing poetry and dramatic verse, and by a hope of studying medicine. With the questioning spirit appropriate to youth, he was stirred by the radicalism of his day as reflected in the hopeful events of 1848. Remnants of this period of “radical” stirrings lie like dead wood in several of his plays, notably in the sub-plot of *Rosmersholm*.

By 1850, Ibsen’s growing sense of need and power could no longer be constrained by Grimstad. He went to Christiania to enter the university, intending to study medicine. But his modest success with *Catiline*, published that year, switched him toward philosophy, literature, and social issues, and then into the theatre. Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist who made several triumphant tours of America, established the Norwegian Theatre at Bergen in 1850, and had Ibsen appointed as its dramatist in November, 1851, and later as manager. The next April the directors paid Ibsen’s traveling expenses on a tour of inspection and study of the theatres in Copenhagen, Hamburg, Dresden, and Berlin. Ibsen wished, he said, to acquaint himself “with the technique of dramatic art, the principles of its practice in the different places and in its various forms, together with everything pertaining to the management of theatres.” He was especially well-received by the Theatre Royal at Copenhagen. The experience must have been tremendous for the rising young dramatist from Grimstad; it confirmed him in his bent toward playwriting and the theatre.

In the summer of 1857, after nearly six years of hard training at the theatre in Bergen, Ibsen left to become “artistic

director" of the Norwegian Theatre of Christiania. He held that post, working at all hours writing for himself, polishing and presenting old plays, until the theatre failed in the summer of 1862. He had already applied for state aid without success. Now, in desperation, he appealed to the king for the second time for a pension "to enable me to continue labours in the service of literature which I have reason to believe the public does not wish to see interrupted." His appeal was again rejected. Finally, on a third petition the next year, in which he reminded his king "that similar travelling allowances have been granted to all the Norwegian writers except myself," he was given a pension of 400 specie-dollars (\$450); and in the spring of 1864, aged thirty-six, with fifteen years apprenticeship behind him, he left Norway for Berlin and Rome, fired with ambition and bubbling with ideas and plans for the future.

The next few years were richly productive. Besides some minor work, he wrote *Brand*, which was published in Copenhagen on March 15, 1866, and *Peer Gynt*, which appeared on November 14, 1867. Ibsen's fame and success were never again in doubt. Except for brief vacation visits back to Norway, he lived abroad for the next twenty-seven years chiefly in Rome, Dresden, and Munich, and wrote in voluntary exile all the famous plays from *Brand* to *Hedda Gabler*. Then in July, 1891, at the age of sixty-three, with most of his great work completed, he returned to Christiania to live the rest of his life as a world celebrity. His active career was practically over when the English speaking world began to take him up. He died in 1906 and was buried at Oslo.

The course of Ibsen's career reflects quite accurately and conveniently the

fashions current in the theatre. Modern drama has revolved around three axes—romance in the traditional style; naturalism with an implication of the need if not a direct appeal for reform; and symbolism, sometimes in dramatic verse, sometimes imposed upon a realistic pattern in an attempt to correct the perspective and supply some of the omissions that falsified the naturalistic plays. These included nine important apprenticeship plays, as well as his journeyman's successes, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*. The pretentious prose drama *Emperor and Galilean* (1873), which cost him several years labor and was more to his satisfaction than any of his earlier works, may also be included in this group. All of Ibsen's early plays were in the hal-lowed and moribund mold of early nineteenth century romantic drama. Within their circumscribed themes and forms, and for their period, these were remarkable plays. *Peer Gynt* in particular has been continuously and almost universally admired. But after these dramas have been duly praised, we are still confronted with the historical fact that they were the end of an old era, not the beginning of a new one.

The plays that made Ibsen the founder of "modern" drama were not the early romantic dramas but the social problem plays in contemporary settings realistically handled. These plays, with the single exception of his experimental *The League of Youth* (1869), were all written after *Emperor and Galilean* and were concentrated within a period of a dozen years. *The Pillars of Society* came in 1877, *A Doll's House* in 1879, *Ghosts* in 1881, *An Enemy of the People* in 1882, *The Wild Duck* in 1884, *Rosmersholm* in 1886, *The Lady from the Sea* in 1888, and *Hedda Gabler* in 1890.

These plays aroused the Europe of the

eighties and nineties, largely because the time was ripe for them. All sorts of problems kept pressing in upon the complacency of the prosperous mercantile world of Ibsen's day. How long could Society go on under the jungle precept of the survival of the fittest in an era of unrestricted commerce? Was there no moral law higher than the doctrine of laissez-faire in a system of machines, their owners, and their attendants? Even more dramatic were the upheavals caused by the rise of the feminist movement, and the agitation for the emancipation of woman from her state of inferiority. This campaign not only threatened the masculine dominion over the world of property, but it raised the more far-reaching question of just what rights and personal freedom an individual might reserve strictly unto himself, and to what degree he might ignore or defy the conventions and opinions of society.

Ibsen had strong convictions on these issues and on other questions of concern to his age. He had reached the period of ripe middle age sustained by the confidence inspired by his success. He was in his vigorous fifties, famous, and still growing in his mastery of dramatic form. He was in close touch with the swift-flowing currents of contemporary thought, and he had the genius to dramatize ideas in the medium of solidly created character.

The ideas in the plays may have been "no more than the common culture of the day," as Somerset Maugham has charged, but Ibsen was still far enough in advance of the literate, play-reading, theatre-going public to startle it with these ideas and to become the center and the figurehead of a movement.

In *The Pillars of Society* Ibsen dramatized the more general problems raised

in the idealistic mind by the spectacle of dishonest, scheming, corrupt, and two-faced men becoming wealthy and powerful leaders of society. In *An Enemy of the People* he presented the obverse phenomenon in which an upright man of highest integrity, who tries disinterestedly to serve his community, as did Ibsen himself, is misunderstood and reviled by the very people whom he is trying to help. He did permit the villain to reform in *The Pillars of Society*; and he ended the play with a little sermon summed up in the tag lines of Bernick and Lona:

BERNICK. . . . I have learnt *this* too, in these last few days; it is you women that are the pillars of society.

LONA. You have learnt a poor sort of wisdom, then, brother-in-law. No, my friend; the spirit of truth and the spirit of freedom—they are the pillars of society.

It was Ibsen's attack on the feminist question in *A Doll's House* that first elevated him into an international figure. That drama was so intimately enmeshed with its time that it did more than any other play to make the modern theatre a platform for the discussion of social problems. It was perfectly timed to become a manifesto for the moderns. By law and custom, if not always in practice, women were inferior and under subjection to their men. Their education was limited, their activities narrowly circumscribed. Until the Married Women's Property Act of 1882 and 1893 in England, the husband controlled his wife's property. But women were getting restive and defiant in the 1880's. They took up mixed tennis (the gentlemen played with coats on) and bicycling, even golf, shooting, hunting, and hiking. They demanded votes and equal opportunities for education and en-

trance into the professions. Their assault on man's authority and their rebellion against the time-honored conventions that held them in their dolls' houses were shocking. Ibsen's play on the subject was first performed in this surcharged atmosphere; to this day it stands as a venerable landmark in modern social history. It was so squarely at the front and center of this world movement, which was not completed until after the World War, that the play seemed actually to be thought of as the cause of the agitation rather than just another manifestation of it.

A Doll's House is still a fairly lively play, though we may now smile indulgently at its dated technique and at the furor aroused by its thesis. A present day Nora might easily find herself married and in subjection to a Torvald who called her his little skylark, his little squirrel, and stultified her personality by requiring her to act like a silly, wayward, and irresponsible doll; but she would also find herself in a world where the problem was no longer a general one involving the entire social climate but an individual issue which she might settle at her pleasure whenever she wished to become an adult woman.

Ghosts was a quick follow up and a much better play. It dates only in its few passages of "advanced" conversation, and in its self-conscious sense of daring in discussing the hereditary effects of syphilis in paresis. As a play it is tight and firm, and the action unfolds with constantly mounting tension and suspense. Its sermon on the sad limitations of parish-minded Pastor Manders's code as a guide to life, on the ghost-ridden lives of men and women, and on the tragic price paid by Mrs. Alving for violating her personality and living on in apparent respectability with her in-

fectured husband to save appearances instead of walking out like Nora, is still powerful and moving long after the removal of the conditions that made it shocking.

These two plays became standard in the new theatres that were organized in the late eighties and nineties in most of the theatrical capitals of Europe. They reached England at the end of the eighties, just as Pinero and Shaw were getting under way. It is hardly possible to exaggerate their place in the modern drama and in the history of social attitudes. They were followed by three plays of considerable strength and occasional beauty—*The Wild Duck*, *Rosmersholm*, and *The Lady from the Sea*, each distinguished by Ibsen's genius for creating moving and convincing characters, each with its sermonic core, and each invested with a symbol presumably to deepen and heighten the mystery of human experience. *The Wild Duck* has been greatly admired because of the poignant and tender portrayal of the beautiful spirit of the fourteen-year-old Hedvig and of her grandfather Ekdal who has a playhouse forest in the attic of their house. Their lives are wrecked by a nose-y, self-righteous reformer who thinks he must drag into the open the scandal behind their lives—as a clever dog dives to the bottom of a pond to drag out from the tangle and seaweed, "and all the devil's own mess that grows down there," the wounded duck that dived and hid from its pursuing enemy.

Rosmersholm created the character of the "emancipated" woman, Rebecca West. Her complex mixture of modernity, hard selfishness, and a mysticism which led her to seek redemption through self-abnegation by suicide with Rosmer, nearly got lost, however, in the

tiresome talk about contemporary liberalism and in the spooky whispers of the housekeeper about the White Horses and "the dead that cling to Rosmersholm." *The Lady from the Sea* has moments of poetic beauty, and its central dramatic issue is psychologically sound if not very interesting or important. The sea symbolizes romance and freedom to Ellida, now married and cared for almost to parasitism by her physician husband. She remembers with longing her lost sailor lover and her girlish romance. When she is given complete freedom to choose between her husband and her returned lover, she chooses her husband—and is thereby purged of her neurotic phantasms.

All of the plays, including these three attempts at symbolism, make use of the old device of the confidante to get the exposition out of the way and the plot unfolding. The confidante is usually a long-lost friend who must be brought up to date on the news of the heroine and her family. The villains are conventional and not incapable of reform. In fact, Maugham was not entirely wrong when he summed up the case sardonically in these words: "Ibsen as we know had a meagre power of invention; his characters under different names are very dully repeated and his intrigues from play to play little varied. It is not a gross exaggeration to say that his only gambit is the sudden arrival of a stranger who comes into a stuffy room and opens the windows; whereupon the people who were sitting there catch their death of cold and everything ends unhappily."

Hedda Gabler is in many respects the most perfect of his plays, both in character study and in form. It was an instantaneous international success, despite the critical opinion of its day that

to common-sense people it had no motive and the heroine was devoid of any redeeming feature. The first production was at Munich, January 31, 1891. Ibsen was there. In the following April it was played at the Vaudeville Theatre in London by Elizabeth Robins and Marion Lee. It has been interpreted by some of the greatest modern actresses: Duse, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, Nance O'Neill, Alla Nazimova. It was published at Copenhagen December 16, 1890, with English and American translations made from the proof sheets. Edmund Gosse's translation appeared in 1891.

Hedda Gabler has lost little with the passing of a half century of bewildering change. It is compact, firm, and stripped of irrelevancies. The studied and selected details are arranged into an artistic pattern unexcelled in Ibsen's work. The first act with its six sharp episodes, each designed for a specific purpose, is a model of compression. The play must be seen against the back-drop of the dramas that immediately preceded it. Those thesis dramas, centering around the feminist movement, are now only mildly interesting. *Ghosts* excites admiration not for its daring theme but for its structural beauty; the door in *A Doll's House* now closes quietly without slamming; and both plays depend for survival largely upon their historical importance and the unmistakable timbre of Ibsen's endowed workmanship and character creation. *Hedda Gabler* was not burdened with extraneous essays or sermonic passages. It is a concentrated study of character. *Hedda* stands before us in all her human perversities and confronted with her own destiny—a phenomenon as sternly natural as arthritis or cancer. She never says that one must accept life whole-heartedly; that one

must love, marry, raise a better generation, and have joy in the process—or die a neurotic. She says only indirectly and without emphasis that individualism, cultivated solely for itself, and without relation to other individuals with whom one is inextricably involved for a common end, is as disastrous as Mrs. Alving's denial of her personality in surrender to provincial respectability; or the stultification of a potentially strong character like Nora by playing up to her ninny of a husband.

These themes are not preached, as in *A Doll's House* and *Ghosts*; they must be deduced from the unity of events in the play precisely as moral wisdom must be drawn from a study of the endless flow of life itself. For Hedda is, as all great characters must be, a lump of life hewed out of the great block of humanity. She is. Her drama is not bogged down by the self-conscious, unassimilated symbolism of the three preceding plays (and others that followed it) that evidently didn't come quite clear even to Ibsen himself. Symbolism was in accord with the delicate genius of Mactierlinck, but it was too fragile and wanton for the masculine hand of Ibsen. Even in *The Master Builder* (1892) and *When We Dead Awaken* (1899), where the symbolism is more nearly absorbed into the texture of the play, the result is not entirely satisfying.

Hedda Gabler—not Hedda Tesman, we note—is a realistic study in maladjustment. Hedda is neurotic, unemotional, completely self-centered and selfish. Now that the honeymoon journey

is over, she is irritated by her pedantic and assinine husband; she is bored to melancholy at the prospect of the years ahead as his wife; and she is overwrought and rebellious against her pregnancy. She dreads motherhood more than the unexpected threat of poverty, and fears scandal more than either. She is trapped by circumstances that are repugnant to her, and she lacks the will to face them. They fail to challenge her luxury-loving, uncourageous, irresponsible nature. She can be roused from her snippish boredom only by the prospect of vanquishing her mousy rival, Mrs. Elvsted, and dominating the brilliant but erratic Lövborg, rival to her stupid husband.

MRS. ELVSTED. You have some hidden motive in this, Hedda!

HEDDA. Yes, I have. I want for once in my life to have power to mould a human destiny.

She moulds it to destruction, however; she is even denied the satisfaction of directing an artistic suicide for him. She urged him "to do it beautifully," but he bungled it. Hedda herself did it beautifully, renouncing not the stuffy existence of Tesman's house, but the futility of life itself. She became the prototype of the inverted Freudian heroine of the 1920's, who haunted the offices of psychoanalysts and peopled the novels and the plays of the post-war world. *Hedda Gabler* best represents the obstinate genius of Ibsen upon whose tomb at Oslo was carved not a blue bird but a symbolic hammer.

HEDDA GABLER

CHARACTERS

GEORGE TESMAN

HEDDA TESMAN, *his wife*

MISS JULIANA TESMAN, *his aunt*

MRS. ELVSTED

JUDGE BRACK

EILERT LÖVBORG

BERTA, *servant at the Tesman's*

The scene of the action is Tesman's villa, in the west end of Christiania.

ACT I

A spacious, handsome, and tastefully furnished drawing-room, decorated in dark colors. In the back, a wide doorway with curtains drawn back, leading into a smaller room decorated in the same style as the drawing-room. In the right-hand wall of the front room, a folding door leading out to the hall. In the opposite wall, on the left, a glass door, also with curtains drawn back. Through the panes can be seen part of a verandah outside, and trees covered with autumn foliage. An oval table, with a cover on it, and surrounded by chairs, stands well forward. In front, by the wall on the right, a wide stove of dark porcelain, a high-backed arm-chair, a cushioned foot-rest, and two foot-stools. A settee, with a small round table in front of it, fills the upper right-hand corner. In front, on the left, a little way from the wall, a sofa. Farther back than the glass door, a piano. On either side of the doorway at the back a whatnot with terra-cotta and majolica ornaments.—Against the back wall of the inner room a sofa, with a table, and one or two chairs. Over the 10 sofa hangs the portrait of a handsome elderly man in a General's uniform. Over the table a hanging lamp, with an opal glass shade.—A number of bouquets are arranged about the drawing-room, in vases and glasses. Others

lie upon the tables. The floors in both rooms are covered with thick carpets.—Morning light. The sun shines in through the glass door.

MISS JULIANA TESMAN, with her bonnet on and carrying a parasol, comes in from the hall, followed by BERTA, who carries a bouquet wrapped in paper. MISS TESMAN is a comely and pleasant-looking lady of about sixty-five. She is nicely but simply dressed in a gray walking-costume. BERTA is a middle-aged woman of plain and rather countrified appearance.

MISS TESMAN (*stops close to the door, listens, and says softly*). Upon my word, I don't believe they are stirring yet!

BERTA (*also softly*). I told you so, Miss. Remember how late the steamboat got in last night. And then, when they got home!—good Lord, what a lot the young mistress had to unpack before she could get to bed.

MISS TESMAN. Well, well—let them have their sleep out. But let us see that they get a good breath of the fresh morning air when they do appear. (*She goes to the glass door and throws it open.*)

BERTA (*beside the table, at a loss what to do with the bouquet in her hand*). I declare

HEDDA GABLER: Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

there isn't a bit of room left. I think I'll put it down here, Miss. (*She places it on the piano.*)

MISS TESMAN. So you've got a new mistress now, my dear Berta. Heaven knows it was a wrench to me to part with you.

BERTA (*on the point of weeping*). And do you think it wasn't hard for me too, Miss? After all the blessed years I've 10 been with you and Miss Rina.

MISS TESMAN. We must make the best of it, Berta. There was nothing else to be done. George can't do without you, you see—he absolutely can't. He has had you to look after him ever since he was a little boy.

BERTA. Ah, but, Miss Julia, I can't help thinking of Miss Rina lying helpless at home there, poor thing. And with 20 only that new girl, too! She'll never learn to take proper care of an invalid.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, I shall manage to train her. And of course, you know, I shall take most of it upon myself. You needn't be uneasy about my poor sister, my dear Berta.

BERTA. Well, but there's another thing, Miss. I'm so mortally afraid I shan't 30 be able to suit the young mistress.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, well—just at first there may be one or two things—

BERTA. Most like she'll be terrible grand in her ways.

MISS TESMAN. Well, you can't wonder at that—General Gabler's daughter! Think of the sort of life she was accustomed to in her father's time. Don't you remember how we used to see her 40 riding down the road along with the General? In that long black habit—and with feathers in her hat?

BERTA. Yes, indeed—I remember well enough—! But good Lord, I should never have dreamt in those days that

she and Master George would make a match of it.

MISS TESMAN. Nor I.—But, by-the-bye, Berta—while I think of it: in future you mustn't say Master George. You must say Dr. Tesman.

BERTA. Yes, the young mistress spoke of that too—last night—the moment they set foot in the house. Is it true, then, Miss?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, indeed it is. Only think, Berta—some foreign university has made him a doctor—while he has been abroad, you understand. I hadn't heard a word about it, until he told me himself upon the pier.

BERTA. Well, well, he's clever enough for anything, he is. But I didn't think he'd have gone in for doctoring people too.

MISS TESMAN. No, no, it's not that sort of doctor he is. (*Nods significantly.*) But let me tell you, we may have to call him something still grander before long.

BERTA. You don't say so! What can that be, Miss?

MISS TESMAN (*smiling*). H'm—wouldn't you like to know! (*With emotion.*) Ah, dear, dear—if my poor brother could only look up from his grave now, and see what his little boy has grown into! (*Looks around.*) But bless me, Berta—why have you done this? Taken the chintz covers off all the furniture?

BERTA. The mistress told me to. She can't abide covers on the chairs, she says.

MISS TESMAN. Are they going to make this their every day sitting-room then?

BERTA. Yes, that's what I understood—from the mistress. Master George—the doctor—he said nothing.

[GEORGE TESMAN comes from the right into the inner room, humming to himself, and carrying an unstrapped empty portmanteau.]

He is a middle-sized, young-looking man of thirty-three, rather stout, with a round, open, cheerful face, fair hair and beard. He wears spectacles, and is somewhat carelessly dressed in comfortable indoor clothes.]

MISS TESMAN. Good morning, good morning, George.

TESMAN (*in the doorway between the rooms*).

Aunt Julia! Dear Aunt Julia! (*Goes up to her and shakes hands warmly.*) Come 10 all this way—so early! Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Why of course I had to come and see how you were getting on.

TESMAN. In spite of your having had no proper night's rest?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, that makes no difference to me.

TESMAN. Well, I suppose you got home all right from the pier? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, quite safely, thank 20 goodness. Judge Brack was good enough to see me right to my door.

TESMAN. We were so sorry we couldn't give you a seat in the carriage. But you saw what a pile of boxes Hedda had to bring with her.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, she had certainly plenty of boxes.

BERTA (*to TESMAN*). Shall I go in and see if there's anything I can do for the 30 mistress?

TESMAN. No, thank you, Berta—you needn't. She said she would ring if she wanted anything.

BERTA (*going towards the right*). Very well.

TESMAN. But look here—take this portmanteau with you.

BERTA (*taking it*). I'll put it in the attic. (*She goes out by the hall door.*)

TESMAN. Fancy, Aunty—I had the whole 40 of that portmanteau chock full of copies of documents. You wouldn't believe how much I have picked up from all the archives I have been examining—curious old details that no one has had any idea of—

MISS TESMAN. Yes, you don't seem to have wasted your time on your wedding trip, George.

TESMAN. No, that I haven't. But do take off your bonnet, Auntie. Look here! Let me untie the strings—eh?

MISS TESMAN (*while he does so*). Well, well—this is just as if you were still at home with us.

TESMAN (*with the bonnet in his hand, looks at it from all sides*). Why, what a gorgeous bonnet you've been investing in!

MISS TESMAN. I bought it on Hedda's account.

TESMAN. On Hedda's account? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, so that Hedda needn't be ashamed of me if we happened to go out together.

TESMAN (*patting her cheek*). You always think of everything, Aunt Julia. (*Lays the bonnet on a chair beside the table.*) And now, look here—suppose we sit comfortably on the sofa and have a little chat, till Hedda comes.

[*They seat themselves. She places her parasol in the corner of the sofa.*]

MISS TESMAN (*takes both his hands and looks at him*). What a delight it is to have you again, as large as life, before my very eyes, George! My George—my poor brother's own boy!

TESMAN. And it's a delight for me, too, to see you again, Aunt Julia! You, who have been father and mother in one to me.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, yes, I know you will always keep a place in your heart for your old aunts.

TESMAN. And what about Aunt Rina? No improvement—eh!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, no—we can scarcely look for any improvement in her case, poor thing. There she lies, helpless, as she has lain for all these years. But heaven grant I may not lose her yet

awhile! For if I did, I don't know what I should make of my life, George—especially now that I haven't you to look after any more.

TESMAN (*patting her back*). There, there, there——!

MISS TESMAN (*suddenly changing her tone*). And to think that here you are a married man, George!—And that you should be the one to carry off Hedda 10 Gabler, the beautiful Hedda Gabler! Only think of it—she, that was so beset with admirers!

TESMAN (*hums a little and smiles complacently*). Yes, I fancy I have several good friends about town who would like to stand in my shoes—eh?

MISS TESMAN. And then this fine long wedding-tour you have had! More than five—nearly six months—— 20

TESMAN. Well, for me it has been a sort of tour of research as well. I have had to do so much grubbing among old records—and to read no end of books too, Auntie.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, yes, I suppose so. (*More confidentially, and lowering her voice a little.*) But listen now, George—have you nothing—nothing special to tell me?

TESMAN. As to our journey?

MISS TESMAN. Yes.

TESMAN. No, I don't know of anything except what I have told you in my letters. I had a doctor's degree conferred on me—but that I told you yesterday.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, yes, you did. But what I mean is—haven't you any—any—expectations——?

TESMAN. Expectations?

MISS TESMAN. Why, you know, George—I'm your old auntie!

TESMAN. Why, of course I have expectations.

MISS TESMAN. Ah!

TESMAN. I have every expectation of being a professor one of these days.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, yes, a professor——

TESMAN. Indeed, I may say I am certain of it. But my dear Auntie—you know all about that already!

MISS TESMAN (*laughing to herself*). Yes, of course I do. You are quite right there. (*Changing the subject.*) But we were talking about your journey. It must have cost a great deal of money, George?

TESMAN. Well, you see—my handsome traveling-scholarship went a good way.

MISS TESMAN. But I can't understand how you can have made it go far enough for two.

TESMAN. No, that's not so easy to understand—ch?

MISS TESMAN. And especially traveling with a lady—they tell me that makes it ever so much more expensive.

TESMAN. Yes, of course—it makes it a little more expensive. But Hedda had to have this trip, Auntie! She really had to. Nothing else would have done.

MISS TESMAN. No, no, I suppose not. A wedding-tour seems to be quite indispensable nowadays.—But tell me now—have you gone thoroughly over the house yet?

TESMAN. Yes, you may be sure I have. I have been afoot ever since daylight.

MISS TESMAN. And what do you think of it all?

TESMAN. I'm delighted! Quite delighted! Only I can't think what we are to do with the two empty rooms between this inner parlor and Hedda's bedroom.

MISS TESMAN (*laughing*). Oh, my dear George, I dare say you may find some use for them—in the course of time.

TESMAN. Why of course you are quite right, Aunt Julia! You mean as my library increases—ch?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, quite so, my dear boy.

It was your library I was thinking of.

TESMAN. I am specially pleased on Hedda's account. Often and often, before we were engaged, she said that she would never care to live anywhere but in Secretary Falk's villa.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, it was lucky that this very house should come into the market, just after you had started. 10

TESMAN. Yes, Aunt Julia, the luck was on our side, wasn't it—ch?

MISS TESMAN. But the expense, my dear George! You will find it very expensive, all this.

TESMAN (*looks at her, a little cast down*).

Yes, I suppose I shall, Aunt!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, frightfully!

TESMAN. How much do you think? In round numbers?—Eh? 20

MISS TESMAN. Oh, I can't even guess until all the accounts come in.

TESMAN. Well, fortunately, Judge Brack has secured the most favorable terms for me,—so he said in a letter to Hedda.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, don't be uneasy, my dear boy.—Besides, I have given security for the furniture and all the carpets. 30

TESMAN. Security? You? My dear Aunt Julia—what sort of security could you give?

MISS TESMAN. I have given a mortgage on our annuity.

TESMAN (*jumps up*). What! On your—and Aunt Rina's annuity!

MISS TESMAN. Yes, I knew of no other plan, you see.

TESMAN (*placing himself before her*). Have 40 you gone out of your senses, Auntie! Your annuity—it's all that you and Aunt Rina have to live upon.

MISS TESMAN. Well, well, don't get so excited about it. It's only a matter of form you know—Judge Brack assured

me of that. It was he that was kind enough to arrange the whole affair for me. A mere matter of form, he said.

TESMAN. Yes, that may be all very well. But nevertheless—

MISS TESMAN. You will have your own salary to depend upon now. And, good heavens, even if we did have to pay up a little—! To eke things out a bit at the start—! Why, it would be nothing but a pleasure to us.

TESMAN. Oh, Auntie—will you never be tired of making sacrifices for me!

MISS TESMAN (*rises and lays her hands on his shoulders*). Have I had any other happiness in this world except to smooth your way for you, my dear boy? You, who have had neither father nor mother to depend on. And now we have reached the goal, George! Things have looked black enough for us, sometimes; but, thank heaven, now you have nothing to fear.

TESMAN. Yes, it is really marvelous how everything has turned out for 'the best.

MISS TESMAN. And the people who opposed you—who wanted to bar the way for you—now you have them at your feet. They have fallen, George. Your most dangerous rival—his fall was the worst.—And now he has to lie on the bed he has made for himself—poor misguided creature.

TESMAN. Have you heard anything of Eilert? Since I went away, I mean.

MISS TESMAN. Only that he is said to have published a new book.

TESMAN. What! Eilert Lövborg! Recently—ch?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, so they say. Heaven knows whether it can be worth anything! Ah, when your new book appears—that will be another story, George! What is it to be about?

TESMAN. It will deal with the domestic industries of Brabant during the Middle Ages.

MISS TESMAN. Fancy—to be able to write on such a subject as that!

TESMAN. However, it may be some time before the book is ready. I have all these collections to arrange first, you see.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, collecting and arranging—no one can beat you at that. There you are my poor brother's own son.

TESMAN. I am looking forward eagerly to setting to work at it; especially now that I have my own delightful home to work in.

MISS TESMAN. And, most of all, now that you have got the wife of your heart, my dear George.

TESMAN (*embracing her*). Oh, yes, yes, Aunt Julia. Hedda—she is the best part of all! (*Looks towards the doorway*). I believe I hear her coming—eh?

[*HEDDA enters from the left through the inner room. She is a woman of nine-and-twenty. Her face and figure show refinement and distinction. Her complexion is pale and opaque. Her steel-gray eyes express a cold, unruffled repose. Her hair is of an agreeable medium brown, but not particularly abundant. She is dressed in a tasteful, somewhat loose-fitting morning-gown.*]

MISS TESMAN (*going to meet HEDDA*). Good morning, my dear Hedda! Good morning, and a hearty welcome.

HEDDA (*holds out her hand*). Good morning, dear Miss Tesman! So early a call! That is kind of you.

MISS TESMAN (*with some embarrassment*). Well—has the bride slept well in her new home?

HEDDA. Oh yes, thanks. Passably.

TESMAN (*laughing*). Passably! Come, that's good, Hedda! You were sleeping like a stone when I got up.

HEDDA. Fortunately. Of course one has always to accustom one's self to new surroundings, Miss Tesman—little by little. (*Looking towards the left*.) Oh—there the servant has gone and opened the verandah door, and let in a whole flood of sunshine.

MISS TESMAN (*going towards the door*). Well, then, we will shut it.

HEDDA. No, no, not that! Tesman, please draw the curtains. That will give a softer light.

TESMAN (*at the door*). All right—all right. There now, Hedda, now you have both shade and fresh air.

HEDDA. Yes, fresh air we certainly must have, with all these stacks of flowers— But—won't you sit down, Miss Tesman?

MISS TESMAN. No, thank you. Now that I have seen that everything is all right here—thank heaven!—I must be getting home again. My sister is lying longing for me, poor thing.

TESMAN. Give her my very best love, Auntie; and say I shall look in and see her later in the day.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, yes, I'll be sure to tell her. But by-the-bye, George—(*feeling in her dress pocket*)—I have almost forgotten—I have something for you here.

TESMAN. What is it, Auntie? Eh?

MISS TESMAN (*produces a flat parcel wrapped in newspaper and hands it to him*). Look here, my dear boy.

TESMAN (*opening the parcel*). Well, I declare!—Have you really saved them for me, Aunt Julia! Hedda! isn't this touching—eh?

HEDDA (*beside the whatnot on the right*). Well, what is it?

TESMAN. My old morning-shoes! My slippers.

HEDDA. Indeed. I remember you often spoke of them while we were abroad.

TESMAN. Yes, I missed them terribly. (*Goes up to her*). Now you shall see them, Hedda!

HEDDA (*going towards the stove*). Thanks, I really don't care about it.

TESMAN (*following her*). Only think—ill as she was, Aunt Rina embroidered these for me. Oh you can't think how many associations cling to them.

HEDDA (*at the table*). Scarcely for me.

MISS TESMAN. Of course not for Hedda, George.

TESMAN. Well, but now that she belongs to the family, I thought—

HEDDA (*interrupting*). We shall never get on with this servant, Tesman.

MISS TESMAN. Not get on with Berta?

TESMAN. Why, dear, what puts that in your head? Eh?

HEDDA (*pointing*). Look there! She has left her old bonnet lying about on a chair.

TESMAN (*in consternation, drops the slippers on the floor*). Why, Hedda—

HEDDA. Just fancy, if any one should come in and see it.

TESMAN. But Hedda—that's Aunt Julia's bonnet.

HEDDA. Is it!

MISS TESMAN (*taking up the bonnet*). Yes, indeed it's mine. And what's more, it's not old, Madame Hedda.

HEDDA. I really did not look closely at it, Miss Tesman.

MISS TESMAN (*trying on the bonnet*). Let me tell you it's the first time I have worn it—the very first time.

TESMAN. And a very nice bonnet it is too—quite a beauty!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, it's no such great things, George. (*Looks around her*.) My parasol—? Ah, here. (*Takes it*.) For this is mine too—(*mutter*)—not Berta's.

TESMAN. A new bonnet and a new parasol! Only think, Hedda!

HEDDA. Very handsome indeed.

TESMAN. Yes, isn't it? But Auntie, take a good look at Hedda before you go! See how handsome she is!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, my dear boy, there's nothing new in that. Hedda was always lovely. (*She nods and goes towards the right*.)

TESMAN (*following*). Yes, but have you noticed what splendid condition she is in? How she has filled out on the journey?

HEDDA (*crossing the room*). Oh, do be quiet—!

MISS TESMAN (*who has stopped and turned*). Filled out?

TESMAN. Of course you don't notice it so much now that she has that dress on. But I, who can see—

HEDDA (*at the glass door, impatiently*). Oh, you can't see anything.

TESMAN. It must be the mountain air in the Tyrol—

HEDDA (*curtly, interrupting*). I am exactly as I was when I started.

TESMAN. So you insist; but I'm quite certain you are not. Don't you agree with me, Auntie?

MISS TESMAN (*who has been gazing at her with folded hands*). Hedda is lovely—lovely—lovely. (*Goes up to her, takes her head between both hands, draws it downwards, and kisses her hair*). God bless and preserve Hedda Tesman—for George's sake.

HEDDA (*gently freeing herself*). Oh—! Let me go.

MISS TESMAN (*in quiet emotion*). I shall not let a day pass without coming to see you.

TESMAN. No you won't, will you, Auntie? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Good-bye—good-bye!

[*She goes out by the hall door. TESMAN accompanies her. The door remains half open. TESMAN can be heard repeating his*

message to Aunt Rina and his thanks for the slippers.

[*In the meantime, HEDDA walks about the room raising her arms and clenching her hands as if in desperation. Then she flings back the curtains from the glass door, and stands there looking out.*

[*Presently TESMAN returns and closes the door behind him.*]

TESMAN (*picks up the slippers from the floor*). 10 What are you looking at, Hedda?

HEDDA (*once more calm and mistress of herself*). I am only looking at the leaves. They are so yellow—so withered.

TESMAN (*wraps up the slippers and lays them on the table*). Well you see, we are well into September now.

HEDDA (*again restless*). Yes, to think of it!—Already in—in September.

TESMAN. Don't you think Aunt Julia's 20 manner was strange, dear? Almost solemn? Can you imagine what was the matter with her? Eh?

HEDDA. I scarcely know her, you see. Is she often like that?

TESMAN. No, not as she was to-day.

HEDDA (*leaving the glass door*). Do you think she was annoyed about the bonnet?

TESMAN. Oh, scarcely at all. Perhaps a 30 little, just at the moment—

HEDDA. But what an idea, to pitch her bonnet about in the drawing-room! No one does that sort of thing.

TESMAN. Well you may be sure Aunt Julia won't do it again.

HEDDA. In any case, I shall manage to make my peace with her.

TESMAN. Yes, my dear, good Hedda, if you only would.

HEDDA. When you call this afternoon, you might invite her to spend the evening here.

TESMAN. Yes, that I will. And there's one thing more you could do that would delight her heart.

HEDDA. What is it?

TESMAN. If you could only prevail on yourself to say *du*¹ to her. For my sake, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. No, no, Tesman—you really musn't ask that of me. I have told you so already. I shall try to call her "Aunt"; and you must be satisfied with that.

TESMAN. Well, well. Only I think now that you belong to the family, you—

HEDDA. H'm—I can't in the least see why—

[*She goes up towards the middle doorway.*]

TESMAN (*after a pause*). Is there anything the matter with you, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. I'm only looking at my old piano. It doesn't go at all well with all the other things.

TESMAN. The first time I draw my salary, we'll see about exchanging it.

HEDDA. No, no—no exchanging. I don't want to part with it. Suppose we put it there in the inner room, and then get another here in its place. When it's convenient, I mean.

TESMAN (*a little taken aback*). Yes—of course we could do that.

HEDDA (*takes up the bouquet from the piano*). These flowers were not here last night when we arrived.

TESMAN. Aunt Julia must have brought them for you.

HEDDA (*examining the bouquet*). A visiting-card. (*Takes it out and reads.*) "Shall return later in the day." Can you guess whose card it is?

TESMAN. No. Whose? Eh?

40 HEDDA. The name is "Mrs. Elvsted."

TESMAN. Is it really? Sheriff Elvsted's wife? Miss Rysing that was.

HEDDA. Exactly. The girl with the irritating hair, that she was always show-

¹ *Du*—thou; Tesman means, "If you could persuade yourself to *tutoyer* her."

ing off. An old flame of yours, I've been told.

TESMAN (*laughing*). Oh, that didn't last long; and it was before I knew you, Hedda. But fancy her being in town!

HEDDA. It's odd that she should call upon us. I have scarcely seen her since we left school.

TESMAN. I haven't seen her either for— heaven knows how long. I wonder 10 how she can endure to live in such an out-of-the-way hole—eh?

HEDDA (*after a moment's thought says suddenly*). Tell me, Tesman—isn't it somewhere near there that he—that—Eilert Lövborg is living?

TESMAN. Yes, he is somewhere in that part of the country.

[BERTA enters by the hall door.]

BERTA. That lady, ma'am, that brought 20 some flowers a little while ago, is here again. (*Pointing.*) The flowers you have in your hand, ma'am.

HEDDA. Ah, is she? Well, please show her in.

[BERTA opens the door for MRS. ELVSTED, and goes out herself.—MRS. ELVSTED is a woman of *fragile figure, with pretty, soft features. Her eyes are light blue, large, round, and somewhat prominent, with a 30 startled, inquiring expression. Her hair is remarkably light, almost flaxen, and unusually abundant and wavy.* She is a couple of years younger than HEDDA. She wears a dark visiting dress, tasteful, but not quite in the latest fashion.]

HEDDA (*receives her warmly*). How do you do, my dear Mrs. Elvsted? It's delightful to see you again.

MRS. ELVSTED (*nervously, struggling for self-control*). Yes, it's a very long time since we met.

TESMAN (*gives her his hand*). And we too—eh?

HEDDA. Thanks for your lovely flowers—

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, not at all—I would have come straight here yesterday afternoon; but I heard that you were away—

TESMAN. Have you just come to town? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. I arrived yesterday, about midday. Oh, I was quite in despair when I heard that you were not at home.

HEDDA. In despair! How so?

TESMAN. Why, my dear Mrs. Rysing—I mean Mrs. Elvsted—

HEDDA. I hope that you are not in any trouble?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, I am. And I don't know another living creature here that I can turn to.

HEDDA (*laying the bouquet on the table*). Come—let us sit here on the sofa—

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I am too restless to sit down.

HEDDA. Oh no, you're not. Come heré. (*She draws MRS. ELVSTED down upon the sofa and sits at her side.*)

TESMAN. Well? What is it, Mrs. Elvsted?

HEDDA. Has anything particular happened to you at home?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes—and no. Oh—I am so anxious you should not misunderstand me—

HEDDA. Then your best plan is to tell us the whole story, Mrs. Elvsted.

TESMAN. I suppose that's what you have come for—eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes—of course it is. Well then, I must tell you—if you don't already know—that Eilert Lövborg is in town, too.

HEDDA. Lövborg—!

TESMAN. What! Has Eilert Lövborg come back? Fancy that, Hedda!

HEDDA. Well, well—I hear it.

MRS. ELVSTED. He has been here a week already. Just fancy—a whole week! In this terrible town, alone!

With so many temptations on all sides.

HEDDA. But my dear Mrs. Elvsted—how does he concern you so much?

MRS. ELVSTED (*looks at her with a startled air, and says rapidly*). He was the children's tutor.

HEDDA. Your children's?

MRS. ELVSTED. My husband's. I have none.

HEDDA. Your step-children's, then?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes.

TESMAN (*somewhat hesitatingly*). Then was he—I don't know how to express it—was he—regular enough in his habits to be fit for the post? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. For the last two years his conduct has been irreproachable.

TESMAN. Has it indeed? Fancy that, Hedda!

HEDDA. I hear it.

MRS. ELVSTED. Perfectly irreproachable, I assure you! In every respect. But all the same—now that I know he is here—in this great town—and with a large sum of money in his hands—I can't help being in mortal fear for him.

TESMAN. Why did he not remain where he was? With you and your husband? 30 Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. After his book was published he was too restless and unsettled to remain with us.

TESMAN. Yes, by-the-bye, Aunt Julia told me he had published a new book.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, a big book, dealing with the march of civilization—in broad outline, as it were. It came out about a fortnight ago. And since it 40 has sold so well, and been so much read—and made such a sensation—

TESMAN. Has it indeed? It must be something he has had lying by since his better days.

MRS. ELVSTED. Long ago, you mean?

TESMAN. Yes.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, he has written it all since he has been with us—within the last year.

TESMAN. Isn't that good news. Hedda? Think of that.

MRS. ELVSTED. Ah, yes, if only it would last!

HEDDA. Have you seen him here in 10 town?

MRS. ELVSTED. No, not yet. I have had the greatest difficulty in finding out his address. But this morning I discovered it at last.

HEDDA (*looks searchingly at her*). Do you know, it seems to me a little odd of your husband—h'm—

MRS. ELVSTED (*starting nervously*). Of my husband! What?

20 HEDDA. That he should send you to town on such an errand—that he does not come himself and look after his friend.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh no, no—my husband has no time. And besides, I—I had some shopping to do.

HEDDA (*with a slight smile*). Ah, that is a different matter.

MRS. ELVSTED (*rising quickly and uneasily*). And now I beg and implore you, Mr. Tesman—receive Eilert Lövborg kindly if he comes to you! And that he is sure to do. You see you were such great friends in the old days. And then you are interested in the same studies—the same branch of science—so far as I can understand.

TESMAN. We used to be, at any rate.

MRS. ELVSTED. That is why I beg so earnestly that you—you too—will keep a sharp eye upon him. Oh, you will promise me that, Mr. Tesman—won't you?

TESMAN. With the greatest of pleasure, Mrs. Rysing—

HEDDA. Elvsted.

TESMAN. I assure you I shall do all I possibly can for Eilert. You may rely upon me.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, how very, very kind of you! (*Presses his hands.*) Thanks, thanks, thanks! (*Frightened.*) You see, my husband is very fond of him!

HEDDA (*rising*). You ought to write to him, Tesman. Perhaps he may not 10 care to come to you of his own accord.

TESMAN. Well, perhaps it would be the right thing to do, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. And the sooner the better. Why not at once?

MRS. ELVSTED (*imploringly*). Oh, if you only would!

TESMAN. I'll write this moment. Have you his address. Mrs.—Mrs. Elvsted. 20

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. (*Takes a slip of paper from her pocket, and hands it to him.*) Here it is.

TESMAN. Good, good. Then I'll go in— (*Looks about him.*) By-the-bye,—my slippers? Oh, here. (*Takes the packet, and is about to go.*)

HEDDA. Be sure you write him a cordial, friendly letter. And a good long one too.

TESMAN. Yes, I will.

MRS. ELVSTED. But please, please don't say a word to show that I have suggested it.

TESMAN. No, how could you think I would? Eh? (*He goes out to the right, through the inner room.*)

HEDDA (*goes up to MRS. ELVSTED, smiles, and says in a low voice*). There. We have killed two birds with one 40 stone.

MRS. ELVSTED. What do you mean?

HEDDA. Could you not see that I wanted him to go?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, to write the letter—

HEDDA. And that I might speak to you alone.

MRS. ELVSTED (*confused*). About the same thing?

HEDDA. Precisely.

MRS. ELVSTED (*apprehensively*). But there is nothing more, Mrs. Tesman! Absolutely nothing!

HEDDA. Oh, yes, but there is. There is a great deal more—I can see that. Sit here—and we'll have a cosy, confidential chat. (*She forces MRS. ELVSTED to sit in the easy-chair beside the stove, and seats herself on one of the footstools.*)

MRS. ELVSTED (*anxiously, looking at her watch*). But, my dear Mrs. Tesman—I was really on the point of going.

HEDDA. Oh, you can't be in such a hurry.—Well? Now tell me something about your life at home.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, that is just what I care least to speak about.

HEDDA. But to me, dear—? Why, weren't we school-fellows?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but you were in the class above me. Oh, how dreadfully afraid of you I was then!

HEDDA. Afraid of me?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, dreadfully. For when 30 we met on the stairs you used always to pull my hair.

HEDDA. Did I, really?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, and once you said you would burn it off my head.

HEDDA. Oh, that was all nonsense, of course.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but I was so silly in those days.—And since then, too—we have drifted so far—far apart from each other. Our circles have been so entirely different.

HEDDA. Well then, we must try to drift together again. Now listen! At school we said *du* to each other; and we called each other by our Christian names—

MRS. ELVSTED. No, I am sure you must be mistaken.

HEDDA. No, not at all! I can remember quite distinctly. So now we are going to renew our old friendship. (*Draws the footstool closer to MRS. ELVSTED.*) There now! (*Kisses her cheek.*) You must say *du* to me and call me Hedda.

MRS. ELVSTED (*presses and pats her hands*). Oh, how good and kind you are! I am 10 not used to such kindness.

HEDDA. There, there, there! And I shall say *du* to you, as in the old days, and call you my dear Thora.

MRS. ELVSTED. My name is Thea.

HEDDA. Why, of course! I meant Thea. (*Looks at her compassionately.*) So you are not accustomed to goodness and kindness, Thea? Not in your own home?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, if I only had a home! But I haven't any; I have never had a home.

HEDDA (*looks at her for a moment*). I almost suspected as much.

MRS. ELVSTED (*gazing helplessly before her*). Yes—yes—yes.

HEDDA. I don't quite remember—was it not as housekeeper that you first went to Mr. Elvsted's?

MRS. ELVSTED. I really went as governess, But his wife—his late wife—was an invalid,—and rarely left her room. So I had to look after the housekeeping as well.

HEDDA. And then—at last—you became mistress of the house.

MRS. ELVSTED (*sadly*). Yes, I did.

HEDDA. Let me see—about how long ago was that?

MRS. ELVSTED. My marriage?

HEDDA. Yes.

MRS. ELVSTED. Five years ago.

HEDDA. To be sure; it must be that.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, those five years——! Or at all events the last two or three

of them! Oh, if you ¹ could only imagine——

HEDDA (*giving her a little slap on the hand*). De? Fie, Thea!

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, I will try—— Well if—you could only imagine and understand——

HEDDA (*lightly*). Eilert Lövborg has been in your neighborhood about three years, hasn't he?

MRS. ELVSTED (*looks at her doubtfully*). Eilert Lövborg? Yes—he has.

HEDDA. Had you known him before, in town here?

MRS. ELVSTED. Scarcely at all. I mean—I knew him by name of course.

HEDDA. But you saw a good deal of him in the country?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, he came to us every 20 day. You see, he gave the children lessons; for in the long run I couldn't manage it all myself.

HEDDA. No, that's clear.—And your husband——? I suppose he is often away from home?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. Being Sheriff, you know, he has to travel about a good deal in his district.

HEDDA (*leaning against the arm of the chair*). 30 Thea—my poor, sweet Thea—now you must tell me everything—exactly as it stands.

MRS. ELVSTED. Well then, you must question me.

HEDDA. What sort of a man is your husband, Thea? I mean—you know—in everyday life. Is he kind to you?

MRS. ELVSTED (*evasively*). I am sure he means well in everything.

40 HEDDA. I should think he must be altogether too old for you. There is at least twenty years' difference between you, is there not?

¹ Mrs. Elvsted here uses the formal pronoun *De*, whereupon Hedda rebukes her. In her next speech Mrs. Elvsted says *du*.

MRS. ELVSTED (*irritably*). Yes, that is true, too. Everything about him is repellent to me! We have not a thought in common. We have no single point of sympathy—he and I.

HEDDA. But is he not fond of you all the same? In his own way?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I really don't know.

I think he regards me simply as a useful property. And then it doesn't cost 10 much to keep me. I am not expensive.

HEDDA. That is stupid of you.

MRS. ELVSTED (*shakes her head*). It cannot be otherwise—not with him. I don't think he really cares for any one but himself—and perhaps a little for the children.

HEDDA. And for Eilert Lövborg, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED (*looking at her*). For Eilert Lövborg? What puts that into your 20 head?

HEDDA. Well, my dear—I should say, when he sends you after him all the way to town—— (*Smiling almost imperceptibly*.) And besides, you said so yourself, to Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED (*with a little nervous twitch*).

Did I? Yes, I suppose I did. (*Vehe-
mently, but not loudly*.) No—I may just as
well make a clean breast of it at once! 30
For it must all come out in any case.

HEDDA. Why, my dear Thea——?

MRS. ELVSTED. Well, to make a long story short: My husband did not know that I was coming.

HEDDA. What! Your husband didn't know it!

MRS. ELVSTED. No, of course not. For that matter, he was away from home himself—he was traveling. Oh, I 40 could bear it no longer, Hedda! I couldn't indeed—so utterly alone as I should have been in future.

HEDDA. Well? And then?

MRS. ELVSTED. So I put together some of my things—what I needed most—as

quietly as possible. And then I left the house.

HEDDA. Without a word?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes—and took the train straight to town.

HEDDA. Why, my dear, good Thea—to think of you daring to do it!

MRS. ELVSTED (*rises and moves about the room*). What else could I possibly do?

HEDDA. But what do you think your husband will say when you go home again?

MRS. ELVSTED (*at the table, looks at her*). Back to him.

HEDDA. Of course.

MRS. ELVSTED. I shall never go back to him again.

HEDDA (*rising and going towards her*). Then you have left your home—for good and all?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. There was nothing else to be done.

HEDDA. But then—to take flight so openly.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, it's impossible to keep things of that sort secret.

HEDDA. But what do you think people will say of you, Thea?

MRS. ELVSTED. They may say what they like for aught I care. (*Seats herself wearily and sadly on the sofa*.) I have done nothing but what I had to do.

HEDDA (*after a short silence*). And what are your plans now? What do you think of doing?

MRS. ELVSTED. I don't know yet. I only know this, that I must live here, where Eilert Lövborg is—if I am to live at all.

HEDDA (*takes a chair from the table, seats herself beside her, and strokes her hands*). My dear Thea—how did this—this friendship—between you and Eilert Lövborg come about?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, it grew up gradually. I gained a sort of influence over him.

HEDDA. Indeed?

MRS. ELVSTED. He gave up his old habits. Not because I asked him to, for I never dared do that. But of course he saw how repulsive they were to me; and so he dropped them.

HEDDA (*concealing an involuntary smile of scorn*). Then you have reclaimed him—as the saying goes—my little Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. So he says himself, at any rate. And he, on his side, has made a real human being of me—taught me to think, and to understand so many things.

HEDDA. Did he give you lessons too, then?

MRS. ELVSTED. No, not exactly lessons. But he talked to me—talked about such an infinity of things. And then came the lovely, happy time when I began to share in his work—when he allowed me to help him!

HEDDA. Oh, he did, did he?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes! He never wrote anything without my assistance.

HEDDA. You were two good comrades, in fact?

MRS. ELVSTED (*eagerly*). Comrades! Yes, fancy, Hedda—that is the very word he used!—Oh, I ought to feel perfectly happy; and yet I cannot; for I don't know how long it will last.

HEDDA. Are you no surer of him than that?

MRS. ELVSTED (*gloomily*). A woman's shadow stands between Eilert Lövborg and me.

HEDDA (*looks at her anxiously*). Who can that be?

MRS. ELVSTED. I don't know. Some one he knew in his—in his past. Some one he has never been able wholly to forget.

HEDDA. What has he told you—about this?

MRS. ELVSTED. He has only once—quite vaguely—alluded to it.

HEDDA. Well! And what did he say?

MRS. ELVSTED. He said that when they parted, she threatened to shoot him with a pistol.

HEDDA (*with cold composure*). Oh, nonsense! No one does that sort of thing here.

MRS. ELVSTED. No. And that is why I think it must have been that red-haired singing woman whom he once—

HEDDA. Yes, very likely.

MRS. ELVSTED. For I remember they used to say of her that she carried loaded firearms.

HEDDA. Oh—then of course it must have been she.

MRS. ELVSTED (*wringing her hands*). And now just fancy, Hedda—I hear that this singing-woman—that she is in town again! Oh, I don't know what to do—

HEDDA (*glancing towards the inner room*). Hush! Here comes Tesman. (*Rises and whispers.*) Thea—all this must remain between you and me.

MRS. ELVSTED (*springing up*). Oh, yes, yes! for heaven's sake—!

[GEORGE TESMAN, *with a letter in his hand, comes from the right through the inner room.*]

TESMAN. There now—the epistle is finished.

HEDDA. That's right. And now Mrs. Elvsted is just going. Wait a moment—I'll go with you to the garden gate.

TESMAN. Do you think Berta could post the letter, Hedda dear?

HEDDA (*takes it*). I will tell her to.

[BERTA *enters from the hall.*]

BERTA. Judge Brack wishes to know if Mrs. Tesman will receive him.

HEDDA. Yes, ask Judge Brack to come in. And look here—put this letter in the post.

BERTA (*taking the letter*). Yes, ma'am. [*She*

opens the door for JUDGE BRACK and goes out herself. BRACK is a man of forty-five; thick-set, but well-built and elastic in his movements. His face is roundish with an aristocratic profile. His hair is short, still almost black, and carefully dressed. His eyes are lively and sparkling. His eyebrows thick. His moustaches are also thick, with short-cut ends. He wears a well-cut walking-suit, a little too youthful for his age. 10 He uses an eye-glass, which he now and then lets drop.]

JUDGE BRACK (*with his hat in his hand, bowing*). May one venture to call so early in the day?

HEDDA. Of course one may.

TESMAN (*presses his hand*). You are welcome at any time. (*Introducing him.*) Judge Brack—Miss Rysing—

HEDDA. Oh—!

BRACK (*bowing*). Ah—delighted—

HEDDA (*looks at him and laughs*). It's nice to have a look at you by daylight, Judge!

BRACK. Do you find me—altered?

HEDDA. A little younger, I think.

BRACK. Thank you so much.

TESMAN. But what do you think of Hedda—eh? Doesn't she look flourishing? She has actually—

HEDDA. Oh, do leave me alone. You haven't thanked Judge Brack for all the trouble he has taken—

BRACK. Oh, nonsense—it was a pleasure to me—

HEDDA. Yes, you are a friend indeed. But here stands Thea all impatience to be off—so *au revoir* Judge. I shall be back again presently. (*Mutual salutations. MRS. ELVSTED and HEDDA go out by 40 the hall door.*)

BRACK. Well,—is your wife tolerably satisfied—

TESMAN. Yes, we can't thank you sufficiently. Of course she talks of a little re-arrangement here and there; and

one or two things are still wanting. We shall have to buy some additional trifles.

BRACK. Indeed!

TESMAN. But we won't trouble you about these things. Hedda says she herself will look after what is wanting.—Shan't we sit down? Eh?

BRACK. Thanks, for a moment. (*Sits himself beside the table.*) There is something I wanted to speak to you about, my dear Tesman.

TESMAN. Indeed? Ah, I understand! (*Seating himself.*) I suppose it's the serious part of the frolic that is coming now. Eh?

BRACK. Oh, the money question is not so very pressing; though, for that matter, I wish we had gone a little 20 more economically to work.

TESMAN. But that would never have done, you know! Think of Hedda, my dear fellow! You, who know her so well—. I couldn't possibly ask her to put up with a shabby style of living!

BRACK. No, no—that is just the difficulty.

TESMAN. And then—fortunately—it can't be long before I receive my ap- 30 pointment.

BRACK. Well, you see—such things are often apt to hang fire for a time.

TESMAN. Have you heard anything definite? Eh?

BRACK. Nothing exactly definite—(*Interrupting himself.*) But, by-the-bye—I have one piece of news for you.

TESMAN. Well?

BRACK. Your old friend, Eilert Lövborg, has returned to town.

TESMAN. I know that already.

BRACK. Indeed! How did you learn it?

TESMAN. From that lady who went out with Hedda.

BRACK. Really? What was her name? I didn't quite catch it.

TESMAN. Mrs. Elvsted.

BRACK. Aha—Sheriff Elvsted's wife? Of course—he has been living up in their regions.

TESMAN. And fancy—I'm delighted to hear that he is quite a reformed character!

BRACK. So they say.

TESMAN. And then he has published a new book—eh?

BRACK. Yes, indeed he has.

TESMAN. And I hear it has made some sensation!

BRACK. Quite an unusual sensation.

TESMAN. Fancy—isn't that good news! A man of such extraordinary talents—I felt so grieved to think that he had gone irretrievably to ruin.

BRACK. That was what everybody thought.

TESMAN. But I cannot imagine what he will take to now! How in the world will he be able to make his living? Eh?

[*During the last words, HEDDA has entered by the hall door.*]

HEDDA (*to BRACK, laughing with a touch of scorn*). Tesman is forever worrying about how people are to make their living.

TESMAN. Well, you see, dear—we were 30 talking about poor Eilert Lövborg.

HEDDA (*glancing at him rapidly*). Oh, indeed? (*Seats herself in the arm-chair beside the stove and asks indifferently.*) What is the matter with him?

TESMAN. Well—no doubt he has run through all his property long ago; and he can scarcely write a new book every year—eh? So I really can't see what is to become of him.

BRACK. Perhaps I can give you some information on that point.

TESMAN. Indeed!

BRACK. You must remember that his relations have a good deal of influence.

TESMAN. Oh, his relations, unfortunately,

have entirely washed their hands of him, BRACK. At one time they called him the hope of the family.

TESMAN. At one time, yes! But he has put an end to all that.

HEDDA. Who knows? (*With a slight smile.*) I hear they have reclaimed him up at Sheriff Elvsted's—

BRACK. And then this book that he has 10 published—

TESMAN. Well, well, I hope to goodness they may find something for him to do. I have just written to him. I asked him to come and see us this evening, Hedda dear.

BRACK. But, my dear fellow, you are booked for my bachelors' party this evening. You promised on the pier last night.

20 HEDDA. Had you forgotten, Tesman?

TESMAN. Yes, I had utterly forgotten.

BRACK. But it doesn't matter, for you may be sure he won't come.

TESMAN. What makes you think that? Eh?

BRACK (*with a little hesitation, rising and resting his hands on the back of his chair*). My dear Tesman—and you too, Mrs. Tesman—I think I ought not to keep you in the dark about something that—that—

TESMAN. That concerns Eilert—?

BRACK. Both you and him.

TESMAN. Well, my dear Judge, out with it.

BRACK. You must be prepared to find your appointment deferred longer than you desired or expected.

TESMAN (*jumping up uneasily*). Is there some hitch about it? Eh?

40 BRACK. The nomination may perhaps be made conditional on the result of a competition—

TESMAN. Competition! Think of that, Hedda!

HEDDA (*leans farther back in the chair*). Aha—aha!

TESMAN. But who can my competitor be? Surely not——?

BRACK. Yes, precisely—Eilert Lövborg.

TESMAN (*clapping his hands*). No, no—it's quite inconceivable! Quite impossible! Eh?

BRACK. H'm—that is what it may come too, all the same.

TESMAN. Well but, Judge Brack—it would show the most incredible lack 10 of consideration for me. (*Gesticulates with his arms.*) For—just think—I'm a married man. We have been married on the strength of these prospects, Hedda and I; and run deep into debt; and borrowed money from Aunt Julia too. Good heavens, they had as good as promised me the appointment. Eh?

BRACK. Well, well, well—no doubt you 20 will get it in the end; only after a contest.

HEDDA (*immovable in her arm-chair*). Fancy, Tesman, there will be a sort of sporting interest in that.

TESMAN. Why, my dearest Hedda, how can you be so indifferent about it.

HEDDA (*as before*). I am not at all indifferent. I am most eager to see who wins.

BRACK. In any case, Mrs. Tesman, it is best that you should know how matters stand. I mean—before you set about the little purchases I hear you are threatening.

HEDDA. This can make no difference.

BRACK. Indeed! Then I have no more to say. Good-bye! (*To TESMAN.*) I shall look in on my way back from my afternoon walk, and take you home 40 with me.

TESMAN. Oh yes, yes—your news has quite upset me.

HEDDA (*reclining, holds out her hand*). Good-bye, Judge; and be sure you call in the afternoon.

BRACK. Many thanks. Good-bye, good-bye!

TESMAN (*accompanying him to the door*). Good-bye, my dear Judge! You must really excuse me—— (*JUDGE BRACK goes out by the hall door.*)

TESMAN (*crosses the room*). Oh, Hedda—one should never rush into adventures. Eh?

HEDDA (*looks at him, smiling*). Do you do that?

TESMAN. Yes, dear—there is no denying—it was adventurous to go and marry and set up house upon mere expectations.

HEDDA. Perhaps you are right there.

TESMAN. Well—at all events, we have our delightful home, Hedda! Fancy, the home we both dreamed of—the home we were in love with, I may almost say. Eh?

HEDDA (*rising slowly and wearily*). It was part of our compact that we were to go into society—to keep open house.

TESMAN. Yes, if you only knew how I had been looking forward to it! Fancy—to see you as hostess—in a select circle? Eh? Well, well, well—for the present we shall have to get on without society, Hedda—only to invite Aunt Julia now and then.—Oh, I intended you to lead such an utterly different life, dear——!

HEDDA. Of course I cannot have my man in livery just yet.

TESMAN. Oh no, unfortunately. It would be out of the question for us to keep a footman, you know.

HEDDA. And the saddle-horse I was to have had——

TESMAN (*aghast*). The saddle-horse!

HEDDA. —I suppose I must not think of that now.

TESMAN. Good heavens, no!—that's as clear as daylight.

HEDDA (*goes up the room*). Well, I shall

have one thing at least to kill time with in the meanwhile.

TESMAN (*beaming*). Oh, thank heaven for that! What is it, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA (*in the middle doorway, looks at him with covert scorn*). My pistols, George.

TESMAN (*in alarm*). Your pistols!

HEDDA (*with cold eyes*). General Gabler's

pistols. (*She goes out through the inner room, to the left.*)

TESMAN (*rushes up to the middle doorway and calls after her*). No, for heaven's sake, Hedda darling—don't touch those dangerous things! For my sake, Hedda! Eh?

ACT II

The room at the TESMANS' as in the first Act, except that the piano has been removed, 10 and an elegant little writing-table with bookshelves put in its place. A smaller table stands near the sofa at the left. Most of the bouquets have been taken away. MRS. ELVSTED'S bouquet is upon the large table in front.—It is afternoon.

HEDDA, *dressed to receive callers, is alone in the room. She stands by the open glass door, loading a revolver. The fellow to it lies in an open pistol-case on the writing-table.*

HEDDA (*looks down the garden, and calls*).

So you are here again, Judge!

BRACK (*is heard calling from a distance*).

As you see, Mrs. Tesman!

HEDDA (*raises the pistol and points*). Now I'll shoot you, Judge Brack!

BRACK (*calling unseen*). No, no, no! Don't stand aiming at me!

HEDDA. This is what comes of sneaking 30 in by the back way.¹ (*She fires.*)

BRACK (*nearer*). Are you out of your senses—!

HEDDA. Dear me—did I happen to hit you?

BRACK (*still outside*). I wish you would let these pranks alone!

HEDDA. Come in then, Judge.

[JUDGE BRACK, *dressed as though for a men's party, enters by the glass door. He carries a 40 light overcoat over his arm.*]

BRACK. What the deuce—haven't you tired of that sport, yet? What are you shooting at?

HEDDA. Oh, I am only firing in the air.

BRACK (*gently takes the pistol out of her hand*). Allow me, madam! (*Looks at it.*) Ah—I know this pistol well! (*Looks around.*) Where is the case? Ah, here it is. (*Lays the pistol in it, and shuts it.*) Now we won't play at that game any more to-day.

20 HEDDA. Then what in heaven's name would you have me do with myself?

BRACK. Have you had no visitors?

HEDDA (*closing the glass door*). Not one. I suppose all our set are still out of town.

BRACK. And is Tesman not at home either?

HEDDA (*at the writing-table, putting the pistol-case in a drawer which she shuts*).

No. He rushed off to his aunt's directly after lunch; he didn't expect you so early.

BRACK. H'm—how stupid of me not to have thought of that!

HEDDA (*turning her head to look at him*). Why stupid?

BRACK. Because if I had thought of it I should have come a little—earlier.

HEDDA (*crossing the room*). Then you would have found no one to receive you; for I have been in my room changing my dress ever since lunch.

BRACK. And is there no sort of little

¹ "Bagveje" means both "back ways" and "underhand courses."

think that we could hold a parley through?

HEDDA. You have forgotten to arrange one.

BRACK. That was another piece of stupidity.

HEDDA. Well, we must just settle down here—and wait. Tesman is not likely to be back for some time yet.

BRACK. Never mind; I shall not be im- 10 patient.

[HEDDA seats herself in the corner of the sofa.

BRACK lays his overcoat over the back of the nearest chair, and sits down, but keeps his hat in his hand. A short silence. They look at each other.]

HEDDA. Well?

BRACK (in the same tone). Well?

HEDDA. I spoke first.

BRACK (bending a little forward). Come, let 20 us have a cosy little chat, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA (leaning further back in the sofa).

Does it not seem like a whole eternity since our last talk? Of course I don't count those few words yesterday evening and this morning.

BRACK. You mean since our last confidential talk? Our last tête-à-tête?

HEDDA. Well, yes—since you put it so.

BRACK. Not a day has passed but I have 30 wished that you were home again.

HEDDA. And I have done nothing but wish the same thing.

BRACK. You? Really, Mrs. Hedda? And I thought you had been enjoying your tour so much!

HEDDA. Oh, yes, you may be sure of that!

BRACK. But Tesman's letters spoke of nothing but happiness.

HEDDA. Oh, Tesman! You see, he thinks nothing so delightful as grubbing in libraries and making copies of old parchments, or whatever you call them.

BRACK (with a spice of malice). Well, that

is his vocation in life—or part of it at any rate.

HEDDA. Yes, of course; and no doubt when it's your vocation— But I! Oh, my dear Mr. Brack, how mortally bored I have been.

BRACK (sympathetically). Do you really say so? In downright earnest?

HEDDA. Yes, you can surely understand it—! To go for six whole months without meeting a soul that knew anything of our circle, or could talk about the things we are interested in.

BRACK. Yes, yes—I too should feel that a deprivation.

HEDDA. And then, what I found most intolerable of all—

BRACK. Well?

HEDDA. —was being everlastingly in the company of—one and the same person—

BRACK (with a nod of assent). Morning, noon, and night, yes—at all possible times and seasons.

HEDDA. I said “everlastingly.”

BRACK. Just so. But I should have thought, with our excellent Tesman, one could—

HEDDA. Tesman is—a specialist, my dear Judge.

BRACK. Undeniably.

HEDDA. And specialists are not at all amusing to travel with. Not in the long run at any rate.

BRACK. Not even—the specialist one happens to love?

HEDDA. Faugh—don't use that sickening word!

BRACK (taken aback). What do you say, 40 Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA (half laughing, half irritated). You should just try it! To hear of nothing but the history of civilization, morning, noon, and night—

BRACK. Everlastingly.

HEDDA. Yes, yes, yes! And then all this

about the domestic industry of the middle ages——! That's the most disgusting part of it!

BRACK (*looks searchingly at her*). But tell me—in that case, how am I to understand your——? H'm——

HEDDA. My accepting George Tesman, you mean?

BRACK. Well, let us put it so.

HEDDA. Good heavens, do you see any- 10 thing so wonderful in that?

BRACK. Yes and no—Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. I had positively danced myself tired, my dear Judge. My day was done—— (*With a slight shudder.*) Oh no—I won't say that; nor think it either!

BRACK. You have assuredly no reason to.

HEDDA. Oh, reasons—— (*Watching him closely.*) And George Tesman—after 20 all, you must admit that he is correctness itself.

BRACK. His correctness and respectability are beyond all question.

HEDDA. And I don't see anything absolutely ridiculous about him.—Do you?

BRACK. Ridiculous? N—no—I shouldn't exactly say so——

HEDDA. Well—and his powers of re- 30 search, at all events, are untiring.—I see no reason why he should not one day come to the front, after all.

BRACK (*looks at her hesitatingly*). I thought that you, like every one else, expected him to attain the highest distinction.

HEDDA (*with an expression of fatigue*). Yes, so I did.—And then, since he was bent, at all hazards, on being allowed 40 to provide for me—I really don't know why I should not have accepted his offer?

BRACK. No—if you look at it in that light——

HEDDA. It was more than my other

adorers were prepared to do for me, my dear Judge.

BRACK (*laughing*). Well, I can't answer for all the rest; but as for myself, you know quite well that I have always entertained a—a certain respect for the marriage tie—for marriage as an institution, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA (*jestingly*). Oh, I assure you I have never cherished any hopes with respect to you.

BRACK. All I require is a pleasant and intimate interior, where I can make myself useful in every way, and am free to come and go as—as a trusted friend——

HEDDA. Of the master of the house, do you mean?

BRACK (*bowing*). Frankly—of the mistress first of all; but of course of the master, too, in the second place. Such a triangular friendship—if I may call it so—is really a great convenience for all parties, let me tell you.

HEDDA. Yes, I have many a time longed for some one to make a third on our travels. Oh—those railway-carriage tête-à-têtes——!

BRACK. Fortunately your wedding journey is over now.

HEDDA (*shaking her head*). Not by a long—long way. I have only arrived at a station on the line.

BRACK. Well, then the passengers jump out and move about a little, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. I never jump out.

BRACK. Really?

HEDDA. No—because there is always some one standing by to——

BRACK (*laughing*). To look at your ankles, do you mean?

HEDDA. Precisely.

BRACK. Well but, dear me——

HEDDA (*with a gesture of repulsion*). I won't have it. I would rather keep

my seat where I happen to be—and continue the tête-à-tête.

BRACK. But suppose a third person were to jump in and join the couple.

HEDDA. Ah—that is quite another matter!

BRACK. A trusted, sympathetic friend

HEDDA. ———with a fund of conversation on all sorts of lively topics———

BRACK. ———and not the least bit of a specialist!

HEDDA (*with an audible sigh*). Yes, that would be a relief indeed.

BRACK (*hears the front door open, and glances in that direction*). The triangle is completed.

HEDDA (*half aloud*). And on goes the train.

[GEORGE TESMAN, in a gray walking-suit, 20 with a soft felt hat, enters from the hall. He has a number of unbound books under his arm and in his pockets.]

TESMAN (*goes up to the table beside the corner settee*). Ouf—what a load for a warm day—all these books. (*Lays them on the table*.) I'm positively perspiring, Hedda. Hallo—are you there already, my dear Judge? Eh? Berta didn't tell me.

BRACK (*rising*). I came in through the garden.

HEDDA. What books have you got there?

TESMAN (*stands looking them through*). Some new books on my special subjects—quite indispensable to me.

HEDDA. Your special subjects?

BRACK. Yes, books on his special subjects, Mrs. Tesman. (BRACK and

HEDDA exchange a confidential smile.)

HEDDA. Do you need still more books on your special subjects?

TESMAN. Yes, my dear Hedda, one can never have too many of them. Of course one must keep up with all that is written and published.

HEDDA. Yes, I suppose one must.

TESMAN (*searching among his books*). And look here—I have got hold of Eilert Lövborg's new book too. (*Offering it to her*.) Perhaps you would like to glance through it, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. No, thank you. Or rather—afterwards perhaps.

TESMAN. I looked into it a little on the 10 way home.

BRACK. Well, what do you think of it—as a specialist?

TESMAN. I think it shows quite remarkable soundness of judgment. He never wrote like that before. (*Putting the books together*.) Now I shall take all these into my study. I'm longing to cut the leaves——! And then I must change my clothes. (*To BRACK*.) I suppose we needn't start just yet? Eh?

BRACK. Oh, dear no—there is not the slightest hurry.

TESMAN. Well then, I will take my time. (*Is going with his books, but stops in the doorway and turns*.) By-the-bye, Hedda—Aunt Julia is not coming this evening.

HEDDA. Not coming? Is it that affair of the bonnet that keeps her away?

30 TESMAN. Oh, not at all. How could you think such a thing of Aunt Julia? Just fancy——! The fact is, Aunt Rina is very ill.

HEDDA. She always is.

TESMAN. Yes, but to-day she is much worse than usual, poor dear.

HEDDA. Oh, then it's only natural that her sister should remain with her. I must bear my disappointment.

40 TESMAN. And you can't imagine, dear, how delighted Aunt Julia seemed to be—because you had come home looking so flourishing!

HEDDA (*half aloud, rising*). Oh, those everlasting aunts!

TESMAN. What?

HEDDA (*going to the glass door*). Nothing.

TESMAN. Oh, all right. (*He goes through the inner room, out to the right.*)

BRACK. What bonnet were you talking about?

HEDDA. Oh, it was a little episode with Miss Tesman this morning. She had laid down her bonnet on the chair there—(*Looks at him and smiles.*)—And I pretended to think it was the scr-

BRACK (*shaking his head*). Now my dear Mrs. Hedda, how could you do such a thing? To that excellent old lady, too!

HEDDA (*nervously crossing the room*). Well, you see—these impulses come over me all of a sudden; and I cannot resist them. (*Throws herself down in the easy-chair by the stove.*) Oh, I don't know how to explain it.

BRACK (*behind the easy-chair*). You are not really happy—that is at the bottom of it.

HEDDA (*looking straight before her*). I know of no reason why I should be—happy. Perhaps you can give me one?

BRACK. Well—amongst other things, because you have got exactly the home you had set your heart on.

HEDDA (*looks up at him and laughs*). Do you too believe in that legend?

BRACK. Is there nothing in it, then?

HEDDA. Oh, yes, there is something in it.

BRACK. Well?

HEDDA. There is this in it, that I made use of Tesman to see me home from evening parties last summer—

BRACK. I, unfortunately, had to go quite a different way.

HEDDA. That's true. I know you were going a different way last summer.

BRACK (*laughing*). Oh fie, Mrs. Hedda! Well, then—you and Tesman—?

HEDDA. Well, we happened to pass here one evening; Tesman, poor fellow, was writhing in the agony of having

to find conversation; so I took pity on the learned man—

BRACK (*smiles doubtfully*). You took pity? H'm—

HEDDA. Yes, I really did. And so—to help him out of his torment—I happened to say, in pure thoughtlessness, that I should like to live in this villa.

BRACK. No more than that?

HEDDA. Not that evening.

BRACK. But afterwards?

HEDDA. Yes, my thoughtlessness had consequences, my dear Judge.

BRACK. Unfortunately that too often happens, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Thanks! So you see it was this enthusiasm for Secretary Falk's villa that first constituted a bond of sympathy between George Tesman and me. From that came our engagement and our marriage, and our wedding journey, and all the rest of it. Well, well, my dear Judge—as you make your bed so you must lie, I could almost say.

BRACK. This is exquisite! And you really cared not a rap about it all the time.

HEDDA. No, heaven knows I didn't.

BRACK. But now? Now that we have made it so homelike for you?

HEDDA. Uh—the rooms all seem to smell of lavender and dried rose-leaves.—But perhaps it's Aunt Julia that has brought that scent with her.

BRACK (*laughing*). No, I think it must be a legacy from the late Mrs. Secretary Falk.

HEDDA. Yes, there is an odor of mortality about it. It reminds me of a bouquet—the day after the ball. (*Clasps her hands behind her head, leans back in her chair and looks at him.*) Oh, my dear Judge—you cannot imagine how horribly I shall bore myself here.

BRACK. Why should not you, too, find some sort of vocation in life, Mrs Hedda?

HEDDA. A vocation—that should attract me?

BRACK. If possible, of course.

HEDDA. Heaven knows what sort of a vocation that could be. I often wonder whether— (*Breaking off.*) But that would never do either.

BRACK. Who can tell? Let me hear what it is.

HEDDA. Whether I might not get Tes- 10 man to go into politics, I mean.

BRACK (*laughing*). Tesman? No, really now, political life is not the thing for him—not at all in his line.

HEDDA. No, I daresay not.—But if I could get him into it all the same?

BRACK. Why—what satisfaction could you find in that? If he is not fitted for that sort of thing, why should you want to drive him into it?

HEDDA. Because I am bored, I tell you! (*After a pause.*) So you think it quite out of the question that Tesman should ever get into the ministry?

BRACK. H'm—you see, my dear Mrs. Hedda—to get into the ministry, he would have to be a tolerably rich man.

HEDDA (*rising impatiently*). Yes, there we have it! It is this genteel poverty I have managed to drop into—! 30 (*Crosses the room.*) That is what makes life so pitiable! So utterly ludicrous!—For that's what it is.

BRACK. Now I should say the fault lay elsewhere.

HEDDA. Where, then?

BRACK. You have never gone through any really stimulating experience.

HEDDA. Anything serious, you mean?

BRACK. Yes, you may call it so. But now 40 you may perhaps have one in store.

HEDDA (*tossing her head*). Oh, you're thinking of the annoyances about this wretched professorship! But that must be Tesman's own affair. I assure you I shall not waste a thought upon it.

BRACK. No, no, I daresay not. But suppose now that what people call—in elegant language—a solemn responsibility were to come upon you? (*Smiling.*) A new responsibility, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA (*angrily*). Be quiet! Nothing of that sort will ever happen!

BRACK (*warily*). We will speak of this again a year hence—at the very outside.

HEDDA (*curtly*). I have no turn for anything of the sort, Judge Brack. No responsibilities for me!

BRACK. Are you so unlike the generality of women as to have no turn for duties which—?

HEDDA (*beside the glass door*). Oh, be quiet, I tell you!—I often think there is only one thing in the world I have any turn for.

BRACK (*drawing near to her*). And what is that, if I may ask?

HEDDA (*stands looking out*). Boring myself to death. Now you know it. (*Turns, looks towards the inner room, and laughs.*) Yes, as I thought! Here comes the Professor.

BRACK (*softly, in a tone of warning*). Come, come, come, Mrs. Hedda!

[GEORGE TESMAN, dressed for the party, with his gloves and hat in his hand, enters from the right through the inner room.]

TESMAN. Hedda, has no message come from Eilert Lövborg? Eh?

HEDDA. No.

TESMAN. Then you'll see he'll be here presently.

BRACK. Do you really think he will come?

TESMAN. Yes, I am almost sure of it. For what you were telling us this morning must have been a mere floating rumor.

BRACK. You think so?

TESMAN. At any rate, Aunt Julia said she

did not believe for a moment that he would ever stand in my way again. Fancy that!

BRACK. Well then, that's all right.

TESMAN (*placing his hat and gloves on a chair on the right*). Yes, but you must really let me wait for him as long as possible.

BRACK. We have plenty of time yet. None of my guests will arrive before 10 seven or half-past.

TESMAN. Then meanwhile we can keep Hedda company, and see what happens. Eh?

HEDDA (*placing BRACK'S hat and overcoat upon the corner settee*). And at the worst Mr. Lövborg can remain here with me.

BRACK (*offering to take his things*). Oh, allow me, Mrs. Tesman!—What do you 20 mean by "At the worst"?

HEDDA. If he won't go with you and Tesman.

TESMAN (*looks dubiously at her*). But, Hedda dear—do you think it would quite do for him to remain with you? Eh? Remember, Aunt Julia can't come.

HEDDA. No, but Mrs. Elvsted is coming. We three can have a cup of tea to- 30 gether.

TESMAN. Oh, yes, that will be all right.

BRACK (*smiling*). And that would perhaps be the safest plan for him.*

HEDDA. Why so?

BRACK. Well, you know, Mrs. Tesman, how you used to gird at my little bachelor parties. You declared they were adapted only for men of the strictest principles.

HEDDA. But no doubt Mr. Lövborg's principles are strict enough now. A converted sinner— (*BERTA appears at the hall door.*)

BERTA. There's a gentleman asking if you are at home, ma'am—

HEDDA. Well, show him in.

TESMAN (*softly*). I'm sure it is he! Fancy that!

[EILERT LÖVBORG enters from the hall. He is slim and lean; of the same age as TESMAN, but looks older and somewhat worn-out. His hair and beard are of a blackish brown, his face long and pale, but with patches of color on the cheek-bones. He is dressed in a well-cut black visiting suit, quite new. He has dark gloves and a silk hat. He stops near the door, and makes a rapid bow, seeming somewhat embarrassed.]

TESMAN (*goes up to him and shakes him warmly by the hand*). Well, my dear Eilert—so at last we meet again!

EILERT LÖVBORG (*speaks in a subdued voice*). Thanks for your letter, Tesman. (*Approaching HEDDA.*) Will you too shake hands with me, Mrs. Tesman?

HEDDA (*taking his hand*). I am glad to see you, Mr. Lövborg. (*With a motion of her hand.*) I don't know whether you two gentlemen—?

LÖVBORG (*bowing slightly*). Judge Brack, I think.

BRACK (*doing likewise*). Oh, yes,—in the old days—

TESMAN (*to LÖVBORG, with his hands on his shoulders*). And now you must make yourself entirely at home, Eilert! Mustn't he, Hedda?—For I hear you are going to settle in town again? Eh?

LÖVBORG. Yes, I am.

TESMAN. Quite right, quite right. Let me tell you, I have got hold of your new book; but I haven't had time to read it yet.

LÖVBORG. You may spare yourself the 40 trouble. •

TESMAN. Why so?

LÖVBORG. Because there is very little in it.

TESMAN. Just fancy—how can you say so?

BRACK. But it has been very much praised, I hear.

LÖVBORG. That was what I wanted; so I put nothing into the book but what every one would agree with.

BRACK. Very wise of you.

TESMAN. Well but, my dear Eilert——!

LÖVBORG. For now I mean to win myself a position again—to make a fresh start.

TESMAN (*a little embarrassed*). Ah, that is what you wish to do? Eh?

LÖVBORG (*smiling, lays down his hat, and draws a packet, wrapped in paper, from his coat pocket*). But when this one appears, George Tesman, you will have to read it. For this is the real book—the book I have put my true self into.

TESMAN. Indeed? And what is it?

LÖVBORG. It is the continuation.

TESMAN. The continuation? Of what?

LÖVBORG. Of the book.

TESMAN. Of the new book?

LÖVBORG. Of course.

TESMAN. Why, my dear Eilert—does it not come down to our own days?

LÖVBORG. Yes, it does; and this one deals with the future.

TESMAN. With the future! But, good heavens, we know nothing of the future!

LÖVBORG. No; but there is a thing or two to be said about it all the same. (*Opens the packet.*) Look here——

TESMAN. Why, that's not your handwriting.

LÖVBORG. I dictated it. (*Turning over the pages.*) It falls into two sections. The first deals with the civilizing forces of the future. And here is the second—(*running through the pages towards the end*)—forecasting the probable line of development.

TESMAN. How odd now! I should never have thought of writing anything of that sort.

HEDDA (*at the glass door, drumming on the pane*). H'm—I daresay not.

LÖVBORG (*replacing the manuscript in its paper and laying the packet on the table*).

I brought it, thinking I might read you a little of it this evening.

TESMAN. That was very good of you, Eilert. But this evening——? (*Looking at BRACK.*) I don't quite see how we can manage it——

LÖVBORG. Well then, some other time.

10 There is no hurry.

BRACK. I must tell you, Mr. Lövborg—there is a little gathering at my house this evening—mainly in honor of Tesman, you know——

LÖVBORG (*looking for his hat*). Oh—then I won't detain you——

BRACK. No, but listen—will you not do me the favor of joining us?

LÖVBORG (*curtly and decidedly*). No, I can't—thank you very much.

BRACK. Oh, nonsense—do! We shall be quite a select little circle. And I assure you we shall have a "lively time," as Mrs. Hed—as Mrs. Tesman says.

LÖVBORG. I have no doubt of it. But nevertheless——

BRACK. And then you might bring your manuscript with you, and read it to Tesman at my house. I could give you a room to yourselves.

TESMAN. Yes, think of that, Eilert,—why shouldn't you? Eh?

HEDDA (*interposing*). But, Tesman, if Mr. Lövborg would really rather not! I am sure Mr. Lövborg is much more inclined to remain here and have supper with me.

LÖVBORG (*looking at her*). With you, Mrs. Tesman?

40 HEDDA. And with Mrs. Elvsted.

LÖVBORG. Ah—— (*Lightly.*) I saw her for a moment this morning.

HEDDA. Did you? Well, she is coming this evening. So you see you are almost bound to remain, Mr. Lövborg, or she will have no one to see her home.

LÖVBORG. That's true. Many thanks, Mrs. Tesman—in that case I will remain.

HEDDA. Then I have one or two orders to give the servant——

[*She goes to the hall door and rings. BERTA enters. HEDDA talks to her in a whisper, and points toward the inner room. BERTA nods and goes out again.*]

TESMAN (*at the same time, to LÖVBORG*). 10 Tell me, Eilert—is it this new subject—the future—that you are going to lecture about?

LÖVBORG. Yes.

TESMAN. They told me at the bookseller's, that you are going to deliver a course of lectures this autumn.

LÖVBORG. That is my intention. I hope you won't take it ill, Tesman.

TESMAN. Oh no, not in the least! 20 But——?

LÖVBORG. I can quite understand that it must be disagreeable to you.

TESMAN (*cast down*). Oh, I can't expect you, out of consideration for me, to——

LÖVBORG. But I shall wait till you have received your appointment.

TESMAN. Will you wait? Yes, but—yes, but—are you not going to compete 30 with me? Eh?

LÖVBORG. No; it is only the moral victory I care for.

TESMAN. Why, bless me—then Aunt Julia was right after all! Oh yes—I knew it! Hedda! Just fancy—Eilert Lövborg is not going to stand in our way!

HEDDA (*curtly*). Our way? Pray leave me out of the question. 40

[*She goes up towards the inner room, where BERTA is placing a tray with decanters and glasses on the table. HEDDA nods approval, and comes forward again. BERTA goes out.*]

TESMAN (*at the same time*). And you,

Judge Brack—what do you say to this? Eh?

BRACK. Well, I say that a moral victory—h'm—may be all very fine——

TESMAN. Yes, certainly. But all the same——

HEDDA (*looking at TESMAN with a cold smile*). You stand there looking as if you were thunderstruck——

TESMAN. Yes—so I am—I almost think——

BRACK. Don't you see, Mrs. Tesman, a thunderstorm has just passed over?

HEDDA (*pointing towards the inner room*). Will you not take a glass of cold punch, gentlemen?

BRACK (*looking at his watch*). A stirrup-cup? Yes, it wouldn't come amiss.

TESMAN. A capital idea, Hedda! Just the thing! Now that the weight has been taken off my mind——

HEDDA. Will you not join them, Mr. Lövborg?

LÖVBORG (*with a gesture of refusal*). No, thank you. Nothing for me.

BRACK. Why, bless me—cold punch is surely not poison.

LÖVBORG. Perhaps not for every one.

HEDDA. I will keep Mr. Lövborg company in the meantime.

TESMAN. Yes, yes, Hedda dear, do.

[*He and BRACK go into the inner room, seat themselves, drink punch, smoke cigarettes, and carry on a lively conversation during what follows. EILERT LÖVBORG remains beside the stove. HEDDA goes to the writing-table.*]

HEDDA (*raising her voice a little*). Do you care to look at some photographs, Mr. Lövborg? You know Tesman and I made a tour in the Tyrol on our way home?

[*She takes up an album, and places it on the table beside the sofa, in the further corner of which she seats herself. EILERT LÖVBORG approaches, stops, and looks at her.*]

Then he takes a chair and seats himself at her left, with his back towards the inner room.]

HEDDA (*opening the album*). Do you see this range of mountains, Mr. Lövborg? It's the Ortler group. Tesman has written the name underneath. Here it is: "The Ortler group near Meran."

LÖVBORG (*who has never taken his eyes off her, says softly and slowly*). Hedda—Gabler!

HEDDA (*glancing hastily at him*). Ah! Hush!

LÖVBORG (*repeats softly*). Hedda Gabler!

HEDDA (*looking at the album*). That was my name in the old days—when we two knew each other.

LÖVBORG. And I must teach myself never to say Hedda Gabler again—20 never, as long as I live.

HEDDA (*still turning over the pages*). Yes, you must. And I think you ought to practice in time. The sooner the better, I should say.

LÖVBORG (*in a tone of indignation*). Hedda Gabler married? And married to—George Tesman!

HEDDA. Yes—so the world goes.

LÖVBORG. Oh, Hedda, Hedda—how 30 could you ¹ throw yourself away!

HEDDA (*looks sharply at him*). What? I can't allow this!

LÖVBORG. What do you mean? (TESMAN comes into the room and goes toward the sofa.)

HEDDA (*hears him coming and says in an indifferent tone*). And this is a view from the Val d'Ampezzo, Mr. Lövborg. Just look at these peaks! (Looks 40 affectionately up at TESMAN.) What's the name of these curious peaks, dear?

TESMAN. Let me see? Oh, those are the Dolomites.

¹ He uses the familiar *du*.

HEDDA. Yes, that's it!—Those are the Dolomites, Mr. Lövborg.

TESMAN. Hedda dear,—I only wanted to ask whether I shouldn't bring you a little punch after all? For yourself at any rate—eh?

HEDDA. Yes, do, please; and perhaps a few biscuits.

TESMAN. No cigarettes?

HEDDA. No.

TESMAN. Very well.

[*He goes into the inner room and out to the right. BRACK sits in the inner room, and keeps an eye from time to time on HEDDA and LÖVBORG.*]

LÖVBORG (*softly, as before*). Answer me, Hedda—how could you go and do this?

HEDDA (*apparently absorbed in the album*). If you continue to say *du* to me I won't talk to you.

LÖVBORG. May I not say *du* when we are alone?

HEDDA. No. You may think it; but you mustn't say it.

LÖVBORG. Ah, I understand. It is an offense against George Tesman, whom you ²—love.

HEDDA (*glances at him and smiles*). Love? What an idea!

LÖVBORG. You don't love him then!

HEDDA. But I won't hear of any sort of unfaithfulness! Remember that.

LÖVBORG. Hedda—answer me one thing

HEDDA. Hush! (TESMAN enters with a small tray from the inner room.)

TESMAN. Here you are! Isn't this tempting? (*He puts the tray on the table.*)

HEDDA. Why do you bring it yourself?

TESMAN (*filling the glasses*). Because I think it's such fun to wait upon you, Hedda.

HEDDA. But you have poured out two

² From this point onward Lövborg uses the formal *De*.

glasses. Mr. Lövborg said he wouldn't have any—

TESMAN. No, but Mrs. Elvsted will soon be here, won't she?

HEDDA. Yes, by-the-bye—Mrs. Elvsted—

TESMAN. Had you forgotten her? Eh?

HEDDA. We were so absorbed in these photographs. (*Shows him a picture.*) Do you remember this little village?

TESMAN. Oh, it's that one just below the Brenner Pass. It was there we passed the night—

HEDDA. —and met that lively party of tourists.

TESMAN. Yes, that was the place. Fancy—if we could only have had you with us, Eilert! Eh? (*He returns to the inner room and sits beside BRACK.*)

LÖVBORG. Answer me this one thing, 20 Hedda—

HEDDA. Well?

LÖVBORG. Was there no love in your friendship for me either? Not a spark—not a tinge of love in it?

HEDDA. I wonder if there was? To me it seems as though we were two good comrades—two thoroughly intimate friends. (*Smilingly.*) You especially were frankness itself.

LÖVBORG. It was you that made me so.

HEDDA. As I look back upon it all, I think there was really something beautiful, something fascinating—something daring—in—in that secret intimacy—that comradeship which no living creature so much as dreamed of.

LÖVBORG. Yes, yes, Hedda! Was there not?—When I used to come to your 40 father's in the afternoon—and the General sat over at the window reading his papers—with his back towards us—

HEDDA. And we two on the corner sofa—

LÖVBORG. Always with the same illustrated paper before us—

HEDDA. For want of an album, yes.

LÖVBORG. Yes, Hedda, and when I made my confessions to you—told you about myself, things that at that time no one else knew! There I would sit and tell you of my escapades—my days and nights of devilment. Oh, Hedda—what was the power in you that forced me to confess these things?

HEDDA. Do you think it was any power in me?

LÖVBORG. How else can I explain it? And all those—those roundabout questions you used to put to me—

HEDDA. Which you understood so particularly well—

LÖVBORG. How could you sit and question me like that? Question me quite frankly—

HEDDA. In roundabout terms, please observe.

LÖVBORG. Yes, but frankly nevertheless. Cross-question me about—all that sort of thing?

HEDDA. And how could you answer, Mr. Lövborg?

LÖVBORG. Yes, that is just what I can't understand—in looking back upon it. But tell me now, Hedda—was there not love at the bottom of our friendship? On your side, did you not feel as though you might purge my stains away if I made you my confessor? Was it not so?

HEDDA. No, not quite.

LÖVBORG. What was your motive, then?

HEDDA. Do you think it quite incomprehensible that a young girl—when it can be done—without any one knowing—

LÖVBORG. Well?

HEDDA. —should be glad to have a peep, now and then, into a world which—

LÖVBORG. Which—?

HEDDA. —which she is forbidden to know anything about?

LÖVBORG. So that was it?

HEDDA. Partly. Partly—I almost think.

LÖVBORG. Comradeship in the thirst for life. But why should not that, at any rate, have continued?

HEDDA. The fault was yours.

LÖVBORG. It was you that broke with 10 [Twilight has begun to fall. The hall door is opened from without by BERTA.]

HEDDA. Yes, when our friendship threatened to develop into something more serious. Shame upon you, Eilert Lövborg! How could you think of wronging your—your frank comrade?

LÖVBORG (*clenching his hands*). Oh, why did you not carry out your threat? Why did you not shoot me down?

HEDDA. Because I have such a dread of 20 scandal.

LÖVBORG. Yes, Hedda, you are a coward at heart.

HEDDA. A terrible coward. (*Changing her tone.*) But it was a lucky thing for you. And now you have found ample consolation at the Elvsteds'.

LÖVBORG. I know what Thea has confided to you.

HEDDA. And perhaps you have confided 30 to her something about us?

LÖVBORG. Not a word. She is too stupid to understand anything of that sort.

HEDDA. Stupid?

LÖVBORG. She is stupid about matters of that sort.

HEDDA. And I am cowardly. (*Bends over towards him, without looking him in the face, and says more softly.*) But now I will confide something to you. 40

LÖVBORG (*eagerly*). Well?

HEDDA. The fact that I dared not shoot you down—

LÖVBORG. Yes!

HEDDA. —that was not my most ardent cowardice—that evening.

LÖVBORG (*looks at her a moment, understands, and whispers passionately*). Oh, Hedda! Hedda Gabler! Now I begin to see a hidden reason beneath our comradeship! You ¹ and I—! After all, then, it was your craving for life—

HEDDA (*softly, with a sharp glance*). Take care! Believe nothing of the sort!

[Twilight has begun to fall. The hall door is opened from without by BERTA.]

HEDDA (*closes the album with a bang and calls smilingly*). Ah, at last! My darling Thea,—come along!

[MRS. ELVSTED enters from the hall. She is in evening dress. The door is closed behind her.]

HEDDA (*on the sofa, stretches out her arms towards her*). My sweet Thea—you can't think how I have been longing for you!

[MRS. ELVSTED, in passing, exchanges slight salutations with the gentlemen in the inner room, then goes up to the table and gives HEDDA her hands. EILERT LÖVBORG has risen. He and, MRS. ELVSTED greet each other with a silent nod.]

MRS. ELVSTED. Ought I to go in and talk to your husband for a moment?

HEDDA. Oh, not at all. Leave those two alone. They will soon be going.

MRS. ELVSTED. Are they going out?

HEDDA. Yes, to a supper-party.

MRS. ELVSTED (*quickly, to LÖVBORG*). Not you?

LÖVBORG. No.

HEDDA. Mr. Lövborg remains with us.

MRS. ELVSTED (*takes a chair and is about to seat herself at his side*). Oh, how nice it is here!

HEDDA. No, thank you, my little Thea! Not there! You'll be good enough to come over here to me. I will sit between you.

¹ In this speech he once more says *du*. Hedda addresses him throughout as *De*.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, just as you please.

[*She goes round the table and seats herself on the sofa on HEDDA's right. LÖVBORG reseats himself on his chair.*]

LÖVBORG (*after a short pause, to HEDDA*). Is not she lovely to look at?

HEDDA (*lightly stroking her hair*). Only to look at?

LÖVBORG. Yes. For we two—she and I—we are two real comrades. We have 10 absolute faith in each other; so we can sit and talk with perfect frankness—

HEDDA. Not round about, Mr. Lövborg?

LÖVBORG. Well—

MRS. ELVSTED (*softly clinging close to HEDDA*). Oh, how happy I am, Hedda; for, only think, he says I have inspired him too.

HEDDA (*looks at her with a smile*). Ah! 20 Does he say that, dear?

LÖVBORG. And then she is so brave, Mrs. Tesman!

MRS. ELVSTED. Good heavens—am I brave?

LÖVBORG. Exceedingly—where your comrade is concerned.

HEDDA. Ah, yes—courage! If one only had that!

LÖVBORG. What then? What do you 30 mean?

HEDDA. Then life would perhaps be liveable, after all. (*With a sudden change of tone.*) But now, my dearest Thea, you really must have a glass of cold punch.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, thanks—I never take anything of that kind.

HEDDA. Well then, you, Mr. Lövborg.

LÖVBORG. Nor I, thank you.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, he doesn't either.

HEDDA (*looks fixedly at him*). But if I say you shall?

LÖVBORG. It would be no use.

HEDDA (*laughing*). Then I, poor creature, have no sort of power over you?

LÖVBORG. Not in that respect.

HEDDA. But seriously, I think you ought to—for your own sake.

MRS. ELVSTED. Why, Hedda—!

LÖVBORG. How so?

HEDDA. Or rather on account of other people.

LÖVBORG. Indeed?

HEDDA. Otherwise people might be apt to suspect that—in your heart of hearts—you did not feel quite secure—quite confident of yourself.

MRS. ELVSTED (*softly*). Oh please, Hedda—

LÖVBORG. People may suspect what they like—for the present.

MRS. ELVSTED (*joyfully*). Yes, let them!

HEDDA. I saw it plainly in Judge Brack's face a moment ago.

LÖVBORG. What did you see?

HEDDA. His contemptuous smile, when you dared not go with them into the inner room.

LÖVBORG. Dared not? Of course I preferred to stop here and talk to you.

MRS. ELVSTED. What could be more natural, Hedda?

HEDDA. But the Judge could not guess that. And I saw, too, the way he smiled and glanced at Tesman when you dared not accept his invitation to this wretched little supper-party of his.

LÖVBORG. Dared not! Do you say I dared not?

HEDDA. I don't say so. But that was how Judge Brack understood it.

LÖVBORG. Well, let him.

HEDDA. Then you are not going with them?

40 LÖVBORG. I will stay here with you and Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, Hedda—how can you doubt that?

HEDDA (*smiles and nods approvingly to LÖVBORG*). Firm as a rock! Faithful to your principles, now and forever!

Ah, that is how a man should be!

(*Turns to MRS. ELVSTED and caresses her.*)

Well now, what did I tell you, when you came to us this morning in such a state of distraction——

LÖVBORG (*surprised*). Distraction!

MRS. ELVSTED (*terrified*). Hedda—oh Hedda——!

HEDDA. You can see for yourself; you haven't the slightest reason to be in 10 such mortal terror—— (*Interrupting herself.*) There! Now we can all three enjoy ourselves!

LÖVBORG (*who has given a start*). Ah—what is all this, Mrs. Tesman?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh my God, Hedda! What are you saying? What are you doing?

HEDDA. Don't get excited! That horrid Judge Brack is sitting watching you. 20

LÖVBORG. So she was in mortal terror! On my account!

MRS. ELVSTED (*softly and piteously*). Oh, Hedda—now you have ruined everything!

LÖVBORG (*looks fixedly at her for a moment*).

His face is distorted). So that was my comrade's frank confidence in me?

MRS. ELVSTED (*imploringly*). Oh, my dearest friend—only let me tell you 30

LÖVBORG (*takes one of the glasses of punch, raises it to his lips, and says in a low, husky voice*). Your health, Thea! [*He empties the glass, puts it down, and takes the second.*]

MRS. ELVSTED (*softly*). Oh, Hedda, Hedda—how could you do this?

HEDDA. I do it? I? Are you crazy?

LÖVBORG. Here's to your health too, 40

Mrs. Tesman. Thanks for the truth.

Hurrah for the truth!

[*He empties the glass and is about to re-fill it.*]

HEDDA (*lays her hand on his arm*). Come, come—no more for the present. Re-

member you are going out to supper.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no, no!

HEDDA. Hush! They are sitting watching you.

LÖVBORG (*putting down the glass*). Now, Thea—tell me the truth——

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes.

LÖVBORG. Did your husband know that you had come after me?

MRS. ELVSTED (*wringing her hands*). Oh, Hedda—do you hear what he is asking?

LÖVBORG. Was it arranged between you and him that you were to come to town and look after me? Perhaps it was the Sheriff himself that urged you to come? Aha, my dear—no doubt he wanted my help in his office! Or was it at the card-table that he missed me?

MRS. ELVSTED (*softly, in agony*). Oh, Lövborg, Lövborg——!

LÖVBORG (*seizes a glass and is on the point of filling it*). Here's a glass for the old Sheriff too!

HEDDA (*preventing him*). No more just now. Remember you have to read your manuscript to Tesman.

LÖVBORG (*calmly, putting down the glass*). It was stupid of me all this, Thea—to take it in this way, I mean. Don't be angry with me, my dear, dear comrade. You shall see—both you and the others—that if I was fallen once—now I have risen again! Thanks to you, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED (*radiant with joy*). Oh, heaven be praised——!

[BRACK has in the meantime looked at his watch. He and TESMAN rise and come into the drawing-room].

BRACK (*takes his hat and overcoat*). Well,

Mrs. Tesman, our time has come.

HEDDA. I suppose it has.

LÖVBORG (*rising*). Mine too, Judge Brack.

MRS. ELVSTED (*softly and imploringly*). Oh, Lövborg, don't do it!

HEDDA (*pinching her arm*). They can hear you!

MRS. ELVSTED (*with a suppressed shriek*). Ow!

LÖVBORG (*to BRACK*). You were good enough to invite me.

BRACK. Well, are you coming after all?

LÖVBORG. Yes, many thanks.

BRACK. I'm delighted—

LÖVBORG (*to TESMAN, putting the parcel of MS. in his pocket*). I should like to show you one or two things before I send it to the printer's.

TESMAN. Fancy—that will be delightful.

But, Hedda dear, how is Mrs. Elvsted to get home? Eh?

HEDDA. Oh, that can be managed somehow.

LÖVBORG (*looking towards the ladies*). Mrs. Elvsted? Of course, I'll come again and fetch her. (*Approaching*.)

At ten or thereabouts, Mrs. Tesman? Will that do?

HEDDA. Certainly. That will do capitally.

TESMAN. Well, then, that's all right.

But you must not expect me so early, Hedda.

HEDDA. Oh, you may stop as long—as long as ever you please.

MRS. ELVSTED (*trying to conceal her anxiety*). Well then, Mr. Lövborg—I shall remain here until you come.

LÖVBORG (*with his hat in his hand*). Pray do, Mrs. Elvsted.

BRACK. And now off goes the excursion train, gentlemen! I hope we shall have a lively time, as a certain fair lady puts it.

HEDDA. Ah, if only the fair lady could be present unseen—!

BRACK. Why unseen?

HEDDA. In order to hear a little of your liveliness at first hand, Judge Brack.

BRACK (*laughing*). I should not advise the fair lady to try it.

TESMAN (*also laughing*). Come, you're a nice one Hedda! Fancy that!

BRACK. Well, good-bye, good-bye, ladies.

LÖVBORG (*bowing*). About ten o'clock, then.

[BRACK, LÖVBORG, and TESMAN go out by the hall door. At the same time BERTA enters from the inner room with a lighted lamp, which she places on the dining-room table; she goes out by the way she came.]

MRS. ELVSTED (*who has risen and is wandering restlessly about the room*). Hedda—Hedda—what will come of all this?

HEDDA. At ten o'clock—he will be here.

I can see him already—with vine-leaves in his hair—flushed and fearless—

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I hope he may.

HEDDA. And then, you see—then he will have regained control over himself. Then he will be a free man for all his days.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh God!—if he would only come as you see him now!

HEDDA. He will come as I see him—so, and not otherwise! (*Rises and approaches THEA*). You may doubt him as long as you please; I believe in him. And now we will try—

MRS. ELVSTED. You have some hidden motive in this, Hedda!

HEDDA. Yes, I have. I want for once in my life to have power to mold a human destiny.

MRS. ELVSTED. Have you not the power?

HEDDA. I have not—and have never had it.

MRS. ELVSTED. Not your husband's?

HEDDA. Do you think that is worth the trouble? Oh, if you could only understand how poor I am. And fate has

made you so rich! (*Clasps her passionately in her arms.*) I think I must burn your hair off, after all.

MRS. ELVSTED. Let me go! Let me go! I am afraid of you, Hedda!

BERTA (*in the middle doorway*). Tea is laid in the dining room, ma'am.

HEDDA. Very well. We are coming.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no, no! I would rather go home alone! At once!

HEDDA. Nonsense! First you shall have a cup of tea, you little stupid. And then—at ten o'clock—Eilert Lövborg will be here—with vine-leaves in his hair. (*She drags MRS. ELVSTED almost by force towards the middle doorway.*)

ACT III

The room at the TESMANS'. The curtains are drawn over the middle doorway, and also 10 over the glass door. The lamp, half turned down, and with a shade over it, is burning on the table. In the stove, the door of which stands open, there has been a fire, which is now nearly burnt out.

MRS. ELVSTED, wrapped in a large shawl, and with her feet upon a foot-rest, sits close to the stove, sunk back in the arm-chair. HEDDA, fully dressed, lies sleeping upon the sofa, with a sofa-blanket over her.

MRS. ELVSTED (*after a pause, suddenly sits up in her chair, and listens eagerly. Then she sinks back again wearily, moaning to herself*). Not yet!—Oh God—oh God—not yet!

[BERTA slips in by the hall door. She has a letter in her hand.]

MRS. ELVSTED (*turns and whispers eagerly*). Well—has any one come?

BERTA (*softly*). Yes, a girl has brought this letter.

MRS. ELVSTED (*quickly, holding out her hand*). A letter! Give it to me!

BERTA. No, it's for Dr. Tesman, ma'am.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, indeed.

BERTA. It was Miss Tesman's servant that brought it. I'll lay it here on the table.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, do.

BERTA (*laying down the letter*). I think I had better put out the lamp. It's smoking.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, put it out. It must soon be daylight now.

BERTA (*putting out the lamp*). It is daylight already, ma'am.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, broad day! And no one come back yet—!

BERTA. Lord bless you, ma'am! I guessed how it would be.

MRS. ELVSTED. You guessed?

BERTA. Yes, when I saw that a certain person had come back to town—and that he went off with them. For we've heard enough about that gentleman before now.

MRS. ELVSTED. Don't speak so loud. You will waken Mrs. Tesman.

BERTA (*looks towards the sofa and sighs*). No, no—let her sleep, poor thing.

Shan't I put some wood on the fire?

MRS. ELVSTED. Thanks, not for me.

BERTA. Oh, very well. (*She goes softly out by the hall door.*)

HEDDA (*is awakened by the shutting of the door, and looks up*). What's that—?

MRS. ELVSTED. It was only the servant—

HEDDA (*looking about her*). Oh, we're here—! Yes now I remember. (*Sits erect upon the sofa, stretches herself, and rubs her eyes.*) What o'clock is it, Thea?

MRS. ELVSTED (*looks at her watch*). It's 40 past seven.

HEDDA. When did Tesman come home?

MRS. ELVSTED. He has not come.

HEDDA. Not come home yet?

MRS. ELVSTED (*rising*). No one has come.

HEDDA. Think of our watching and waiting here till four in the morning—

MRS. ELVSTED (*wringing her hands*). And how I watched and waited for him!

HEDDA (*yawns, and says with her hand before her mouth*). Well, well—we might have spared ourselves the trouble.

MRS. ELVSTED. Did you get a little sleep?

HEDDA. Oh yes; I believe I have slept 10 pretty well. Have you not?

MRS. ELVSTED. Not for a moment. I couldn't, Hedda!—not to save my life.

HEDDA (*rises and goes towards her*). There, there, there! There's nothing to be so alarmed about. I understand quite well what has happened.

MRS. ELVSTED. Well, what do you think? Won't you tell me?

HEDDA. Why, of course it has been a very late affair at Judge Brack's—

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, that is clear enough. But all the same—

HEDDA. And then, you see, Tesman hasn't cared to come home and ring us up in the middle of the night. (*Laughing.*) Perhaps he wasn't inclined to show himself either—immediately after a jollification.

MRS. ELVSTED. But in that case—where can he have gone?

HEDDA. Of course he has gone to his aunts' and slept there. They have his old room ready for him.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, he can't be with them; for a letter has just come for him from Miss Tesman. There it lies.

HEDDA. Indeed? (*Looks at the address.*) Why yes, it's addressed in Aunt 40 Julia's own hand. Well then, he has remained at Judge Brack's. And as for Eilert Lövborg—he is sitting, with vine-leaves in his hair, reading his manuscript.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh Hedda, you are just

saying things you don't believe a bit.

HEDDA. You really are a little block-head, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh yes, I suppose I am.

HEDDA. And how mortally tired you look.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, I am mortally tired.

HEDDA. Well then, you must do as I tell you. You must go into my room and lie down for a little while.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh no, no—I shouldn't be able to sleep.

HEDDA. I am sure you would.

MRS. ELVSTED. Well, but your husband is certain to come soon now; and then I want to know at once—

HEDDA. I shall take care to let you know when he comes.

MRS. ELVSTED. Do you promise me, 20 Hedda?

HEDDA. Yes, rely upon me. Just you go in and have a sleep in the meantime.

MRS. ELVSTED. Thanks; then I'll try to. (*She goes off through the inner room.*)

[*Hedda goes up to the glass door and draws back the curtains. The broad daylight streams into the room. Then she takes a little hand-glass from the writing-table, looks at herself in it, and arranges her hair. Next she goes to the hall door and presses the bell-button.*]

[*Berta presently appears at the hall door.*]

BERTA. Did you want anything, ma'am?

HEDDA. Yes; you must put some more wood in the stove. I am shivering.

BERTA. Bless me—I'll make up the fire at once. (*She rakes the embers together and lays a piece of wood upon them; then stops and listens.*) That was a ring at the front door, ma'am.

HEDDA. Then go to the door. I will look after the fire.

BERTA. It'll soon burn up. (*She goes out by the hall door.*)

[*HEDDA kneels on the foot-rest and lays some more pieces of wood in the stove.*]

[*After a short pause, GEORGE TESMAN enters from the hall. He looks tired and rather serious. He steals on tiptoe towards the middle doorway and is about to slip through the curtains.*]

HEDDA (*at the stove, without looking up*).
Good morning.

TESMAN (*turns*). Hedda! (*Approaching her.*)
Good heavens—are you up so early?
Eh?

HEDDA. Yes, I am up very early this morning.

TESMAN. And I never doubted you were still sound asleep! Fancy that, Hedda!

HEDDA. Don't speak so loud. Mrs. Elvsted is resting in my room.

TESMAN. Has Mrs. Elvsted been here all night?

HEDDA. Yes, since no one came to fetch her.

TESMAN. Ah, to be sure.

HEDDA (*closes the door of the stove and rises*).
Well, did you enjoy yourself at Judge Brack's?

TESMAN. Have you been anxious about me? Eh?

HEDDA. No, I should never think of being anxious. But I asked if you had enjoyed yourself.

TESMAN. Oh yes,—for once in a way. 30
Especially the beginning of the evening; for then Eilert read me part of his book. We arrived more than an hour too early—fancy that! And Brack had all sorts of arrangements to make—so Eilert read to me.

HEDDA (*seating herself by the table on the right*). Well? Tell me, then—

TESMAN (*sitting on a footstool near the stove*).
Oh Hedda, you can't conceive what 40
a book that is going to be! I believe it is one of the most remarkable things that have ever been written. Fancy that!

HEDDA. Yes, yes; I don't care about that—

TESMAN. I must make a confession to you, Hedda. When he had finished reading—a horrid feeling came over me.

HEDDA. A horrid feeling?

TESMAN. I felt jealous of Eilert for having had it in him to write such a book. Only think, Hedda!

HEDDA. Yes, yes, I am thinking!

10 TESMAN. And then how pitiful to think that he—with all his gifts—should be irreclaimable after all.

HEDDA. I suppose you mean that he has more courage than the rest?

TESMAN. No, not at all—I mean that he is incapable of taking his pleasures in moderation.

HEDDA. And what came of it all—in the end?

20 TESMAN. Well, to tell the truth, I think it might best be described as an orgy, Hedda.

HEDDA. Had he vine-leaves in his hair?

TESMAN. Vine-leaves? No, I saw nothing of the sort. But he made a long, rambling speech in honor of the woman who had inspired him in his work—that was the phrase he used.

30 HEDDA. Did he name her?

TESMAN. No, he didn't; but I can't help thinking he meant Mrs. Elvsted. You may be sure he did.

HEDDA. Well—where did you part from him?

TESMAN. On the way to town. We broke up—the last of us at any rate—all together; and Brack came with us to get a breath of fresh air. And then, you see, we agreed to take Eilert home; for he had had far more than was good for him.

HEDDA. I daresay.

TESMAN. But now comes the strange part of it, Hedda; or, I should rather say, the melancholy part of it. I

declare I am almost ashamed—on Eilert's account—to tell you—

HEDDA. Oh, go on—

TESMAN. Well, as we were getting near town, you see, I happened to drop a little behind the others. Only for a minute or two—fancy that!

HEDDA. Yes, yes, yes, but—?

TESMAN. And then, as I hurried after them—what do you think I found by the wayside? Eh?

HEDDA. Oh, how should I know!

TESMAN. You mustn't speak of it to a soul, Hedda! Do you hear! Promise me, for Eilert's sake. (*Draws a parcel, wrapped in paper, from his coat pocket.*) Fancy, dear—I found this.

HEDDA. Is not that the parcel he had with him yesterday?

TESMAN. Yes, it is the whole of his precious, irreplaceable manuscript! And he had gone and lost it, and knew nothing about it. Only fancy, Hedda! So deplorably—

HEDDA. But why did you not give him back the parcel at once?

TESMAN. I didn't dare to—in the state he was then in—

HEDDA. Did you not tell any of the others that you had found it?

TESMAN. Oh, far from it! You can surely understand that, for Eilert's sake, I wouldn't do that.

HEDDA. So no one knows that Eilert Lövborg's manuscript is in your possession?

TESMAN. No. And no one must know it.

HEDDA. Then what did you say to him afterwards?

TESMAN. I didn't talk to him again at all; for when we got in among the streets, he and two or three of the others gave us the slip and disappeared. Fancy that!

HEDDA. Indeed! They must have taken him home then.

TESMAN. Yes, so it would appear. And Brack, too, left us.

HEDDA. And what have you been doing with yourself since?

TESMAN. Well, I and some of the others went home with one of the party, a jolly fellow, and took our morning coffee with him; or perhaps I should rather call it our night coffee—eh? But now, when I have rested a little, and given Eilert, poor fellow, time to have his sleep out, I must take this back to him.

HEDDA (*holds out her hand for the packet*). No—don't give it to him! Not in such a hurry, I mean. Let me read it first.

TESMAN. No, my dearest Hedda, I mustn't, I really mustn't.

HEDDA. You must not?

TESMAN. No—for you can imagine what a state of despair he will be in when he awakens and misses the manuscript. He has no copy of it, you must know! He told me so.

HEDDA (*looking searchingly at him*). Can such a thing not be reproduced? Written over again?

TESMAN. No, I don't think that would be possible. For the inspiration, you see—

HEDDA. Yes, yes—I suppose it depends on that. (*Lightly.*) But, by-the-bye—here is a letter for you.

TESMAN. Fancy—!

HEDDA (*handing it to him*). It came early this morning.

TESMAN. It's from Aunt Julia! What can it be? (*He lays the packet on the other footstool, opens the letter, runs his eye through it, and jumps up.*) Oh, Hedda—she says that poor Aunt Rina is dying!

HEDDA. Well, we were prepared for that.

TESMAN. And that if I want to see her

again, I must make haste. I'll run in to them at once.

HEDDA (*suppressing a smile*). Will you run?

TESMAN. Oh, dearest Hedda—if you could only make up your mind to come with me! Just think!

HEDDA (*rises and says wearily, repelling the idea*). No, no, don't ask me. I will not look upon sickness and death. I loathe all sorts of ugliness.

TESMAN. Well, well, then—! (*Bustling around.*) My hat—My overcoat—? Oh, in the hall—I do hope I mayn't come too late, Hedda! Eh?

HEDDA. Oh, if you run—

[BERTA *appears at the hall door.*]

BERTA. Judge Brack is at the door, and wishes to know if he may come in.

TESMAN. At this time! No, I can't possibly see him.

HEDDA. But I can. (*To BERTA.*) Ask Judge Brack to come in. (*BERTA goes out.*)

HEDDA (*quickly whispering*). The parcel, Tesman! (*She snatches it up from the stool.*)

TESMAN. Yes, give it to me!

HEDDA. No, no, I will keep it till you come back.

[*She goes to the writing-table and places it in the book-case. TESMAN stands in a flurry of haste, and cannot get his gloves on.*]

[JUDGE BRACK *enters from the hall.*]

HEDDA (*nodding to him*). You are an early bird, I must say.

BRACK. Yes, don't you think so? (*To TESMAN.*) Are you on the move, too?

TESMAN. Yes, I must rush off to my aunts'. Fancy—the invalid one is lying at death's door, poor creature.

BRACK. Dear me, is she indeed? Then on no account let me detain you. At such a critical moment—

TESMAN. Yes, I must really rush—Good-bye! Good-bye! (*He hastens out by the hall door.*)

HEDDA (*approaching*). You seem to have made a particularly lively night of it at your rooms, Judge Brack.

BRACK. I assure you I have not had my clothes off, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Not you, either?

BRACK. No, as you may see. But what has Tesman been telling you of the night's adventures?

HEDDA. Oh, some tiresome story. Only that they went and had coffee somewhere or other.

BRACK. I have heard about that coffee-party already. Eilert Lövborg was not with them, I fancy?

HEDDA. No, they had taken him home before that.

BRACK. Tesman, too?

HEDDA. No, but some of the others, he said.

BRACK (*smiling*). George Tesman is really an ingenuous creature, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Yes, heaven knows he is. Then is there something behind all this?

BRACK. Yes, perhaps there may be.

30 HEDDA. Well then, sit down, my dear Judge, and tell your story in comfort.

[*She seats herself to the left of the table. BRACK sits near her, at the long side of the table.*]

HEDDA. Now then?

BRACK. I had special reasons for keeping track of my guests—or rather of some of my guests—last night.

HEDDA. Of Eilert Lövborg among the rest, perhaps?

BRACK. Frankly, yes.

HEDDA. Now you make me really curious—

BRACK. Do you know where he and one or two of the others finished the night, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA. If it is not quite unmentionable, tell me.

BRACK. Oh no, it's not at all unmentionable. Well, they put in an appearance at a particularly animated soirée.

HEDDA. Of the lively kind?

BRACK. Of the very liveliest—

HEDDA. Tell me more of this, Judge Brack—

BRACK. Lövborg, as well as the others, had been invited in advance. I knew all about it. But he had declined the invitation; for now, as you know, he has become a new man.

HEDDA. Up at the Elvsteds', yes. But he went after all, then?

BRACK. Well, you see, Mrs. Hedda—unhappily the spirit moved him at my rooms last evening—

HEDDA. Yes, I hear he found inspiration.

BRACK. Pretty violent inspiration. Well, I fancy that altered his purpose; for we men folk are unfortunately not always so firm in our principles as we ought to be.

HEDDA. Oh, I am sure you are an exception, Judge Brack. But as to Lövborg—?

BRACK. To make a long story short—he 30 landed at last in Mademoiselle Diana's rooms.

HEDDA. Mademoiselle Diana's?

BRACK. It was Mademoiselle Diana that was giving the soirée, to a select circle of her admirers and her lady friends.

HEDDA. Is she a red-haired woman?

BRACK. Precisely.

HEDDA. A sort of a—singer?

BRACK. Oh yes—in her leisure moments. 40 And moreover a mighty huntress—of men—Mrs. Hedda. You have no doubt heard of her. Eilert Lövborg was one of her most enthusiastic protectors—in the days of his glory.

HEDDA. And how did all this end?

BRACK. Far from amicably, it appears. After a most tender meeting, they seem to have come to blows—

HEDDA. Lövborg and she?

BRACK. Yes. He accused her or her friends of having robbed him. He declared that his pocket-book had disappeared—and other things as well. In short, he seems to have made 10 a furious disturbance.

HEDDA. And what came of it all?

BRACK. It came to a general scrimmage, in which the ladies as well as the gentlemen took part. Fortunately the police at last appeared on the scene.

HEDDA. The police too?

BRACK. Yes. I fancy it will prove a costly frolic for Eilert Lövborg, crazy being that he is.

20 HEDDA. How so?

BRACK. He seems to have made a violent resistance—to have hit one of the constables on the head and torn the coat off his back. So they had to march him off to the police-station with the rest.

HEDDA. How have you learnt all this?

BRACK. From the police themselves.

HEDDA (*gazing straight before her*). So that is what happened. Then he had no vine-leaves in his hair.

BRACK. Vine-leaves, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA (*changing her tone*). But tell me now, Judge—what is your real reason for tracking out Eilert Lövborg's movements so carefully?

BRACK. In the first place, it could not be entirely indifferent to me if it should appear in the police-court that he came straight from my house.

HEDDA. Will the matter come into court, then?

BRACK. Of course. However, I should scarcely have troubled so much about that. But I thought that, as a friend of the family, it was my duty to sup-

ply you and Tesman with a full account of his nocturnal exploits.

HEDDA. Why so, Judge Brack?

BRACK. Why, because I have a shrewd suspicion that he intends to use you as a sort of blind.

HEDDA. Oh, how can you think such a thing!

BRACK. Good heavens, Mrs. Hedda—we have eyes in our head. Mark my 10 words! This Mrs. Elvsted will be in no hurry to leave town again.

HEDDA. Well, even if there should be anything between them, I suppose there are plenty of other places where they could meet.

BRACK. Not a single home. Henceforth, as before, every respectable house will be closed against Eilert Lövborg.

HEDDA. And so ought mine to be, you 20 mean?

BRACK. Yes. I confess it would be more than painful to me if this personage were to be made free of your house. How superfluous, how intrusive, he would be, if he were to force his way into—

HEDDA. —into the triangle?

BRACK. Precisely. It would simply mean that I should find myself homeless. 30

HEDDA (*looks at him with a smile*). So you want to be the one cock in the basket—that is your aim.

BRACK (*nods slowly and lowers his voice*). Yes, that is my aim. And for that I will fight—with every weapon I can command.

HEDDA (*her smile vanishing*). I see you are a dangerous person—when it comes to the point.

BRACK. Do you think so?

HEDDA. I am beginning to think so. And I am exceedingly glad to think—that you have no sort of hold over me.

BRACK (*laughing equivocally*). Well, well, Mrs. Hedda—perhaps you are right

there. If I had, who knows what I might be capable of?

HEDDA. Come, come now, Judge Brack.

That sounds almost like a threat.

BRACK (*rising*). Oh, not at all! The triangle, you know, ought, if possible, to be spontaneously constructed.

HEDDA. There I agree with you.

BRACK. Well, now I have said all I had to say; and I had better be getting back to town. Good-bye, Mrs. Hedda. (*He goes towards the glass door.*)

HEDDA (*rising*). Are you going through the garden?

BRACK. Yes, it's a short cut for me.

HEDDA. And then it is the back way, too.

BRACK. Quite so. I have no objection to back ways. They may be piquant enough at times.

HEDDA. When there is ball practice going on, you mean?

BRACK (*in the doorway, laughing to her*). Oh, people don't shoot their tame poultry, I fancy.

HEDDA (*also laughing*). Oh no, when there is only one cock in the basket—

[*They exchange laughing nods of farewell. He goes. She closes the door behind him.*]

[HEDDA, who has become quite serious, stands for a moment looking out. Presently she goes and peeps through the curtain over the middle doorway. Then she goes to the writing-table, takes LÖVBORG'S packet out of the bookcase, and is on the point of looking through its contents. BERTA is heard speaking loudly in the hall. HEDDA turns and listens. Then she hastily locks up the packet in the drawer, and lays the key on the inkstand.]

[EILERT LÖVBORG, with his great coat on and his hat in his hand, tears open the hall door. He looks somewhat confused and irritated.]

LÖVBORG (*looking towards the hall*). And I tell you I must and will come in! There!

[*He closes the door, turns and sees HEDDA, at once regains his self-control, and bows.*]

HEDDA (*at the writing-table*). Well, Mr. Lövborg, this is rather a late hour to call for Thea.

LÖVBORG. You mean rather an early 10 hour to call on you. Pray pardon me.

HEDDA. How do you know that she is still here?

LÖVBORG. They told me at her lodgings that she had been out all night.

HEDDA (*going to the oval table*). Did you notice anything about the people of the house when they said that?

LÖVBORG (*looks inquiringly at her*). Notice anything about them?

HEDDA. I mean, did they seem to think it odd?

LÖVBORG (*suddenly understanding*). Oh yes, of course! I am dragging her down with me! However, I didn't notice anything.—I suppose Tesman is not up yet?

HEDDA. No—I think not——

LÖVBORG. When did he come home?

HEDDA. Very late.

LÖVBORG. Did he tell you anything?

HEDDA. Yes, I gathered that you had had an exceedingly jolly evening at Judge Brack's.

LÖVBORG. Nothing more?

HEDDA. I don't think so. However, I was so dreadfully sleepy——

[*MRS. ELVSTED enters through the curtains of the middle doorway.*]

MRS. ELVSTED (*going towards him*). Ah, 40 Lövborg! At last——!

LÖVBORG. Yes, at last. And too late!

MRS. ELVSTED (*looks anxiously at him*). What is too late?

LÖVBORG. Everything is too late now. It is all over with me.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh no, no—don't say that!

LÖVBORG. You will say the same when you hear——

MRS. ELVSTED. I won't hear anything!

HEDDA. Perhaps you would prefer to talk to her alone! If so, I will leave you.

LÖVBORG. No, stay—you too. I beg you to stay.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but I won't hear anything, I tell you.

LÖVBORG. It is not last night's adventures that I want to talk about.

MRS. ELVSTED. What is it then——?

LÖVBORG. I want to say that now our ways must part.

MRS. ELVSTED. Part!

HEDDA (*involuntarily*). I knew it!

20 LÖVBORG. You can be of no more service to me, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. How can you stand there and say that! No more service to you! Am I not to help you now, as before? Are we not to go on working together?

LÖVBORG. Henceforward I shall do no work.

MRS. ELVSTED (*despairingly*). Then what am I to do with my life?

30 LÖVBORG. You must try to live your life as if you had never known me.

MRS. ELVSTED. But you know I cannot do that!

LÖVBORG. Try if you cannot, Thea. You must go home again——

MRS. ELVSTED (*in vehement protest*). Never in this world! Where you are, there will I be also! I will not let myself be driven away like this! I will remain here! I will be with you when the book appears.

HEDDA (*half aloud, in suspense*). Ah yes—the book!

LÖVBORG (*looks at her*). My book and Thea's; for that is what it is.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, I feel that it is. And

that is why I have a right to be with you when it appears! I will see with my own eyes how respect and honor pour in upon you afresh. And the happiness—the happiness—oh, I must share it with you!

LÖVBORG. Thea—our book will never appear.

HEDDA. Ah!

MRS. ELVSTED. Never appear!

LÖVBORG. Can never appear.

MRS. ELVSTED (*in agonized foreboding*). Lövborg—what have you done with the manuscript?

HEDDA (*looks anxiously at him*). Yes, the manuscript—?

MRS. ELVSTED. Where is it?

LÖVBORG. Oh Thea—don't ask me about it!

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, I will know. I 20 demand to be told at once.

LÖVBORG. The manuscript—Well then—I have torn the manuscript into a thousand pieces.

MRS. ELVSTED (*shrieks*). Oh no, no——!

HEDDA (*involuntarily*). But that's not——

LÖVBORG (*looks at her*). Not true, you think?

HEDDA (*collecting herself*). Oh well, of course—since you say so. But it 30 sounded so improbable——

LÖVBORG. It is true, all the same.

MRS. ELVSTED (*wringing her hands*). Oh God—oh God, Hedda—torn his own work to pieces!

LÖVBORG. I have torn my own life to pieces. So why should I not tear my life-work too——?

MRS. ELVSTED. And you did this last night?

LÖVBORG. Yes, I tell you! Tore it into a thousand pieces and scattered them on the fiord—far out. There there is cool sea-water at any rate—let them drift upon it—drift with the current and the wind. And then presently

they will sink—deeper and deeper—as I shall, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. Do you know, Lövborg, that what you have done with the book—I shall think of it to my dying day as though you had killed a little child.

LÖVBORG. Yes, you are right. It is a sort of child-murder.

10 MRS. ELVSTED. How could you, then——!

Did not the child belong to me too?

HEDDA (*almost inaudibly*). Ah, the child——

MRS. ELVSTED (*breathing heavily*). It is all over then. Well, well, now I will go, Hedda.

HEDDA. But you are not going away from town?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I don't know what I shall do. I see nothing but darkness before me. (*She goes out by the hall door.*)

HEDDA (*stands waiting for a moment*). So you are not going to see her home, Mr. Lövborg?

LÖVBORG. I? Through the streets? Would you have people see her walking with me?

HEDDA. Of course I don't know what else may have happened last night. But is it so utterly irretrievable?

LÖVBORG. It will not end with last night—I know that perfectly well. And the thing is that now I have no taste for that sort of life either. I won't begin it anew. She has broken my courage and my power of braving life out.

HEDDA (*looking straight before her*). So that pretty little fool has had her fingers in a man's destiny. (*Looks at him.*) But all the same, how could you treat her so heartlessly?

LÖVBORG. Oh, don't say that it was heartless!

HEDDA. To go and destroy what has filled her whole soul for months and

years! You do not call that heartless!
LÖVBORG. To you I can tell the truth,
Hedda.

HEDDA. The truth?

LÖVBORG. First promise me—give me
your word—that what I now confide
to you Thea shall never know.

HEDDA. I give you my word.

LÖVBORG. Good. Then let me tell you
that what I said just now was untrue.

HEDDA. About the manuscript?

LÖVBORG. Yes. I have not torn it to
pieces—nor thrown it into the fiord.

HEDDA. No, n— But—where is it then!

LÖVBORG. I have destroyed it none the
less—utterly destroyed it, Hedda!

HEDDA. I don't understand.

LÖVBORG. Thea said that what I had
done seemed to her like a child-
murder.

HEDDA. Yes, so she said.

LÖVBORG. But to kill his child—that is not
the worst thing a father can do to it.

HEDDA. Not the worst?

LÖVBORG. No. I wanted to spare Thea
from hearing the worst.

HEDDA. Then what is the worst?

LÖVBORG. Suppose now, Hedda, that a
man—in the small hours of the morn-
ing—came home to his child's mother
after a night of riot and debauchery,
and said: "Listen—I have been here
and there—in this place and in that.
And I have taken our child with me—
to this place and to that. And I have
lost the child—utterly lost it. The
devil knows into what hands it may
have fallen—who may have had their
clutches on it."

HEDDA. Well—but when all is said and
done, you know—that was only a
book—

LÖVBORG. Thea's pure soul was in that
book.

HEDDA. Yes, so I understand.

LÖVBORG. And you can understand, too,

that for her and me together no
future is possible.

HEDDA. What path do you mean to take
then?

LÖVBORG. None. I will only try to make
an end of it all—the sooner the better.

HEDDA (*a step nearer to him*). Eilert
Lövborg—listen to me. Will you not
try to—to do it beautifully?

LÖVBORG. Beautifully? (*Smiling.*) With
vine-leaves in my hair, as you used to
dream in the old days—?

HEDDA. No, no. I have lost my faith in
the vine-leaves. But beautifully,
nevertheless! For once in a way!—
Good-bye! You must go now—and
do not come here any more.

LÖVBORG. Good-bye, Mrs. Tesman.
And give George Tesman my love.
20 (*He is on the point of going.*)

HEDDA. No, wait! I must give you a
memento to take with you.

[*She goes to the writing-table and opens the
drawer and the pistol-case; then returns to
LÖVBORG with one of the pistols.*]

LÖVBORG (*looks at her*). This? Is this the
memento?

HEDDA (*nodding slowly*). Do you recog-
nize it? It was aimed at you once.

LÖVBORG. You should have used it then.

HEDDA. Take it—and do you use it now.

LÖVBORG (*puts the pistol in his breast
pocket*). Thanks!

HEDDA. And beautifully, Eilert Löv-
borg. Promise me that!

LÖVBORG. Good-bye, Hedda Gabler.
(*He goes out by the hall door.*)

[*HEDDA listens for a moment at the door. Then
she goes up to the writing-table, takes out
the packet of Manuscript, peeps under the
cover, draws a few of the sheets half out,
and looks at them. Next she goes over and
seats herself in the arm-chair beside the
stove, with the packet in her lap. Presently
she opens the stove door, and then the
packet.*]

HEDDA (*throws one of the quires into the fire and whispers to herself*). Now I am burning your child, Thea!—Burning it, curly-locks! (*Throwing one or two more*

quires into the stove.) Your child and Eilert Lövborg's. (*Throws the rest in.*) I am burning—I am burning your child.

ACT IV

The same rooms at the TESMANS'. It is evening. The drawing-room is in darkness. The back room is lighted by the hanging lamp over the table. The curtains over the glass door are drawn close.

HEDDA, dressed in black, walks to and fro 10 *in the dark room. Then she goes into the back room and disappears for a moment to the left. She is heard to strike a few chords on the piano. Presently she comes in sight again, and returns to the drawing-room.*

BERTA enters from the right, through the inner room, with a lighted lamp, which she places on the table in front of the corner settee in the drawing-room. Her eyes are red with weeping, and she has black ribbons in her cap. 20 *She goes quietly and circumspectly out to the right.*

HEDDA, goes up to the glass door, lifts the curtain a little aside, and looks out into the darkness.

Shortly afterwards, MISS TESMAN, in mourning, with a bonnet and veil on, comes in from the hall. HEDDA goes towards her and holds out her hand.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, Hedda, here I am, in mourning and forlorn; for now my poor sister has at last found peace.

HEDDA. I have heard the news already, as you see. Tesman sent me a card.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, he promised me he would. But nevertheless I thought that to Hedda—here in the house of life—I ought myself to bring the tidings of death.

HEDDA. That was very kind of you.

MISS TESMAN. Ah, Rina ought not to have left us just now. This is not the time

for Hedda's house to be a house of mourning.

HEDDA (*changing the subject*). She died quite peacefully, did she not, Miss Tesman?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, her end was so calm, so beautiful. And then she had the unspeakable happiness of seeing George once more—and bidding him good-bye.—Has he come home yet?

HEDDA. No. He wrote that he might be detained. But won't you sit down?

MISS TESMAN. No thank you, my dear, dear Hedda. I should like to, but I have so much to do. I must prepare my dear one for her rest as well as I can. She shall go to her grave looking her best.

HEDDA. Can I not help you in any way?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, you must not think of it! Hedda Tesman must have no hand in such mournful work. Nor let her thoughts dwell on it either—not at this time.

HEDDA. One is not always mistress of 30 *one's thoughts—*

MISS TESMAN (*continuing*). Ah yes, it is the way of the world. At home we shall be sewing a shroud; and here there will soon be sewing too, I suppose—but of another sort, thank God!

[GEORGE TESMAN enters by the hall door.]

HEDDA. Ah, you have come at last!

TESMAN. You here, Aunt Julia? With Hedda? Fancy that!

40 MISS TESMAN. I was just going, my dear boy. Well, have you done all you promised?

TESMAN. No; I'm really afraid I have

forgotten half of it. I must come to you again to-morrow. To-day my brain is all in a whirl. I can't keep my thoughts together.

MISS TESMAN. Why, my dear George, you mustn't take it in this way.

TESMAN. Mustn't—? How do you mean?

MISS TESMAN. Even in your sorrow you must rejoice, as I do—rejoice that she is at rest.

TESMAN. Oh yes, yes—you are thinking of Aunt Rina.

HEDDA. You will feel lonely now, Miss Tesman.

MISS TESMAN. Just at first, yes. But that will not last very long, I hope. I daresay I shall soon find an occupant for poor Rina's little room.

TESMAN. Indeed? Who do you think will take it? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, there's always some poor invalid or other in want of nursing, unfortunately.

HEDDA. Would you really take such a burden upon you again?

MISS TESMAN. A burden! Heaven forgive you, child—it has been no burden to me.

HEDDA. But suppose you had a total stranger on your hands—

MISS TESMAN. Oh, one soon makes friends with sick folk; and it's such an absolute necessity for me to have someone to live for. Well, heaven be praised, there may soon be something in this house, too, to keep an old aunt busy.

HEDDA. Oh, don't trouble about anything here.

TESMAN. Yes, just fancy what a nice time we three might have together, if—?

HEDDA. If—?

TESMAN (*uneasily*). Oh, nothing. It will all come right. Let us hope so—eh?

MISS TESMAN. Well, well, I daresay you two want to talk to each other.

(*Smiling.*) And perhaps Hedda may have something to tell you too, George. Good-bye! I must go home to Rina. (*Turning at the door.*) How strange it is to think that now Rina is with me and with my poor brother as well!

TESMAN. Yes, fancy that, Aunt Julia! Eh?

[MISS TESMAN goes out by the hall door.]

HEDDA (*follows TESMAN coldly and searchingly with her eyes*). I almost believe your Aunt Rina's death affects you more than it does your Aunt Julia.

TESMAN. Oh, it's not that alone. It's Eilert I am so terribly uneasy about.

HEDDA (*quickly*). Is there anything new about him?

TESMAN. I looked in at his rooms this afternoon, intending to tell him the manuscript was in safe keeping.

HEDDA. Well, did you not find him?

TESMAN. No. He wasn't at home. But afterwards I met Mrs. Elvsted, and she told me that he had been here early this morning.

HEDDA. Yes, directly after you had gone.

TESMAN. And he said that he had torn his manuscript to pieces—eh?

HEDDA. Yes, so he declared.

TESMAN. Why, good heavens, he must have been completely out of his mind! And I suppose you thought it best not to give it back to him, Hedda?

HEDDA. No, he did not get it.

TESMAN. But of course you told him that we had it?

HEDDA. No. (*Quickly.*) Did you tell Mrs. Elvsted?

TESMAN. No; I thought I had better not. But you ought to have told him. Fancy, if, in desperation, he should go and do himself some injury! Let me have the manuscript, Hedda! I will take it to him at once. Where is it?

HEDDA (*cold and immovable, leaning on the arm-chair*). I have not got it.

TESMAN. Have not got it? What in the world do you mean?

HEDDA. I have burnt it—every line of it.

TESMAN (*with a violent movement of terror*). Burnt! Burnt Eilert's manuscript!

HEDDA. Don't scream so. The servant might hear you.

TESMAN. Burnt! Why, good God——! 10

No, no, no! It's impossible!

HEDDA. It is so, nevertheless.

TESMAN. Do you know what you have done, Hedda? It's unlawful appropriation of lost property. Fancy that! Just ask Judge Brack, and he'll tell you what it is.

HEDDA. I advise you not to speak of it—either to Judge Brack, or to any one else.

TESMAN. But how could you do anything so unheard-of? What put it into your head? What possessed you? Answer me that—eh?

HEDDA (*suppressing an almost imperceptible smile*). I did it for your sake, George.

TESMAN. For my sake!

HEDDA. This morning, when you told me about what he had read to you——

TESMAN. Yes, yes—what then?

HEDDA. You acknowledged that you envied him his work.

TESMAN. Oh, of course I didn't mean that literally.

HEDDA. No matter—I could not bear the idea that any one should throw you into the shade.

TESMAN (*in an outburst of mingled doubt and joy*). Hedda! Oh, is this true? But—but—I never knew you to show 40

your love like that before. Fancy that! HEDDA. Well, I may as well tell you that—just at this time—— (*Impatiently, breaking off.*) No, no; you can ask Aunt Julia. She will tell you, fast enough.

TESMAN. Oh, I almost think I understand you, Hedda! (*Clasps his hands together.*) Great heavens! do you really mean it! Eh?

HEDDA. Don't shout so. The servant might hear.

TESMAN (*laughing in irrepressible glee*). The servant! Why, how absurd you are, Hedda. It's only my old Berta! Why, I'll tell Berta myself.

HEDDA (*clenching her hands together in desperation*). Oh, it is killing me,—it is killing me, all this!

TESMAN. What is, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA (*coldly, controlling herself*). All this—absurdity—George.

TESMAN. Absurdity! Do you see anything absurd in my being overjoyed at the news! But after all perhaps I 20 had better not say anything to Berta.

HEDDA. Oh—why not that too?

TESMAN. No, no, not yet! But I must certainly tell Aunt Julia. And then that you have begun to call me George too! Fancy that! Oh, Aunt Julia will be so happy—so happy.

HEDDA. When she hears that I have burnt Eilert Lövborg's manuscript—for your sake?

30 TESMAN. No, by-the-bye—that affair of the manuscript—of course nobody must know about that. But that you love me so much, Hedda—Aunt Julia must really share my joy in that! I wonder, now, whether this sort of thing is usual in young wives? Eh?

HEDDA. I think you had better ask Aunt Julia that question too.

TESMAN. I will indeed, some time or other. (*Looks uneasy and downcast again.*) And yet the manuscript—the manuscript! Good God! it is terrible to think what will become of poor Eilert now.

[MRS. ELVSTED, *dressed as in the first Act, with hat and cloak, enters by the hall door.*]

MRS. ELVSTED (*greets them hurriedly, and says in evident agitation*). Oh, dear Hedda, forgive my coming again.

HEDDA. What is the matter with you, Thea?

TESMAN. Something about Eilert Løvborg again—eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes! I am dreadfully afraid some misfortune has happened to him.

HEDDA (*seizes her arm*). Ah,—do you think so?

TESMAN. Why, good Lord—what makes you think that, Mrs. Elvsted?

MRS. ELVSTED. I heard them talking of him at my boarding-house—just as I came in. Oh, the most incredible rumors are afloat about him to-day.

TESMAN. Yes, fancy, so I heard too! And I can bear witness that he went straight home to bed last night. Fancy that!

HEDDA. Well, what did they say at the boarding-house?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I couldn't make out anything clearly. Either they knew nothing definite, or else—They stopped talking when they saw me; and I did not dare to ask.

TESMAN (*moving about uneasily*). We must hope—we must hope that you misunderstood them, Mrs. Elvsted.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no; I am sure it was of him they were talking. And I heard something about the hospital or—

TESMAN. The hospital?

HEDDA. No—surely that cannot be!

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I was in such mortal terror! I went to his lodgings and asked for him there.

HEDDA. You could make up your mind to that, Thea!

MRS. ELVSTED. What else could I do? I really could bear the suspense no longer.

TESMAN. But you didn't find him either—eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. No. And the people knew nothing about him. He hadn't been home since yesterday afternoon, they said.

TESMAN. Yesterday! Fancy, how could they say that?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I am sure something terrible must have happened to him.

TESMAN. Hedda dear—how would it be if I were to go and make inquiries—?

HEDDA. No, no—don't you mix yourself up in this affair.

[JUDGE BRACK, *with his hat in his hand, enters by the hall door, which BERTA opens, and closes behind him. He looks grave and bows in silence.*]

TESMAN. Oh, is that you, my dear Judge? Eh?

BRACK. Yes. It was imperative I should see you this evening.

TESMAN. I can see you have heard the news about Aunt Rina.

BRACK. Yes, that among other things.

TESMAN. Isn't it sad—eh?

BRACK. Well, my dear Tesman, that depends on how you look at it.

TESMAN (*looks doubtfully at him*). Has anything else happened?

BRACK. Yes.

HEDDA (*in suspense*). Anything sad, Judge Brack?

BRACK. That, too, depends on how you look at it, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED (*unable to restrain her anxiety*). Oh! it is something about Eilert Løvborg!

BRACK (*with a glance at her*). What makes you think that, Madam? Perhaps you have already heard something—?

MRS. ELVSTED (*in confusion*). No, nothing at all, but—

TESMAN. Oh, for heaven's sake, tell us!

BRACK (*shrugging his shoulders*). Well, I

regret to say Eilert Lövborg has been taken to the hospital. He is lying at the point of death.

MRS. ELVSTED (*shrieks*). Oh God! Oh God——

TESMAN. To the hospital! And at the point of death.

HEDDA (*involuntarily*). So soon then——

MRS. ELVSTED (*wailing*). And we parted in anger, Hedda!

HEDDA (*whispers*). Thea—Thea—be careful!

MRS. ELVSTED (*not heeding her*). I must go to him! I must see him alive!

BRACK. It is useless, Madam. No one will be admitted.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, at least tell me what has happened to him? What is it?

TESMAN. You don't mean to say that he has himself—— Eh?

HEDDA. Yes, I am sure he has.

TESMAN. Hedda, how can you——?

BRACK (*keeping his eyes fixed upon her*).

Unfortunately you have guessed quite correctly, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, how horrible!

TESMAN. Himself, then! Fancy that!

HEDDA. Shot himself!

BRACK. Rightly guessed again, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED (*with an effort at self-control*). When did it happen, Mr. Brack?

BRACK. This afternoon—between three and four.

TESMAN. But, good Lord, where did he do it? Eh?

BRACK (*with some hesitation*). Where? Well—I suppose at his lodgings.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, that cannot be; for I was there between six and seven.

BRACK. Well, then, somewhere else. I don't know exactly. I only know that he was found——. He had shot himself—in the breast.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, how terrible! That he should die like that!

HEDDA (*to BRACK*). Was it in the breast?

BRACK. Yes—as I told you.

HEDDA. Not in the temple?

BRACK. In the breast, Mrs. Tesman.

HEDDA. Well, well—the breast is a good place, too.

BRACK. How do you mean, Mrs. Tesman?

HEDDA (*evasively*). Oh, nothing—nothing.

TESMAN. And the wound is dangerous, you say—eh?

BRACK. Absolutely mortal. The end has probably come by this time.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, I feel it. The end! The end! Oh, Hedda——!

TESMAN. But tell me, how have you learnt all this?

BRACK (*curtly*). Through one of the police. A man I had some business with.

HEDDA (*in a clear voice*). At last a deed worth doing!

TESMAN (*terrified*). Good heavens, Hedda! what are you saying?

HEDDA. I say there is beauty in this.

BRACK. H'm, Mrs. Tesman——

TESMAN. Beauty! Fancy that!

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, Hedda, how can you talk of beauty in such an act!

HEDDA. Eilert Lövborg has himself made up his account with life. He has had the courage to do—the one right thing.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, you must never think that was how it happened! It must have been in delirium that he did it.

TESMAN. In despair!

HEDDA. That he did not. I am certain of that.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes! In delirium! Just as when he tore up our manuscript.

BRACK (*starting*). The manuscript? Has he torn that up?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, last night.

TESMAN (*whispers softly*). Oh, Hedda, we shall never get over this.

BRACK. H'm, very extraordinary.

TESMAN (*moving about the room*). To think of Eilert going out of the world in this way! And not leaving behind him the book that would have immortalized his name——

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, if only it could be put together again!

TESMAN. Yes, if it only could! I don't know what I would not give——

MRS. ELVSTED. Perhaps it can, Mr. Tesman.

TESMAN. What do you mean?

MRS. ELVSTED (*searches in the pocket of her dress*). Look here. I have kept all the loose notes he used to dictate from.

HEDDA (*a step forward*). Ah——!

TESMAN. You have kept them, Mrs. 20 Elvsted! Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, I have them here. I put them in my pocket when I left home. Here they still are——

TESMAN. Oh, do let me see them!

MRS. ELVSTED (*hands him a bundle of papers*). But they are in such disorder—— all mixed up.

TESMAN. Fancy, if we could make something out of them, after all! Perhaps 30 if we two put our heads together——

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, yes, at least let us try——

TESMAN. We will manage it! We must! I will dedicate my life to this task.

HEDDA. You, George? Your life?

TESMAN. Yes, or rather all the time I can spare. My own collections must wait in the meantime. Hedda—you understand, eh? I owe this to Eilert's 40 memory.

HEDDA. Perhaps.

TESMAN. And so, my dear Mrs. Elvsted, we will give our whole minds to it. There is no use in brooding over what can't be undone——eh? We must

try to control our grief as much as possible, and——

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, Mr. Tesman, I will do the best I can.

TESMAN. Well then, come here. I can't rest until we have looked through the notes. Where shall we sit? Here? No, in there, in the back room. Excuse me, my dear Judge. Come with me, 10 Mrs. Elvsted.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, if only it were possible!

[TESMAN and MRS. ELVSTED go into the back room. She takes off her hat and cloak. They both sit at the table under the hanging lamp, and are soon deep in an eager examination of the papers. HEDDA crosses to the stove and sits in the arm-chair. Presently BRACK goes up to her.]

HEDDA (*in a low voice*). Oh, what a sense of freedom it gives one, this act of Eilert Lövborg's.

BRACK. Freedom, Mrs. Hedda? Well, of course, it is a release for him——

HEDDA. I mean for me. It gives me a sense of freedom to know that a deed of deliberate courage is still possible in this world,—a deed of spontaneous beauty.

BRACK (*smiling*). H'm—my dear Mrs. Hedda——

HEDDA. Oh, I know what you are going to say. For you are a kind of a specialist too, like—you know!

BRACK (*looking hard at her*). Eilert Lövborg was more to you than perhaps you are willing to admit to yourself. Am I wrong?

HEDDA. I don't answer such questions. I only know Eilert Lövborg has had the courage to live his life after his own fashion. And then—the last great act, with its beauty! Ah! that he should have the will and the strength to turn away from the banquet of life—so early.

BRACK. I am sorry, Mrs. Hedda,—but I fear I must dispel an amiable illusion.

HEDDA. Illusion?

BRACK. Which could not have lasted long in any case.

HEDDA. What do you mean?

BRACK. Eilert Lövborg did not shoot himself voluntarily.

HEDDA. Not voluntarily?

BRACK. No. The thing did not happen exactly as I told it.

HEDDA (*in suspense*). Have you concealed something? What is it?

BRACK. For poor Mrs. Elvsted's sake I idealized the facts a little.

HEDDA. What are the facts?

BRACK. First, that he is already dead.

HEDDA. At the hospital?

BRACK. Yes—without regaining consciousness.

HEDDA. What more have you concealed?

BRACK. This—the event did not happen at his lodgings.

HEDDA. Oh, that can make no difference.

BRACK. Perhaps it may. For I must tell you—Eilert Lövborg was found shot in—in Mademoiselle Diana's boudoir.

HEDDA (*makes a motion as if to rise, but sinks back again*). That is impossible. Judge Brack! He cannot have been there again to-day.

BRACK. He was there this afternoon. He went there, he said, to demand the return of something which they had taken from him. Talked wildly about a lost child—

HEDDA. Ah—so that was why—

BRACK. I thought probably he meant his manuscript; but now I hear he destroyed that himself. So I suppose it must have been his pocketbook.

HEDDA. Yes, no doubt. And there—there he was found?

BRACK. Yes, there. With a pistol in his

breast-pocket, discharged. The ball had lodged in a vital part.

HEDDA. In the breast—yes.

BRACK. No—in the bowels.

HEDDA (*looks up at him with an expression of loathing*). That too! Oh, what curse is it that makes everything I touch turn ludicrous and mean?

BRACK. There is one point more, Mrs.

10 Hedda—another disagreeable feature in the affair.

HEDDA. And what is that?

BRACK. The pistol he carried—

HEDDA (*breathless*). Well? What of it?

BRACK. He must have stolen it.

HEDDA (*leaps up*). Stolen it! That is not true! He did not steal it!

BRACK. No other explanation is possible.

He must have stolen it— Hush!

[TESMAN and MRS. ELVSTED have risen from the table in the back room, and come into the drawing room.]

TESMAN (*with the papers in both his hands*).

Hedda dear, it is almost impossible to see under that lamp. Think of that!

HEDDA. Yes, I am thinking.

TESMAN. Would you mind our sitting at your writing-table—eh?

HEDDA. If you like. (*Quickly*.) No, wait! Let me clear it first!

TESMAN. Oh, you needn't trouble, Hedda. There is plenty of room.

HEDDA. No, no; let me clear it, I say! I will take these things in and put them on the piano. There! (*She has drawn out an object, covered with sheet music, from under the book-case, places several other pieces of music upon it, and carries the whole into the inner room, to the left.*

TESMAN lays the scraps of paper on the writing-table, and moves the lamp there from the corner table. HEDDA returns.)

HEDDA (*behind MRS. ELVSTED'S chair, gently ruffling her hair*). Well, my sweet Thea,—how goes it with Eilert Lövborg's monument?

MRS. ELVSTED (*looks dispiritedly up at her*).

Oh, it will be terribly hard to put in order.

TESMAN. We must manage it. I am determined. And arranging other people's papers is just the work for me.

[*HEDDA goes over to the stove, and seats herself on one of the foot-stools. BRACK stands over her, leaning on the arm-chair.*]

HEDDA (*whispers*). What did you say 10 about the pistol?

BRACK (*softly*). That he must have stolen it.

HEDDA. Why stolen it?

BRACK. Because every other explanation ought to be impossible, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Indeed?

BRACK (*glances at her*). Of course Eilert Lövborg was here this morning. Was 20 he not?

HEDDA. Yes.

BRACK. Were you alone with him?

HEDDA. Part of the time.

BRACK. Did you not leave the room whilst he was here?

HEDDA. No.

BRACK. Try to recollect. Were you not out of the room a moment?

HEDDA. Yes, perhaps just a moment— 30 out in the hall.

BRACK. And where was your pistol-case during that time?

HEDDA. I had it locked up in—

BRACK. Well, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA. The case stood there on the writing-table.

BRACK. Have you looked since, to see whether both the pistols are there?

HEDDA. No.

BRACK. Well, you need not. I saw the pistol found in Lövborg's pocket, and I knew it at once as the one I had seen yesterday—and before, too.

HEDDA. Have you it with you?

BRACK. No; the police have it.

HEDDA. What will the police do with it?

BRACK. Search till they find the owner.

HEDDA. Do you think they will succeed?

BRACK (*bends over her and whispers*). No,

Hedda Gabler—not so long as I say nothing.

HEDDA (*looks frightened at him*). And if you do not say nothing,—what then?

BRACK (*shrugs his shoulders*). There is always the possibility that the pistol was stolen.

HEDDA (*firmly*). Death rather than that.

BRACK (*smiling*). People say such things—but they don't do them.

HEDDA (*without replying*). And supposing the pistol was stolen, and the owner is discovered? What then?

BRACK. Well, Hedda—then comes the scandal.

HEDDA. The scandal!

BRACK. Yes, the scandal—of which you are mortally afraid. You will, of course be brought before the court—both you and Mademoiselle Diana. She will have to explain how the thing happened—whether it was an accidental shot or murder. Did the pistol go off as he was trying to take it out of his pocket, to threaten her with? Or did she tear the pistol out of his hand, shoot him, and push it back into his pocket? That would be quite like her; for she is an able-bodied young person, this same Mademoiselle Diana.

HEDDA. But I have nothing to do with all this repulsive business.

BRACK. No. But you will have to answer the question: Why did you give Eilert Lövborg the pistol? And what conclusions will people draw from the fact that you did give it to him?

HEDDA (*lets her head sink*). That is true. I did not think of that.

BRACK. Well, fortunately, there is no danger, so long as I say nothing.

HEDDA (*looks up at him*). So I am in your power, Judge Brack. You have me at your beck and call, from this time forward.

BRACK (*whispers softly*). Dearest Hedda—believe me—I shall not abuse my advantage.

HEDDA. I am in your power none the less. Subject to your will and your demands. A slave, a slave then! 10 (*Rises impetuously.*) No, I cannot endure the thought of that! Never!

BRACK (*looks half-mockingly at her*). People generally get used to the inevitable.

HEDDA (*returns his look*). Yes, perhaps. (*She crosses to the writing-table. Suppressing an involuntary smile, she imitates TESMAN's intonations.*) Well? Are you getting on, George? Eh? 20

TESMAN. Heaven knows, dear. In any case it will be the work of months.

HEDDA (*as before*). Fancy that! (*Passes her hands softly through MRS. ELVSTED's hair.*) Doesn't it seem strange to you, Thea? Here are you sitting with Tesman—just as you used to sit with Eilert Lövborg?

MRS. ELVSTED. Ah, if I could only inspire your husband in the same way. 30

HEDDA. Oh, that will come too—in time.

TESMAN. Yes, do you know, Hedda—I really think I begin to feel something of the sort. But won't you go and sit with Brack again?

HEDDA. Is there nothing I can do to help you two?

TESMAN. No, nothing in the world.

(*Turning his head.*) I trust to you to 40 keep Hedda company, my dear Brack.

BRACK (*with a glance at HEDDA*). With the very greatest of pleasure.

HEDDA. Thanks. But I am tired this evening. I will go in and lie down a little on the sofa.

TESMAN. Yes, do dear—eh?

[HEDDA goes into the back room and draws the curtains. A short pause. Suddenly she is heard playing a wild dance on the piano.]

MRS. ELVSTED (*starts from her chair*). Oh—what is that?

TESMAN (*runs to the doorway*). Why, my dearest Hedda—don't play dance music to-night! Just think of Aunt Rina! And of Eilert too!

HEDDA (*puts her head out between the curtains*). And of Aunt Julia. And of all the rest of them.—After this, I will be quiet. (*Closes the curtains again.*)

TESMAN (*at the writing-table*). It's not good for her to see us at this distressing work. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Elvsted,—you shall take the empty room at Aunt Julia's, and then I will come over in the evenings, and we can sit and work there—eh?

HEDDA (*in the inner room*). I hear what you are saying, Tesman. But how am I to get through the evenings out here?

TESMAN (*turning over the papers*). Oh, I daresay Judge Brack will be so kind as to look in now and then, even though I am out.

BRACK (*in the arm-chair, calls out gaily*). Every blessed evening, with all the pleasure in life, Mrs. Tesman! We shall get on capitally together, we two!

HEDDA (*speaking loud and clear*). Yes, don't you flatter yourself we will, Judge Brack? Now that you are the one cock in the basket—

(*A shot is heard within.*) TESMAN, MRS. ELVSTED, and BRACK leap to their feet.]

TESMAN. Oh, now she is playing with those pistols again.

[*He throws back the curtains and runs in, followed by MRS. ELVSTED. HEDDA lies stretched on the sofa, lifeless. Confusion*

and cries. BERTA enters in alarm from the right.]

TESMAN (*shrieks to BRACK*). Shot herself
Shot herself in the temple! Fancy
that!

BRACK (*half-fainting in the arm-chair*).
Good God!—people don't do such
things.

ANTON CHEKHOV

ANTON CHEKHOV became "the most beloved of all authors" among the Russians. The phrase is from Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, co-founder with Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theatre. Chekhov's name is inseparably linked with that organization which first succeeded in producing his plays to bring out their full value on the stage. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, who has every right to speak, called the Moscow Art Theatre "the Theatre of Chekhov," and devoted much of *My Life in the Russian Theatre* to an affectionate memoir of the dramatist. Chekhov's name also stands for a masterpiece of modern drama, *The Cherry Orchard*. Though his other plays are esteemed and are occasionally revived, it is this last and finest of them that gives him his high rank in the company of Ibsen. It was the culminating creation of a gentle and versatile man. He was only forty-three when he died, but he had labored successfully in three different careers: as a physician, winning the affection of the poor among whom he would occasionally practise when their need was compelling, although he had given up medicine for letters; as a short-story writer; and finally as a dramatist. The alert personality of Chekhov synthesized these apparently divergent activities and levied tribute on an interesting total experience to produce his dramas.

We have extensive knowledge of the dramatist through the memoirs of his friends and from his own notebooks and letters. They give us an illuminating picture of Chekhov as a man and as an

artist. He was born January 17, 1860, in the Ukraine city of Taganrog on the northwest corner of the Sea of Azov. The people of this sun-warmed province are said to be less sombre and melancholy than the standard Russian. Chekhov's father was not softened by the locale, for he was harsh, exacting, and ritualistic in his demands. If Anton failed to sing well during the incessant religious ceremonies, he was beaten. He remembered his childhood with sorrow. In a characteristic sentence, he wrote at the age of thirty-four: "I began to believe in progress in my early childhood, because of the tremendous difference between the time when I was still whipped and the time I was not." Many of the sad and despairing outcries wrung from the characters in the plays arose without doubt from the memory of his own unhappy lot as a "little convict."

Chekhov's family had formerly been serfs on the Cherry-Orchard lands of the decaying aristocracy. By hard work and determination his grandfather accumulated enough to buy his freedom for 3,500 rubles in 1841. In Anton's day this kindly grandfather was supervisor of Count Platov's estate on the steppes back of Taganrog. Anton lived with him during the summers, and remembered him with affection though he made him work "from dawn to dusk." There he learned much for future use about this phase of Russian life. His father was a grocer in Taganrog. Anton hated the melancholy hours he was forced to spend behind the counter learning the trade,

but out of the experience and the observation of the types that came daily to the store, he later made some of his best stories. His mother was genial and full of understanding; she softened the bitterness of Anton's early years with her affection and her stories of life in the vast Russia to the North.

Chekhov's school life was no escape from unpleasantness. He was placed in "The School of the Emperor Constantine," presided over by an eccentric Greek master, where he formed a profound distaste for all things Greek. Two years later; through the foresight of his mother, he was transferred to the Classical Gymnasium where his naturally sunny personality and love of life began to expand. By ingenious disguises he managed to witness many performances at the theatre though attendance was forbidden him and the penalties for discovery were severe. He was far from brilliant as a student, but his observation of people and their traits of character developed at school as well as at the grocery store, and his masters and fellow students were all later embedded in his writings. When Chekhov was sixteen his father failed in business, his effects were sold, and the family moved to Moscow. Chekhov stayed behind at the Gymnasium and as tutor to the nephew of the man who bought out his father. He rode horseback in the country with his pupil, and, except for the first of the attacks of illness that were to cut short his life, his last days in Taganrog were not unpleasant. He began reading more widely, and became more interested in the theatre and in the idea of writing. More than ever he was ambitious to rise to freedom and independence.

In 1879 Chekhov went to Moscow where his father worked in a store and the family endured poverty. Chekhov

entered the medical school at the University of Moscow and took his degree in 1884. The necessity for self support and the need of his family had, in the meantime, compelled Chekhov to earn money, and he found that he could do this by writing. He won some success in the magazines with short humorous pieces, and in the year of his graduation he published a collection of them that excited interest. He was happy to be a doctor, but the prospect of a literary career was even more attractive to him. He did not seriously practice medicine, partially because of his failing health; but he gave his services generously in time of need, notably during the cholera epidemic of 1892 when he served as a district physician. Like Maugham, Schintzler, and some other celebrated dramatists, Chekhov made more of his knowledge and skill as a physician to write with penetrating understanding about the sick lives of men than to attempt to cure them. The nervous, sensitive, shrewd Chekhov, with his singular mixture of humor, sentiment, and tears, seemed to be fashioned especially for studying humanity and interpreting sick and dying Russia at the close of the last century.

The reputation of Chekhov as a writer was first established with his short stories. A second collection of them was issued in 1886. They were generally well received, and more of them flowed easily from his pen. At the time of his death he was more famous as the author of over four hundred sketches and stories than as a dramatist. This was due, in no small part at least, to the moribund condition of the Russian theatre in the eighties and early nineties. Chekhov loved the theatre enough to speak his scorn for the low estate to which it had fallen and the kind of plays

it presented. In *The Sea Gull*, a strongly autobiographical play in which he introduced himself as Trigorin, and expressed his own views on the theatre, he caused the young Trepleff to say: "I despise the modern stage . . . to me the theatre is merely the vehicle of convention and prejudice." In anger he cried out at his actress mother, "Go back to your beloved stage and act the miserable ditch-water plays you so much admire!" Yet Chekhov aspired to write plays as eagerly as Trepleff. He had made up plays as a school-boy and enjoyed seeing them acted by amateurs. He had been writing and producing them without much success for at least ten years before the Moscow Art Theatre was formed.

The first of these of any importance, *Ivanov*, was presented on November 17, 1887, at Korsh's private theatre in Moscow. Korsh knew Chekhov's humorous pieces, and Chekhov had twice visited Korsh's Theatre, one of the best among the many small theatres of Russia. Korsh invited Chekhov to write a play for the company, and the result was *Ivanov*. He had written it in just two weeks. Despite its many faults, it suggested the qualities that, fully developed, distinguished *Uncle Vanya* and *The Cherry Orchard*. *Ivanov*, the central figure, is afflicted with the heavy sadness of so many of Chekhov's characters. He neglects his frail and sickly wife, hastens her death by his conduct, and then is tormented by his remorse. "I am a broken man," he laments, "I am old at thirty. . . . I wander like a shadow among other men, not knowing whether I am alive or what it is that I want. . . . So I carry my sadness with me wherever I go. . . . Yes, I am lost forever." Weary, discouraged, hopeless, and without faith, he commits suicide.

Ivanov was a minor success which made news. A riot broke out in the audience, Chekhov's sister fainted, and students were taken out of the gallery by the police. Critics representing the taste of that day, which had condemned Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and *Ghosts* as repulsive and degrading, called *Ivanov* "bold, cynical, immoral, disgusting." The author himself said, "This play may be bad, yet I have created a type of literary significance." And that was right. Its basic structure and tone are clear indications of the style that reached perfection sixteen years later in *The Cherry Orchard*.

The reception of *Ivanov* encouraged Chekhov to write more plays. In the next few years he produced several one act pieces in a variety of moods. The most popular of these were *The Bear*, really a vaudeville skit; an amusing farce called *The Proposal* that was a favorite in the provincial theatre; and the more ambitious dramatic study, *The Swan Song*, that was produced at Korsh's Theatre. He also attempted a serious play on a significant theme entitled *The Wood Spirit*, sometimes translated as *The Wood Demon*. It was refused by the Imperial theatres, but was given a production, with little success, at Abramova's Theatre in December, 1889. Chekhov was disappointed, but he took the failure resignedly. He professed surprise "that such strange things should come from my pen." And he explained his maturing conviction that plays should be "just as complex and as simple as life is. People dine and at the same time their happiness is made or their lives are broken."

After these failures, Chekhov, in accordance with the advice of a friend, gave up the attempt to write plays, and went traveling. In a typically jocular paragraph of autobiography in a letter

to his friend V. A. Tikhonov, he summarized his activities: "In 1890 I made a journey to Saghalien across Siberia, returning by sea. In 1891 I made a tour of Europe, where I drank splendid wine and ate oysters. In 1892 I was at a birthday party where I had a spree with V. A. Tikhonov." It was seven years before he returned to the stage and presented *The Sea Gull*, a drama of lyrical moods, of emotional distress, and of extensive symbolism. The central idea of this play and some of its basic episodes were drawn directly from actual occurrences in the life of an artist who at one time stayed with Chekhov. Chekhov made these episodes into a parable on the ineffectiveness of the moody artists of the 1880's and 1890's, and the tragedy of their frustrations. It was produced at the Alexandriski Theatre, St. Petersburg, in October, 1896, and it was a failure. In the same year he reworked *The Wood Demon*, turning it into another study of the deep melancholy of the age. It was printed as *Uncle Vanya* in 1897, and was played throughout the province.

All these efforts preceded the now celebrated alliance of Chekhov with the Moscow Art Theatre. That association was fortunate for both. Chekhov's decade of playwriting had defined his view of life and his extremely individual approach to dramaturgy. But the poetic atmosphere of the plays, the delicate nuances upon which his effects depend, and the relative subordination of plot action to tenuous and illusive soul states, asked entirely too much of the actors and directors even among the small, experimental theatres that flourished in Russia in the 1890's. Chekhov was discontented, and thought his plays were failures. After the unsuccessful staging of *The Sea Gull*, Chekhov exclaimed bit-

terly, "Never will I write these plays or try to produce them, not if I live to be 700 years old."

Chekhov could not foresee that two young Russians of genius, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko and Stanislavsky, at their famous eighteen-hour conference, June 21, 1897, would plan to organize and train a company to produce effectively the very kind of play that Chekhov had just renounced, and we accept with indulgent understanding these outbursts of inconsistency. The details of their dramatic principles, and the manner in which the Moscow Art Theatre under Stanislavsky transformed the theory into a system, are set down in his *My Life in Art* (1938) and *An Actor Prepares* (1936), and in Dantchenko's *My Life in the Russian Theatre* (1936). The central point was their determination, at whatever cost in time and training, to create "a theatre of inner feeling," and to go beyond surface realism to the surrender of the personality of the actor to that of the character in the play. They might have had in mind the crucial obstacle in the way of a Chekhov success on the stage; for his plays must be acted perfectly or admit defeat. Their interest is in the group as a whole, not on a central character or two; and each individual in the entire group is meticulously but not obtrusively studied in relation to each of the others and to their environment. The natural impulse of the reader or watcher is always to give his attention to one or two people. But Chekhov deliberately decentralizes the interest and attention, and makes the action seem casual. In *The Cherry Orchard* Charlotte says, with life-like incongruity, "My little dog eats nuts." And Lopakhin thrusts his head in at the door where Barbara and Anya are sighing over the doomed property and, "mooing like a

cow," cries "Moooo!" and goes away again. These irrelevancies might easily ruin some plays, but in Chekhov's dramas they may be as pertinent and eloquent as the big scene itself.

The Chekhov plays now passed into the hands of a company that could make an artistic and living unit of all their silences, extraneous talk and behavior, and their central tragedy; and could capture an audience with them. Chekhov was filled with new enthusiasm when he saw the company at work in September, 1898; and he wrote, "*The mise-en-scène* is remarkable, never before seen in Russia. Among other things they are putting on my ill-fated *The Sea Gull*." To this day a sea gull decorates the programs of the Moscow Art Theatre, in recognition of their first staging of Chekhov. This play was followed by successful productions of *Uncle Vanya* in 1899, and *The Three Sisters* in 1901.

The Cherry Orchard was produced at the Moscow Art Theatre on January 17, 1904. It reached a higher level than any of the earlier plays. The theme is universal; every generation sees it reenacted in some form as the pattern of life of individuals, families, towns, and even nations is broken up by economic and cultural changes to which they are no longer resilient enough or imaginative enough to respond with vigor and dispatch. There is dramatic pathos in the dispossession of the charming and cultivated Madame Ranevsky, who scatters money about, and sighs over her lost world, of which she and her orchard are the symbols; of Gayef, her impractical brother, who practises billiards with an imaginary cue and balls; and all the rest of them, who are held by tradition and sentiment to the decaying order that produced them. They have no skill or competence in a world that is

changing before their averted eyes and carries their destruction with it. They dreamily and passively hope in the face of inevitable disaster that something will turn up to save them. Their habit of life has robbed them of action; they cannot even answer yes or no to the crude but aggressive Lopakhin, son of ex-slaves of this very land, who buys the estate and supplants them as master.

The thesis is not obtrusive. Chekhov, like Maugham, insisted that the solution of problems was the business of the specialist in the field, not of the dramatist. He presented realistically the spectacle of life as an end in itself. His characters are abundantly rich in personality, their own sorrows and despairs, their personal problems and defeats, forming an undersong to the rhythmic flow of the larger drama in whose meshes they are caught and carried along. Their suppressed, melancholy cries answer like an echo of the symbolic sound of the ax at the roots of the Cherry Orchard. By choosing superior people, cultivated, complex, subtle, and distressed, Chekhov gave to realism a beauty and a delicacy that would have been inappropriate to the outcasts and the degenerates in plays like Gorky's *The Lower Depths* and Hauptmann's *Before Dawn*. The finesse of the acting of the Moscow Art company and the studied realism of the setting, with open doors in the rear and people in the rooms beyond the scene of the action to give depth and naturalness, allowed these qualities to come through with superb artistry. The company has played *The Cherry Orchard* in most of the theatrical capitals of the world. Their first production in America was at Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theatre on January 22, 1923. The play has been translated several times into English since

1908, when M. S. Mandell made a version for the Dramatic Department of the Yale Courant under the title, *The Cherry Garden*. George Claderon's excellent translation was made in 1912.

Chekhov's health had long been precarious, compelling him to live in the warmer south. The ravages of tuberculosis began to undermine him. He was seriously ill when *The Cherry Orchard* was produced, with his wife as the incomparable Madame Ranevsky. Nevertheless he journeyed to Moscow to see the

performance. Later in the year he went to the Black Forest in the hope of finding relief, and with plans for another play. He died at Badenweiler on July 2, 1904, less than six months after the opening of *The Cherry Orchard*. His body was brought back to Moscow and buried within the walls of Novodevichii Convent whose cupolas he had loved to watch at sunset and whose quiet cemetery among the poplar trees he had loved to visit.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

CHARACTERS

MADAME RANÉVSKY, a landowner
ÁNYA, her daughter, aged seventeen
BARBARA, her adopted daughter, aged
twenty-seven
LEONÍD GÁYEF, brother of Madame Ranévsky
LOPÁKHIN, a merchant
PETER TROPHÍMOF, a student
SIMEÓN OF PÍSHTCHIK, a landowner

CHARLOTTE, a governess
EPHIKHÓDOF, a clerk
DUNYÁSHA, a housemaid
FIRS, man-servant, aged eighty-seven
YÁSHA, a young man-servant
TRAMP
Stationmaster, Post-Office Official, Guests,
Servants, etc.

The action takes place on Madame Ranévsky's property.

ACT I

A room which is still called the nursery. One door leads to ÁNYA's room. Dawn; the sun will soon rise. It is already May; the cherry trees are in blossom, but it is cold in the garden and there is a morning frost. The windows are closed.

[Enter DUNYÁSHA with a candle, and LOPÁKHIN with a book in his hand.]

LOPÁKHIN. So the train has come in, 10
thank Heaven. What is the time?

DUNYÁSHA. Nearly two. (*Putting the candle out.*) It is light already.

LOPÁKHIN. How late is the train? A couple of hours at least. (*Yawning and stretching.*) What do you think of me? A fine fool I have made of myself. I came on purpose to meet them at the station and then I went and fell asleep, fell asleep as I sat in my 20 chair. What a nuisance it is! You might have woke me up anyway.

DUNYÁSHA. I thought that you had

gone. (*She listens*) That sounds like them driving up.

LOPÁKHIN (*listening*). No; they have got to get the luggage out and all that. (*A pause.*) Madame Ranévsky has been five years abroad. I wonder what she has become like. What a splendid creature she is! So easy and simple in her ways. I remember when I was a youngster of fifteen my old father (he used to keep the shop here in the village then) struck me in the face with his fist and set my nose bleeding. We had come, for some reason or other, I forget what, into the courtyard, and he had been drinking. Madame Ranévsky—I remember it like yesterday, still a young girl, and oh, so slender—brought me to the wash-hand stand, here, in this very room, in the nursery. “Don’t cry, little peasant,” she said, “it’ll mend by your wed-

THE CHERRY ORCHARD: Translated, with text notes, by George Calderon. Reprinted by permission of and special arrangement with Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

ding." ¹ (*A pause.*) "Little peasant"! . . . My father, it is true, was a peasant, and here am I in a white waistcoat and brown boots; a silk purse out of a sow's ear, as you might say; just turned rich, with heaps of money, but when you come to look at it, still a peasant of the peasants. (*Turning over the pages of the book.*)

Here's this book that I was reading ¹⁰ and didn't understand a word of it; I just sat reading and fell asleep.

DUNYÁSHA. The dogs never slept all night; they knew that their master and mistress were coming.

LOPÁKHIN. What's the matter with you, Dunyásha? You're all . . .

DUNYÁSHA. My hands are trembling; I feel quite faint.

LOPÁKHIN. You are too refined, Dun- ²⁰ yásha; that's what it is. You dress yourself like a young lady; and look at your hair! You ought not to do it; you ought to remember your place.

[*Enter EPHIKHÓDOF with a nosegay. He is dressed in a short jacket and brightly polished boots which squeak noisily. As he comes in he drops the nosegay.*]

EPHIKHÓDOF (*picking it up*). The gardener has sent this; he says it is to go ³⁰ in the dining-room. (*Handing it to DUNYÁSHA.*)

LOPÁKHIN. And bring me some quass.

DUNYÁSHA. Yes, sir. (*Exit DUNYÁSHA.*)

EPHIKHÓDOF. There's a frost this morning, three degrees, and the cherry trees all in blossom. I can't say I think much of our climate; (*Sighing.*) that is impossible. Our climate is not adapted to contribute; and I should ⁴⁰ like to add, with your permission, that only two days ago I bought myself a new pair of boots, and I venture to assure you they do squeak

beyond all bearing. What am I to grease them with?

LOPÁKHIN. Get out; I'm tired of you.

EPHIKHÓDOF. Every day some misfortune happens to me; but do I grumble? No; I am used to it; I can afford to smile.

[*Enter DUNYÁSHA, and hands a glass of quass to LOPÁKHIN.*]

EPHIKHÓDOF. I must be going. (*He knocks against a chair, which falls to the ground.*) There you are! (*In a voice of triumph.*) You see, if I may venture on the expression, the sort of incidents *inter alia*. It really is astonishing! (*Exit EPHIKHÓDOF.*)

DUNYÁSHA. To tell you the truth, Yermolái Alexéyitch, Ephikhódof has made me a proposal.

LOPÁKHIN. Hmph!

DUNYÁSHA. I hardly know what to do. He is such a well-behaved young man, only so often when he talks one doesn't know what he means. It is all so nice and full of good feeling, but you can't make out what it means. I fancy I am rather fond of him. He adores me passionately. He is a most unfortunate man; every day something seems to happen to him. They call him "Twenty-two misfortunes," that's his nickname.

LOPÁKHIN (*listening*). There, surely that is them coming!

DUNYÁSHA. They're coming! Oh, what is the matter with me? I am all turning cold.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes, there they are, and no mistake. Let's go and meet them. Will she know me again, I wonder? It is five years since we met.

DUNYÁSHA. I am going to faint! . . . I am going to faint!

[*Two carriages are heard driving up to the house. LOPÁKHIN and DUNYÁSHA exeunt quickly. The stage remains empty. A*

¹ *It'll mend by your wedding: a proverbial phrase.*

hubbub begins in the neighboring rooms. FIRS walks hastily across the stage, leaning on a walking-stick. He has been to meet them at the station. He is wearing an old-fashioned livery and a tall hat; he mumbles something to himself, but not a word is audible. The noise behind the scenes grows louder and louder. A voice says: "Let's go this way." Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY, ÁNYA, CHARLOTTE, leading a little dog on a chain, all dressed in traveling-dresses; BARBARA in greatcoat, with a kerchief over her head, GÁYEF, SIMEÓNOF-PÍSHTCHIK, LO-PÁKHIN, DUNYÁSHA, carrying parcel and umbrella, servants with luggage, all cross the stage.]

ÁNYA. Come through this way. Do you remember what room this is, mamma?

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*joyfully, through her tears*). The nursery.

BARBARA. How cold it is. My hands are simply frozen. (*To MADAME RANÉVSKY.*) Your two rooms, the white room and the violet room, are just the same as they were, mamma.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. My nursery, my dear, beautiful nursery! This is where I used to sleep when I was a little girl. (*Crying.*) I am like a little girl still. (*Kissing GÁYEF and BARBARA and then GÁYEF again.*) Barbara has not altered a bit; she is just like a nun; and I knew Dunyásha at once. (*Kissing DUNYÁSHA.*)

GÁYEF. Your train was two hours late. What do you think of that? There's punctuality for you!

CHARLOTTE (*to SIMEÓNOF-PÍSHTCHIK*). My little dog eats nuts.

PÍSHTCHIK (*astonished*). You don't say so! Well, I never!

[*Exeunt all but ÁNYA and DUNYÁSHA.*]

DUNYÁSHA. At last you've come! (*She takes off ÁNYA's overcoat and hat.*)

ÁNYA. I have not slept for four nights

on the journey. I am frozen to death. DUNYÁSHA. It was Lent when you went away. There was snow on the ground; it was freezing; but now! Oh, my dear! (*Laughing and kissing her.*) How I have waited for you, my joy, my light! Oh, I must tell you something at once, I cannot wait another minute.

ÁNYA (*without interest*). What, again?

DUNYÁSHA. Ephikhódof, the clerk, proposed to me in Easter Week.

ÁNYA. Same old story. . . . (*Putting her hair straight.*) All my hairpins have dropped out. (*She is very tired, staggering with fatigue.*)

DUNYÁSHA. I hardly know what to think of it. He loves me! Oh, how he loves me!

ÁNYA (*looking into her bedroom, affectionately*). My room, my windows, just as if I had never gone away! I am at home again! When I wake up in the morning I shall run out into the garden. . . . Oh, if only I could get to sleep! I have not slept the whole journey from Paris, I was so nervous and anxious.

DUNYÁSHA. Monsieur Trophímof arrived the day before yesterday.

ÁNYA (*joyfully*). Peter?

DUNYÁSHA. He is sleeping outside in the bath-house; he is living there. He was afraid he might be in the way. (*Looking at her watch.*) I'd like to go and wake him, only Mamzelle Barbara told me not to. "Mind you don't wake him," she said.

[*Enter BARBARA with bunch of keys hanging from her girdle.*]

BARBARA. Dunyásha, go and get some coffee, quick. Mamma wants some coffee.

DUNYÁSHA. In a minute! (*Exit DUNYÁSHA.*)

BARBARA. Well, thank Heaven, you

have come. Here you are at home again. (*Caressing her.*) My little darling is back! My pretty one is back!

ÁNYA. What I've had to go through!

BARBARA. I can believe you.

ÁNYA. I left here in Holy Week. How cold it was! Charlotte would talk the whole way and keep doing conjuring tricks. What on earth made you tie Charlotte round my neck?

BARBARA. Well, you couldn't travel alone, my pet. At seventeen!

ÁNYA. When we got to Paris, it was so cold! There was snow on the ground. I can't talk French a bit. Mamma was on the fifth floor of a big house. When I arrived there were a lot of Frenchmen with her, and ladies, and an old Catholic priest with a book, and it was very uncomfortable and full of 20 tobacco smoke. I suddenly felt so sorry for mamma, oh so sorry! I took her head in my arms and squeezed it and could not let it go, and then mamma kept kissing me 'and crying.

BARBARA (*crying*). Don't go on; don't go on!

ÁNYA. She's sold her villa near Mentone already. She's nothing left, absolutely nothing; and I hadn't a 30 farthing either. We only just managed to get home. And mamma won't understand! We get out at a station to have some dinner, and she asks for all the most expensive things and gives the waiters a florin each for a tip; and Charlotte does the same. And Yásha wanted his portion, too. It was too awful! Yásha is mamma's new manservant. We 40 have brought him back with us.

BARBARA. I've seen the rascal.

ÁNYA. Come, tell me all about everything! Has the interest on the mortgage been paid?

BARBARA. How could it be?

ÁNYA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

BARBARA. The property will be sold in August.

ÁNYA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

LOPÁKHIN (*looking in at the door and mooing like a cow*). Moo-oo! (*He goes away again.*)

BARBARA (*laughing through her tears, and shaking her fist at the door*). Oh, I should like to give him one!

ÁNYA (*embracing BARBARA softly*). Barbara, has he proposed to you? (*BARBARA shakes her head.*)

ÁNYA. And yet I am sure he loves you. Why don't you come to an understanding? What are you waiting for?

BARBARA. I don't think anything will come of it. He has so much to do; he can't be bothered with me; he hardly takes any notice. Confound the man, I can't bear to see him! Every one talks about our marriage; every one congratulates me; but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing in it; it's all a dream. (*Changing her tone.*) You've got on a brooch like a bee.

ÁNYA (*sadly*). Mamma bought it me. (*Going into her room, talking gayly, like a child.*) When I was in Paris, I went up in a balloon!

BARBARA. How glad I am you are back, my little pet! my pretty one!

[DUNYÁSHA has already returned with a coffee-pot and begins to prepare the coffee.]

BARBARA (*standing by the door*). I trudge about all day looking after things, and I think and think. What are we to do? If only we could marry you to some rich man it would be a load off my mind. I would go into a retreat, and then to Kief, to Moscow; I would tramp about from one holy place to another, always tramping and tramping. What bliss!

ÁNYA. The birds are singing in the garden. What time is it now?

BARBARA. It must be past two. It is time to go to bed, my darling. (Following ÁNYA into her room.) What bliss!

[Enter YÁSHA with a shawl and a traveling-bag.]

YÁSHA (crossing the stage, delicately). May I pass this way, mademoiselle?

DUNYÁSHA. One would hardly know you, Yásha. How you've changed 10 abroad!

YÁSHA. Ahem! And who may you be?

DUNYÁSHA. When you left here I was a little thing like that. (Indicating with her hand.) My name is Dunyásha, Theodore Kozoyédof's daughter. Don't you remember me?

YÁSHA. Ahem! You little cucumber! (He looks round cautiously, then embraces her. She screams and drops a saucer. Exit 20 YÁSHA hastily.)

BARBARA (in the doorway, crossly). What's all this?

DUNYÁSHA (crying). I've broken a saucer.

BARBARA. Well, it brings luck.

[Enter ÁNYA from her room.]

ÁNYA. We must tell mamma that Peter's here.

BARBARA. I've told them not to wake him.

ÁNYA (thoughtfully). It's just six years since papa died. And only a month afterwards poor little Grisha was drowned in the river; my pretty little brother, only seven years old! It was too much for mamma; she ran away, ran away without looking back. (Shuddering.) How well I can understand her, if only she knew! (A pause.) Peter Trophímof was Grisha's tutor; 40 he might remind her.

[Enter FIRS in long coat and white waist-coat.]

FIRS (going over to the coffee-pot, anxiously). My mistress is going to take coffee here. (Putting on white gloves.) Is the

coffee ready? (Sternly, to DUNYÁSHA.) Here, girl, where's the cream?

DUNYÁSHA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (Exit DUNYÁSHA hastily.)

FIRS (bustling about the coffee-pot). Ah, you . . . job-lot! ¹ (Mumbling to himself.) She's come back from Paris. The master went to Paris once in a post-chaise. (Laughing.)

BARBARA. What is it, Firs?

FIRS. I beg your pardon? (Joyfully.) My mistress has come home; at last I've seen her. Now I'm ready to die.

[He cries with joy. Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY, LOPÁKHIN, GÁYEF, and PÍSH-TCHIK; PÍSH-TCHIK in Russian breeches and coat of fine cloth. GÁYEF as he enters makes gestures as if playing billiards.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What was the expression? Let me see. "I'll put the red in the corner pocket; double into the middle—"

GÁYEF. I'll chip the red in the right-hand top. Once upon a time, Lyuba, when we were children, we used to sleep here side by side in two little cots, and now I'm fifty-one, and can't bring myself to believe it.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes, time flies.

30 GÁYEF. Who's that?

LOPÁKHIN. Time flies, I say.

GÁYEF. There's a smell of patchouli!

ÁNYA. I am going to bed. Good-night, mamma. (Kissing her mother.)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. My beloved little girl! (Kissing her hands.) Are you glad you're home again? I can't come to my right senses.

ÁNYA. Good-night, uncle.

40 GÁYEF (kissing her face and hands). God bless you, little Ánya. How like your mother you are! (To MADAME

¹ Job-lot. In the original, *nedotǐpa*, a word invented by Tchekhov, and now established as classical. Derived from *ne*, not, and *dotyápat*, to finish chopping.

RANÉVSKY.) You were just such another girl at her age, Lyuba.

[ÁNYA shakes hands with LOPÁKHIN and SIMEÓNOF-PÍSHTCHIK, and exit, shutting her bedroom door behind her.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. She's very, very tired.

PÍSHTCHIK. It must have been a long journey.

BARBARA (to LOPÁKHIN and PÍSHTCHIK). 10 Well, gentlemen, it's past two; time you were off.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (laughing). You haven't changed a bit, Barbara! (Drawing her to herself and kissing her.) I'll just finish my coffee, then we'll all go. (FIRS puts a footstool under her feet.) Thank you, friend. I'm used to my coffee. I drink it day and night. Thank you, you dear old man. 20 (Kissing FIRS.)

BARBARA. I'll go and see if they've got all the luggage. (Exit BARBARA.)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Can it be me that's sitting here? (Laughing.) I want to jump and wave my arms about. (Pausing and covering her face.) Surely I must be dreaming! God knows I love my country. I love it tenderly. I couldn't see out of the window from 30 the train, I was crying so. (Crying.) However, I must drink my coffee. Thank you, FIRS; thank you, you dear old man. I'm so glad to find you still alive.

FIRS. The day before yesterday.

GÁYEF. He's hard of hearing.

LOPÁKHIN. I've got to be off for Khark-of by the five-o'clock train. Such a nuisance! I wanted to stay and look 40 at you and talk to you. You're as splendid as you always were.

PÍSHTCHIK (sighing heavily). Handsomer than ever and dressed like a Parisian . . . Perish my wagon and all its wheels!

LOPÁKHIN. Your brother, Leoníd Andréyitch, says I'm a snob, a money-grubber. He can say what he likes. I don't care a hang. Only I want you to believe in me as you used to; I want your wonderful, touching eyes to look at me as they used to. Merciful God in heaven! My father was your father's serf, and your grandfather's serf before him; but you, you did so much for me in the old days that I've forgotten everything, and I love you like a sister—more than a sister.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I can't sit still! I can't do it! (Jumping up and walking about in great agitation.) This happiness is more than I can bear. Laugh at me! I am a fool! (Kissing a cupboard.) My darling old cupboard! (Caressing a table.) My dear little table!

GÁYEF. Nurse is dead since you went away.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (sitting down and drinking coffee). Yes, Heaven rest her soul. They wrote and told me.

GÁYEF. And Anastási is dead. Squint-eyed Peter has left us and works in the town at the Police Inspector's now. (GÁYEF takes out a box of sugar candy from his pocket, and begins to eat it.)

PÍSHTCHIK. My daughter Dáshenka sent her compliments.

LOPÁKHIN. I long to say something charming and delightful to you. (Looking at his watch.) I'm just off; there's no time to talk. Well, yes, I'll put it in two or three words. You know that your cherry orchard is going to be sold to pay the mortgage: the sale is fixed for the 22d of August; but don't you be uneasy, my dear lady; sleep peacefully; there's a way out of it. This is my plan. Listen to me carefully. Your property is only

fifteen miles from the town; the railway runs close beside it; and if only you will cut up the cherry orchard and the land along the river into building lots and let it off on lease for villas, you will get at least two thousand five hundred pounds a year out of it.

GÁYEF. Come, come! What rubbish you're talking!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I don't quite understand what you mean, Yermolái Alexéyitch.

LOPÁKHIN. You will get a pound a year at least for every acre from the tenants, and if you advertise the thing at once, I am ready to bet whatever you like, by the autumn you won't have a clod of that earth left on your hands. It'll all be snapped 20 up. In two words, I congratulate you; you are saved. It's a first-class site, with a good deep river. Only, of course you will have to put it in order and clear the ground; you will have to pull down all the old buildings—this house, for instance, which is no longer fit for anything; you'll have to cut down the cherry orchard. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Cut down the cherry orchard! Excuse me, but you don't know what you are talking about. If there is one thing that's interesting, remarkable in fact, in the whole province, it's our cherry orchard.

LOPÁKHIN. There's nothing remarkable about the orchard except that it's a very big one. It only bears once 40 every two years, and then you don't know what to do with the fruit. Nobody wants to buy it.

GÁYEF. Our cherry orchard is mentioned in Andréyevsky's Encyclopædia.

LOPÁKHIN (*looking at his watch*). If we don't make up our minds or think of any way, on the 22d of August the cherry orchard and the whole property will be sold by auction. Come, make up your mind! There's no other way out of it, I swear—absolutely none.

FIRS. In the old days, forty or fifty years 10 ago, they used to dry the cherries and soak 'em and pickle 'em, and make jam of 'em; and the dried cherries . . .

GÁYEF. Shut up, Firs.

FIRS. The dried cherries used to be sent in wagons to Moscow and Kharkof. A heap of money! The dried cherries were soft and juicy and sweet and sweet-smelling then. They knew some way in those days.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. And why don't they do it now?

FIRS. They've forgotten. Nobody remembers how to do it.

PÍSHTCHIK (*to MADAME RANÉVSKY*). What about Paris? How did you get on? Did you eat frogs?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Crocodiles.

PÍSHTCHIK. You don't say so! Well, 30 I never!

LOPÁKHIN. Until a little while ago there was nothing but gentry and peasants in the villages; but now villa residents have made their appearance. All the towns, even the little ones, are surrounded by villas now. In another twenty years the villa resident will have multiplied like anything. At present he only sits and drinks tea on his veranda, but it is quite likely that he will soon take to cultivating his three acres of land, and then your old cherry orchard will become fruitful, rich and happy.

GÁYEF (*angry*). What gibberish!

[Enter BARBARA and YÁSHA.]

BARBARA (*taking out a key and noisily unlocking an old-fashioned cupboard*).

There are two telegrams for you, mamma. Here they are.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*tearing them up without reading them*). They're from Paris. I've done with Paris.

GÁYEF. Do you know how old this cupboard is, Lyuba? A week ago I pulled out the bottom drawer and saw a date burnt in it. That cupboard was made exactly a hundred years ago. What do you think of that, eh? We might celebrate its jubilee. It's only an inanimate thing, but for all that it's a historic cupboard.

PÍSHTCHIK (*astonished*). A hundred years? Well, I never!

GÁYEF (*touching the cupboard*). Yes, it's a wonderful thing. . . . Beloved and venerable cupboard; honor and glory to your existence, which for more than a hundred years has been directed to the noble ideals of justice and virtue. Your silent summons to profitable labor has never weakened in all these hundred years. (*Crying.*) You have upheld the courage of succeeding generations of our humankind; you have upheld faith in a better future and cherished in us ideals of goodness and social consciousness. (*A pause.*)

LOPÁKHIN. Yes. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. You haven't changed, Leonid.

GÁYEF (*embarrassed*). Off the white in the corner, chip the red in the middle pocket!

LOPÁKHIN (*looking at his watch*). Well, I must be off.

YÁSHA (*handing a box to MADAME RANÉVSKY*). Perhaps you'll take your pills now.

PÍSHTCHIK. You oughtn't to take medi-

cine, dear lady. It does you neither good nor harm. Give them here, my friend. (*He empties all the pills into the palm of his hand, blows on them, puts them in his mouth, and swallows them down with a draught of quass.*) There!

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*alarmed*). Have you gone off your head?

PÍSHTCHIK. I've taken all the pills.

LOPÁKHIN. Greedy feller!

[*Every one laughs.*]

FIRS (*mumbling*). They were here in Easter Week and finished off a gallon of pickled gherkins.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What's he talking about?

BARBARA. He's been mumbling like that these three years. We've got used to it.

YÁSHA. Advancing age.

[*CHARLOTTE crosses in a white frock, very thin, tightly laced, with a lorgnette at her waist.*]

LOPÁKHIN. Excuse me, Charlotte Ivánovna, I've not paid my respects to you yet. (*He prepares to kiss her hand.*)

CHARLOTTE (*drawing her hand away*). If one allows you to kiss one's hand, you will want to kiss one's elbow next, and then one's shoulder.

LOPÁKHIN. I'm having no luck to-day. (*All laugh.*) Charlotte Ivánovna, do us a conjuring trick.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Charlotte, do do us a conjuring trick.

CHARLOTTE. No, thank you. I'm going to bed. (*Exit CHARLOTTE.*)

LOPÁKHIN. We shall meet again in three weeks. (*Kissing MADAME RANÉVSKY's hand.*) Meanwhile, good-bye.

I must be off. (*To GÁYEF.*) So-long. (*Kissing PÍSHTCHIK.*) Ta-ta. (*Shaking hands with BARBARA, then with FIRS and YÁSHA.*) I hate having to go. (*To MADAME RANÉVSKY.*) If you make up your mind about the villas, let me

know, and I'll raise you five thousand pounds at once. Think it over seriously.

BARBARA (*angrily*). For Heaven's sake, do go!

LOPÁKHIN. I'm going, I'm going. (*Exit LOPÁKHIN.*)

GÁYEF. Snob! . . . However, *pardon!* Barbara's going to marry him; he's Barbara's young man.

BARBARA. You talk too much, uncle.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Why, Barbara, I shall be very glad. He's a nice man.

PÍSHTCHIK. Not a doubt of it. . . . A most worthy individual. My Dáshenka, she says . . . oh, she says . . . lots of things. (*Snoring and waking up again at once.*) By the by, dear lady, can you lend me twenty-five pounds? I've got to pay the interest on my mortgage to-morrow.

BARBARA (*alarmed*). We can't! We can't!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It really is a fact that I haven't any money.

PÍSHTCHIK. I'll find it somewhere. (*Laughing.*) I never lose hope. Last

time I thought, "Now I really am done for, I'm a ruined man," when behold, they ran a railway over my land and paid me compensation. And so it'll be again; something will happen, if not to-day, then to-morrow. Dáshenka may win the twenty-thousand-pound prize; she's got a ticket in the lottery.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. The coffee's finished. Let's go to bed.

FIRS (*brushing GÁYEF's clothes, admonishingly*). You've put on the wrong trousers again. Whatever am I to do with you?

BARBARA (*softly*). Ánya is asleep. (*She opens the window quietly.*) The sun's up already; it isn't cold now. Look, mamma, how lovely the trees are.

Heavens! what a sweet air! The starlings are singing!

GÁYEF (*opening the other window*). The orchard is all white. You've not forgotten it, Lyuba? This long avenue going straight on, straight on, like a ribbon between the trees? It shines like silver on moonlight nights. Do you remember? You've not forgotten?

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*looking out into the garden*). Oh, my childhood, my pure and happy childhood! I used to sleep in this nursery. I used to look out from here into the garden. Happiness awoke with me every morning; and the orchard was just the same then as it is now; nothing is altered. (*Laughing with joy.*) It is all white, all white! Oh, my cherry orchard! After the dark and stormy autumn and the frosts of winter you are young again and full of happiness; the angels of heaven have not abandoned you. Oh! if only I could free my neck and shoulders from the stone that weighs them down! If only I could forget my past!

GÁYEF. Yes; and this orchard will be sold to pay our debts, however impossible it may seem. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Look! There's mamma walking in the orchard . . . in a white frock! (*Laughing with joy.*) There she is!

GÁYEF. Where?

BARBARA. Heaven help you!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. There's no one there really. It only looked like it; there on the right where the path turns down to the summer-house; there's a white tree that leans over and looks like a woman.

[*Enter TROPHÍMOF in a shabby student uniform and spectacles.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What a wonderful

orchard, with its white masses of blossom and the blue sky above!

TROPHÍMOF. Lyubóf Andréyevna! (*She looks round at him.*) I only want to say, "How do you do," and go away at once. (*Kissing her hand eagerly.*) I was told to wait till the morning, but I hadn't the patience.

[MADAME RANÉVSKY looks at him in astonishment.]

BARBARA (*crying*). This is Peter Trophí-mof.

TROPHÍMOF. Peter Trophí-mof; I was Grisha's tutor, you know. Have I really altered so much?

[MADAME RANÉVSKY embraces him and cries softly.]

GÁYEF. Come, come, that's enough, Lyuba!

BARBARA (*crying*). I told you to wait till to-morrow, you know, Peter.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. My little Grisha! My little boy! Grisha . . . my son. . . .

BARBARA. It can't be helped, mamma. It was the will of God.

TROPHÍMOF (*gently, crying*). There, there!

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*crying*). He was drowned. My little boy was drowned. Why? What was the use of that, my dear? (*In a softer voice.*) Ánya's asleep in there, and I am speaking so loud, and making a noise. . . . But tell me, Peter, why have you grown so ugly? Why have you grown so old?

TROPHÍMOF. An old woman in the train called me a "mouldy gentleman."

MADAME RANÉVSKY. You were quite a boy then, a dear little student, and now your hair's going and you wear spectacles. Are you really still a student? (*Going toward the door.*)

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, I expect I shall be a perpetual student.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*kissing her brother*

and then BARBARA). Well, go to bed. You've grown old too, Leoníd.

PÍSHTCHIK (*following her*). Yes, yes; time for bed. Oh, oh, my gout! I'll stay the night here. Don't forget, Lyubóf Andréyevna, my angel, to-morrow morning . . . twenty-five.

GÁYEF. He's still on the same string.

PÍSHTCHIK. Twenty-five . . . to pay the interest on my mortgage.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I haven't any money, my friend.

PÍSHTCHIK. I'll pay you back, dear lady. It's a trifling sum.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Well, well, Leoníd will give it you. Let him have it, Leoníd.

GÁYEF (*ironical*). I'll give it him right enough! Hold your pocket wide! ¹

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It can't be helped. . . . He needs it. He'll pay it back.

[*Exeunt* MADAME RANÉVSKY, TROPHÍMOF, PÍSHTCHIK, and FÍRS. GÁYEF, BARBARA, and YÁSHA remain.]

GÁYEF. My sister hasn't lost her old habit of scattering the money. (*To YÁSHA.*) Go away, my lad! You smell of chicken.

YÁSHA (*laughing*). You're just the same as you always were, Leoníd Andréyevitch!

GÁYEF. Who's that? (*to BARBARA.*) What does he say?

BARBARA (*to YÁSHA*). Your mother's come up from the village. She's been waiting for you since yesterday in the servants' hall. She wants to see you.

YÁSHA. What a nuisance she is!

BARBARA. You wicked, unnatural son!

YÁSHA. Well, what do I want with her? She might just as well have waited till to-morrow. (*Exit YÁSHA.*)

BARBARA. Mamma is just like she used to be; she hasn't changed a bit. If

¹ Hold your pocket wide: a proverbial piece of irony.

she had her way, she'd give away everything she has.

GÁYEF. Yes. (*A pause.*) If people recommend very many cures for an illness, that means that the illness is incurable. I think and think, I batter my brains; I know of many remedies, very many, and that means really that there is none. How nice it would be to get a fortune left one by some-10 body! How nice it would be if Ánya could marry a very rich man! How nice it would be to go to Yaroslav and try my luck with my aunt the Countess. My aunt is very, very rich, you know.

BARBARA (*crying softly*). If only God would help us!

GÁYEF. Don't howl! My aunt is very rich, but she does not like us. In the 20 first place, my sister married a solicitor, not a nobleman. (*Ánya appears in the doorway.*) She married a man who was not a nobleman, and it's no good pretending that she has led a virtuous life. She's a dear, kind, charming creature, and I love her very much, but whatever mitigating circumstances one may find for her, there's no getting round it that she's 30 a sinful woman. You can see it in her every gesture.

BARBARA (*whispering*). Ánya is standing in the door!

GÁYEF. Who's that? (*A pause.*) It's very odd, something's got into my right eye. I can't see properly out of it. Last Thursday when I was down at the District Court . . .

[*Ánya comes down.*] 40

BARBARA. Why aren't you asleep, Ánya?

ÁNYA. I can't sleep. It's no good trying.

GÁYEF. My little pet! (*Kissing Ánya's hands and face.*) My little girl! (*Crying.*) You're not my niece; you're

my angel; you're my everything. Trust me, trust me. . . .

ÁNYA. I do trust you, uncle. Every one loves you, every one respects you; but dear, dear uncle, you ought to hold your tongue, only to hold your tongue. What were you saying just now about mamma?—about your own sister? What was the good of saying that?

GÁYEF. Yes, yes. (*Covering his face with her hand.*) You're quite right; it was awful of me! Lord, Lord! Save me from myself! And a little while ago I made a speech over a cupboard. What a stupid thing to do! As soon as I had done it, I knew it was stupid.

BARBARA. Yes, really, uncle. You ought to hold your tongue. Say nothing; that's all that's wanted.

ÁNYA. If only you would hold your tongue, you'd be so much happier!

GÁYEF. I will! I will! (*Kissing Ánya's and BARBARA's hands.*) I'll hold my tongue. But there's one thing I must say; it's business. Last Thursday, when I was down at the District Court, a lot of us were there together, we began to talk about this and that, one thing and another, and it seems I could arrange a loan on note of hand to pay the interest into the bank.

BARBARA. If only Heaven would help us!

GÁYEF. I'll go in on Tuesday and talk it over again. (*To BARBARA.*) Don't howl! (*To Ánya.*) Your mamma shall have a talk with Lopákhin. Of course he won't refuse her. And as soon as you are rested you must go to see your grandmother, the Countess, at Yaroslav. We'll operate from three points, and the trick is done. We'll pay the interest, I'm certain of it.

(*Taking sugar candy.*) I swear on my honor, or whatever you will, the property shall not be sold. (*Excitedly.*) I swear by my hope of eternal happiness! There's my hand on it. Call me a base, dishonorable man if I let it go to auction. I swear by my whole being!

ÁNYA (*calm again and happy*). What a dear you are, uncle, and how clever! 10 (*Embraces him.*) Now I'm easy again. I'm easy again! I'm happy!

[*Enter FIRS.*]

FIRS (*reproachfully*). Leoníd Andréyevitch, have you no fear of God? When are you going to bed?

GÁYEF. I'm just off—just off. You get along, Firs. I'll undress myself all right. Come, children, by-bye! Details to-morrow, but now let's go to 20 bed. (*Kissing ÁNYA and BARBARA.*) I'm a good Liberal, a man of the eighties. People abuse the eighties, but I think that I may say I've suffered something for my convictions in my time. It's not for nothing that the peasants love me. We ought to know the peasants; we ought to know with what . . .

ÁNYA. You're at it again, uncle! 30

BARBARA. Why don't you hold your tongue, uncle?

FIRS (*angrily*). Leoníd Andréyevitch!

GÁYEF. I'm coming; I'm coming. Now go to bed. Off two cushions in the middle pocket! I start another life! . . . (*Exit, with FIRS hobbling after him.*)

ÁNYA. Now my mind is at rest. I don't want to go to Yarosláv; I don't like 40

grandmamma; but my mind is at rest, thanks to Uncle Leoníd. (*She sits down.*)

BARBARA. Time for bed. I'm off. Whilst you were away there's been a scandal. You know that nobody lives in the old servants' quarters except the old people, Ephim, Pauline, Evstignéy, and old Karp. Well, they took to having in all sorts of queer fish to sleep there with them. I didn't say a word. But at last I heard they had spread a report that I had given orders that they were to have nothing but peas to eat; out of stinginess, you understand? It was all Evstignéy's doing. "Very well," I said to myself, "you wait a bit." So I sent for Evstignéy. (*Yawning.*) He comes. "Now then, Evstignéy," I said, "you old imbecile, how do you dare . . ." (*Looking at ÁNYA.*) Ánya, Ánya! (*A pause.*) She's asleep. (*Taking ÁNYA's arm.*) Let's go to bed. Come along. (*Leading her away.*) Sleep on, my little one! Come along; come along! (*They go towards ÁNYA's room. In the distance beyond the orchard a shepherd plays his pipe. TROPHÍMOF crosses the stage and, seeing BARBARA and ÁNYA, stops.*) 'Sh! She's asleep, she's asleep! Come along, my love.

ÁNYA (*drowsily*). I'm so tired! Listen to the bells! Uncle, dear uncle! Mamma! Uncle!

BARBARA. Come along, my love! Come along. (*Exeunt BARBARA and ÁNYA to the bedroom.*)

TROPHÍMOF (*with emotion*). My sunshine! My spring!

ACT II

In the open fields; an old crooked half-ruined shrine. Near it a well; big stones, apparently old tombstones; an old bench.

Road to the estate beyond. On one side rise dark ~~hoblar~~ trees. Beyond them begins the cherry orchard. In the distance a row of

telegraph poles, and, far away on the horizon, the dim outlines of a big town, visible only in fine, clear weather. It is near sunset.

CHARLOTTE, YÁSHA, and DUNYÁSHA sit on the bench. EPHIKHÓDOF stands by them and plays on a guitar; they meditate. CHARLOTTE wears an old peaked cap.¹ She has taken a gun from off her shoulders and is mending the buckle of the strap.

CHARLOTTE (*thoughtfully*). I have no proper passport. I don't know how old I am; I always feel I am still young. When I was a little girl my father and mother used to go about from one country fair to another, giving performances, and very good ones, too. I used to do the *salto mortale* and all sorts of tricks. When papa 20 and mamma died, an old German lady adopted me and educated me. Good! When I grew up I became a governess. But where I come from and who I am, I haven't a notion. Who my parents were—very likely they weren't married—I don't know. (*Taking a cucumber from her pocket and beginning to eat.*) I don't know anything about it. (*A pause.*) I long to 30 talk so, and I have no one to talk to, I have no friends or relations.

EPHIKHÓDOF (*playing on the guitar, and singing*).

"What is the noisy world to me?

Oh, what are friends and foes?"

How sweet it is to play upon a mandolin!

DUNYÁSHA. That's a guitar, not a man- 40 dolin. (*She looks at herself in a hand-glass and powders her face.*)

EPHIKHÓDOF. For the madman who loves, it is a mandolin. (*Singing.*)

¹ *Furázka*, the commonest men's headgear in Russia, shaped like a yachting cap.

"Oh, that my heart were cheered
By the warmth of requited love."

[YÁSHA joins in.]

CHARLOTTE. How badly these people do sing! Foo! Like jackals howling! DUNYÁSHA (*to YÁSHA*). What happiness it must be to live abroad!

YÁSHA. Of course it is; I quite agree with you. (*He yawns and lights a cigar.*)

10 EPHIKHÓDOF. It stands to reason. Everything abroad has attained a certain culmination.²

YÁSHA. That's right.

EPHIKHÓDOF. I am a man of cultivation; I have studied various remarkable books, but I cannot fathom the direction of my preferences; do I want to live or do I want to shoot myself, so to speak? But in order to be ready for all contingencies I always carry a revolver in my pocket. Here it is. (*Showing revolver.*)

CHARLOTTE. That's done. I'm off. (*Slinging the rifle over her shoulder.*) You're a clever fellow, Ephikhódof, and very alarming. Women must fall madly in love with you. Brrr! (*Going.*) These clever people are all so stupid; I have no one to talk to. I am always alone, always alone; I have no friends or relations, and who I am, or why I exist, is a mystery. (*Exit slowly.*)

EPHIKHÓDOF. Strictly speaking, without touching upon other matters, I must protest *inter alia* that destiny treats me with the utmost rigor, as a tempest might treat a small ship. If I labor under a misapprehension, how is it that when I woke up this morning, behold, so to speak, I perceived sitting on my chest a spider of preternatural dimensions, like that? (*Indicating with both hands.*) And if I

² *Culmination*. This represents a similar blunder of Ephikhódof's in the original.

go to take a draught of quass, I am sure to find something of the most indelicate character, in the nature of a cockroach. (*A pause.*) Have you read Buckle? (*A pause.—to DUNYÁSHA.*) I should like to trouble you, Avdotya Fëdorovna,¹ for a momentary interview.

DUNYÁSHA. Talk away.

EPHIKHÓDOF. I should prefer to conduct 10 it *tête-à-tête*. (*Sighing.*)

DUNYÁSHA (*confused*). Very well, only first please fetch me my cloak.² It's by the cupboard. It's rather damp here.

EPHIKHÓDOF. Very well, mademoiselle. I will go and fetch it, mademoiselle. Now I know what to do with my revolver. (*Takes his guitar and exit, playing.*)

YÁSHA. Twenty-two misfortunes! Between you and me, he's a stupid fellow. (*Yawning.*)

DUNYÁSHA. Heaven help him, he'll shoot himself! (*A pause.*) I have grown so nervous, I am always in a twitter. I was quite a little girl when they took me into the household, and now I have got quite disused to common life, and my hands are as 30 white as white, like a lady's. I have grown so refined, so delicate and genteel, I am afraid of everything. I'm always frightened. And if you deceive me, Yásha, I don't know what will happen to my nerves.

YÁSHA (*kissing her*). You little cucumber! Of course every girl ought to behave herself properly; there's nothing I dislike as much as when girls 40 aren't proper in their behavior.

¹ Avdotya Fëdorovna (the ã is to be pronounced like the *yach* in *yacht*.) Dunya (diminutive Dunyásha), stands for Avdotya, formally Evdokiya, representing the Greek Eudoxia.

² Cloak. *Talmotchka*, a diminutive of *talma*, a sort of big cape, named after the tragedian.

DUNYÁSHA. I've fallen dreadfully in love with you. You're so educated; you can talk about anything! (*A pause.*)

YÁSHA (*yawning*). Yes. . . . The way I look at it is this; if a girl falls in love with anybody, then I call her immoral. (*A pause.*) How pleasant it is to smoke one's cigar in the open air. (*Listening.*) There's some one coming. It's the missis and the rest of 'em. . . . (*DUNYÁSHA embraces him hastily.*) Go towards the house as if you'd just been for a bathe. Go by this path or else they'll meet you and think that I've been walking out with you. I can't stand that sort of thing.

DUNYÁSHA (*coughing softly*). Your cigar has given me a headache.

20 [*Exit DUNYÁSHA. YÁSHA remains sitting by the shrine.*]

[*Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY, GÁYEF, and LOPÁKHIN.*]

LOPÁKHIN. You must make up your minds once and for all. Time waits for no man. The question is perfectly simple. Are you going to let off the land for villas or not? Answer in one way; yes or no? Only one word!

30 MADAME RANÉVSKY. Who's smoking horrible cigars here? (*She sits down.*)

GÁYEF. How handy it is now they've built that railway. (*Sitting.*) We've been into town for lunch and back again. . . . Red in the middle! I must just go up to the house and have a game.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. There's no hurry. LOPÁKHIN. Only one word—yes or no! (*Entreatingly.*) Come, answer the question!

GÁYEF (*yawning*). Who's that?

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*looking into her purse*). I had a lot of money yesterday, but there's hardly any left now. Poor Barbara tries to save money by

feeding us all on milk soup; the old people in the kitchen get nothing but peas, and yet I go squandering aimlessly. . . . (*Dropping her purse and scattering gold coins; vexed.*) There, I've dropped it all!

YÁSHA. Allow me, I'll pick it up. (*Collecting the coins.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Yes, please do, Yásha! Whatever made me go into 10 town for lunch? I hate your horrid restaurant with the organ, and the tablecloths all smelling of soap. Why do you drink so much, Leoníd? Why do you eat so much? Why do you talk so much? You talked too much at the restaurant again, and most unsuitably, about the seventies, and the decadents. And to whom? Fancy talking about decadents to 20 the waiters!

LOPÁKHIN. Quite true.

GÁYEF (*with a gesture*). I'm incorrigible, that's plain. (*Irritably to YÁSHA.*) What do you keep dodging about in front of me for?

YÁSHA (*laughing*). I can't hear your voice without laughing.

GÁYEF (*to MADAME RANÉVSKY*). Either he or I . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Go away, Yásha; run along.

YÁSHA (*handing MADAME RANÉVSKY her purse*). I'll go at once. (*Restraining his laughter with difficulty.*) This very minute. (*Exit YÁSHA.*)

LOPÁKHIN. Derigánof, the millionaire, wants to buy your property. They say he'll come to the auction himself.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. How did you hear?

LOPÁKHIN. I was told so in town.

GÁYEF. Our aunt at Yaroslav has promised to send something; but I don't know when, or how much.

LOPÁKHIN. How much will she send?

Ten thousand pounds? Twenty thousand pounds?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Oh, come. . . . A thousand or fifteen hundred at the most.

LOPÁKHIN. Excuse me, but in all my life I never met anybody so frivolous as you two, so crazy and unbusiness-like! I tell you in plain Russian your property is going to be sold, and you don't seem to understand what I say.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Well, what are we to do? Tell us what you want us to do.

LOPÁKHIN. Don't I tell you every day?

Every day I say the same thing over and over again. You must lease off the cherry orchard and the rest of the estate for villas; you must do it at once, this very moment; the auction will be on you in two twos! Try and understand. Once you make up your mind there are to be villas, you can get all the money you want, and you're saved.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Villas and villa residents, oh, please, . . . it's so vulgar!

GÁYEF. I quite agree with you.

LOPÁKHIN. I shall either cry, or scream, 30 or faint. I can't stand it! You'll be the death of me. (*To GÁYEF.*) You're an old woman!

GÁYEF. Who's that?

LOPÁKHIN. You're an old woman! (*Going.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*frightened*). No; don't go. Stay here, there's a dear! Perhaps we shall think of some way.

LOPÁKHIN. What's the good of thinking!

40 MADAME RANÉVSKY. Please don't go; I want you. At any rate, it's gayer when you're here. (*A pause.*) I keep expecting something to happen, as if the house were going to tumble down about our ears.

GÁYEF (*in deep abstraction*). Off the

cushion on the corner; double into the middle pocket . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. We have been very, very sinful!

LOPÁKHIN. You! What sins have you committed?

GÁYEF (*eating candy*). They say I've devoured all my substance in sugar candy. (*Laughing*.)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Oh, the sins that I 10 have committed . . . I've always squandered money at random like a mad-woman; I married a man who made nothing but debts. My husband drank himself to death on champagne; he was a fearful drinker. Then for my sins I fell in love and went off with another man; and immediately—that was my first punishment—a blow full on the head 20 . . . here, in this very river . . . my little boy was drowned; and I went abroad, right, right away, never to come back any more, never to see this river again. . . . I shut my eyes and ran, like a mad thing, and he came after me, pitiless and cruel. I bought a villa at Mentone, because he fell ill there, and for three years I knew no rest day or night; the sick 30 man tormented and wore down my soul. Then, last year, when my villa was sold to pay my debts, I went off to Paris, and he came and robbed me of everything, left me and took up with another woman, and I tried to poison myself. . . . It was all so stupid, so humiliating. . . . Then suddenly I longed to be back in Russia, in my own country, with my 40 little girl. . . . (*Wiping away her tears*.) Lord, Lord, be merciful to me; forgive my sins! Do not punish me any more! (*Taking a telegram from her pocket*.) I got this to-day from Paris. . . . He asks to be forgiven,

begs me to go back. . . . (*Tearing up the telegram*.) Isn't that music that I hear? (*Listening*.)

GÁYEF. That's our famous Jewish band. You remember? Four fiddles, a flute, and a double bass.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Does it still exist? We must make them come up sometime; we'll have a dance.

LOPÁKHIN (*listening*). I don't hear anything. (*Singing softly*.)

"The Germans for a fec will turn
A Russ into a Frenchman."

(*Laughing*.) I saw a very funny piece at the theater last night; awfully funny!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It probably wasn't a bit funny. You people oughtn't to go and see plays; you ought to try to see yourselves; to see what a dull life you lead, and how much too much you talk.

LOPÁKHIN. Quite right. To tell the honest truth, our life's an imbecile affair. (*A pause*.) My papa was a peasant, an idiot; he understood nothing; he taught me nothing; all he did was to beat me, when he was drunk, with a walking-stick. As a matter of fact I'm just as big a blockhead and idiot as he was. I never did any lessons; my handwriting's abominable; I write so badly I'm ashamed before people; like a pig.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. You ought to get married.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes, that's true.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Why not marry Barbara? She's a nice girl.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. She's a nice straightforward creature; works all day; and what's most important, she loves you. You've been fond of her for a long time.

LOPÁKHIN. Well, why not? I'm quite willing. She's a very nice girl. (*A pause.*)

GÁYEF. I've been offered a place in a bank. Six hundred pounds a year. Do you hear?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. You in a bank! Stay where you are.

[*Enter FIRS, carrying an overcoat.*]

FIRS (*to GÁYEF*). Put this on, please, 10 master; it's getting damp.

GÁYEF (*putting on the coat*). What a plague you are, Firs!

FIRS. What's the use. . . . You went off and never told me. (*Examining his clothes.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. How old you've got, Firs!

FIRS. I beg your pardon?

LOPÁKHIN. She says how old you've got! 20

FIRS. I've been alive a long time.

When they found me a wife, your father wasn't even born yet. (*Laughing.*) And when the Liberation came I was already chief valet. But I wouldn't have any Liberation then; I stayed with the master. (*A pause.*) I remember how happy everybody was, but why they were happy they didn't know themselves.

LOPÁKHIN. It was fine before then.

• Anyway they used to flog 'em.

FIRS (*mishearing him*). I should think so! The peasants minded the masters, and the masters minded the peasants, but now it's all higgledy-piggledy; you can't make head or tail of it.

GÁYEF. Shut up, Firs. I must go into town again to-morrow. I've been 40 promised an introduction to a general who'll lend money on a bill.

LOPÁKHIN. You'll do no good. You won't even pay the interest; set your mind at ease about that.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*to LOPÁKHIN*).

He's only talking nonsense. There's no such general at all.

[*Enter TROPHÍMOF, ÁNYA, and BARBARA.*]

GÁYEF. Here come the others.

ÁNYA. Here's mamma.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*tenderly*). Come along, come along . . . my little ones. . . . (*Embracing ÁNYA and BARBARA.*) If only you knew how much I love you both! Sit beside me . . . there, like that.

[*Every one sits.*]

LOPÁKHIN. The Perpetual Student's always among the girls.

TROPHÍMOF. It's no affair of yours.

LOPÁKHIN. He's nearly fifty and still a student.

TROPHÍMOF. Stop your idiotic jokes!

LOPÁKHIN. What are you losing your temper for, silly?

TROPHÍMOF. Why can't you leave me alone?

LOPÁKHIN (*laughing*). I should like to know what your opinion is of me.

TROPHÍMOF. My opinion of you, Yermolái Alexéyitch, is this. You're a rich man; you'll soon be a millionaire. Just as a beast of prey which devours everything that comes in its way is necessary for the conversion of matter, so you are necessary, too.

[*All laugh.*]

BARBARA. Tell us something about the planets, Peter, instead.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. No. Let's go on with the conversation we were having yesterday.

TROPHÍMOF. What about?

GÁYEF. About the proud man.

TROPHÍMOF. We had a long talk yesterday, but we didn't come to any conclusion. There is something mystical in the proud man in the sense in which you use the words. You may be right from your point of view, but, if we look at it simple-mindedly,

what room is there for pride? Is there any sense in it, when man is so poorly constructed from the physiological point of view, when the vast majority of us are so gross and stupid and profoundly unhappy? We must give up admiring ourselves. The

✓ only thing to do is to work.

GÁYEF. We shall die all the same.

TROPHÍMOF. Who knows? And what 10 does it mean, to die? Perhaps man has a hundred senses, and when he dies only the five senses that we know perish with him, and the other ninety-five remain alive.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. How clever you are, Peter!

LOPÁKHIN (*ironically*). Oh, extraordinary!

TROPHÍMOF. Mankind marches forward, 20 perfecting its strength. Everything that is unattainable for us now will one day be near and clear; but we
✓ must work; we must help with all our force those who seek for truth. At present only a few men work in Russia. The vast majority of the educated people that I know seek after nothing, do nothing, and are as yet incapable of work. They call them- 30 selves the "Intelligentsia," they say "thou" and "thee" to the servants, they treat the peasants like animals, learn nothing, read nothing serious, do absolutely nothing, only talk about science, and understand little or nothing about art. They are all serious; they all have solemn faces; they only discuss important subjects; they philosophize; but mean- 40 while the vast majority of us, ninety-nine per cent, live like savages; at the least thing they curse and punch people's heads; they eat like beasts and sleep in dirt and bad air; there are bugs everywhere, evil smells, damp and moral

degradation. . . . It's plain that all our clever conversations are only meant to distract our own attention and other people's. Show me where those crèches are, that they're always talking so much about; or those reading-rooms. They are only things people write about in novels; they don't really exist at all. Nothing exists but dirt, vulgarity, and Asiatic ways. I am afraid of solemn faces; I dislike them; I am afraid of solemn conversations. Let us rather hold our tongues.

LOPÁKHIN. Do you know, I get up at five every morning; I work from morning till night; I am always handling my own money or other people's, and I see the sort of men there are about me. One only has to begin to do anything to see how few honest and decent people there are. Sometimes, as I lie awake in bed, I think: "O Lord, you have given us
✓ mighty forests, boundless fields and immeasurable horizons, and, we living in their midst, ought really to be giants."

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Oh, dear, you want giants! They are all very well in fairy stories; but in real life they are rather alarming.

[EPHIKHÓDOF *passes at the back of the scene, playing on his guitar.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*pensively*). There goes Ephikhódof.

ÁNYA (*pensively*). There goes Ephikhódof.

GÁYEF. The sun has set.

TROPHÍMOF. Yes.

40 GÁYEF (*as if declaiming, but not loud*).

O Nature, wonderful Nature, you glow with eternal light; beautiful and indifferent, you whom we call our mother, uniting in yourself both life and death, you animate and you destroy . . .

BARBARA (*entreatingly*). Uncle!

ÁNYA. You're at it again, uncle.

TROPHÍMOF. You'd far better double the red into the middle pocket.

GÁYEF. I'll hold my tongue! I'll hold my tongue!

[*They all sit pensively. Silence reigns, broken only by the mumbling of old Firs. Suddenly a distant sound is heard as if from the sky, the sound of a string breaking, dying away, melancholy.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What's that?

LOPÁKHIN. I don't know. It's a lifting-tub given way somewhere away in the mines. It must be a long way off.

GÁYEF. Perhaps it's some sort of bird . . . a heron, or something.

TROPHÍMOF. Or an owl. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*shuddering*). There is something uncanny about it!

FIRS. The same thing happened before the great misfortune: the owl screeched and the samovar kept humming.

GÁYEF. What great misfortune?

FIRS. The Liberation. (*A pause.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Come, every one, let's go in; it's getting late. (*To ÁNYA.*) You've tears in your eyes.

What is it, little one? (*Embracing her.*)

ÁNYA. Nothing, mamma. I'm all right.

TROPHÍMOF. There's some one coming.

[*A TRAMP appears in a torn white peaked cap and overcoat. He is slightly drunk.*]

TRAMP. Excuse me, but can I go through this way straight to the station?

GÁYEF. Certainly. Follow this path.

TRAMP. I am uncommonly obliged to you, sir. (*Coughing.*) We're having lovely weather. (*Declaiming.*) "Brother, my suffering brother". . . "Come forth to the Volga. Who moans?" . . . (*To BARBARA.*) Mademoiselle, please spare a sixpence for a hungry fellow-countryman.

[*BARBARA, frightened, screams.*]

LOPÁKHIN (*angrily*). There's a decency for every indecency to observe!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Take this; here you are. (*Fumbling in her purse.*) I haven't any silver. . . . Never mind, take this sovereign.

TRAMP. I am uncommonly obliged to you, madam. (*Exit TRAMP. Laughter.*)

10 BARBARA (*frightened*). I'm going! I'm going! Oh, mamma, there's nothing for the servants to eat at home, and you've gone and given this man a sovereign.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What's to be done with your stupid old mother? I'll give you up everything I have when I get back. Yermolái Alexéyitch, lend me some more money.

20 LOPÁKHIN. Very good.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Come along, every one; it's time to go in. We've settled all about your marriage between us, Barbara. I wish you joy.

BARBARA (*through her tears*). You mustn't joke about such things, mamma.

LOPÁKHIN. Amelia, get thee to a nunnery, go!

GÁYEF. My hands are all trembling; it's ages since I had a game of billiards.

LOPÁKHIN. Amelia, nymphlet, in thine orisons remember me.¹

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Come along. It's nearly supper-time.

BARBARA. How he frightened me! My heart is simply throbbing.

LOPÁKHIN. Allow me to remind you, the cherry orchard is to be sold on the 22d of August. Bear that in mind; bear that in mind!

[*Exeunt OMNES except TROPHÍMOF and ÁNYA.*]

ÁNYA (*laughing*). Many thanks to the

¹ There is a wretched pun in the original: Ophelia is called Okhmelia (from *okhmélít*, to get drunk).

Tramp for frightening Barbara; at last we are alone.

TROPHÍMOF. Barbara's afraid we shall go and fall in love with each other. Day after day she never leaves us alone. With her narrow mind she cannot understand that we are above love. To avoid everything petty, everything illusory, everything that prevents one from being free and happy, that is the whole meaning and purpose of our life. Forward! We march on irresistibly towards that bright star which burns far, far before us! Forward! Don't tarry, comrades!

ÁNYA (*clapping her hands*). What beautiful things you say! (*A pause.*) Isn't it enchanting here to-day!

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, it's wonderful weather. 20

ÁNYA. What have you done to me, Peter? Why is it that I no longer love the cherry orchard as I did? I used to love it so tenderly; I thought there was no better place on earth than our garden.

TROPHÍMOF. All Russia is our garden. The earth is great and beautiful; it is full of wonderful places. (*A pause.*) Think, Ánya, your grandfather, 30 your great-grandfather and all your ancestors were serf owners, owners of living souls. Do not human spirits look out at you from every tree in the orchard, from every leaf and every stem? Do you not hear human voices? . . . Oh! it is terrible. Your orchard frightens me. When I walk through it in the evening or at night, the rugged bark of the trees glows 40 with a dim light, and the cherry trees seem to see all that happened a hundred and two hundred years ago in painful and oppressive dreams. Well, well, we have fallen at least two hundred years behind the times.

We have achieved nothing at all as yet; we have not made up our minds how we stand with the past; we only philosophize, complain of boredom, or drink vodka. It is so plain that, before we can live in the present, we must first redeem the past, and have done with it; and it is only by suffering that we can redeem it, only by strenuous, unrelenting toil. Understand that, Ánya.

ÁNYA. The house we live in has long since ceased to be our house; and I shall go away, I give you my word.

TROPHÍMOF. If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and go away. Be free, be free as the wind.

ÁNYA (*enthusiastically*). How beautifully you put it!

TROPHÍMOF. Believe what I say, Ánya; believe what I say. I'm not thirty yet; I am still young, still a student; but what I have been through! I am hungry as the winter; I am sick, anxious, poor as a beggar. Fate has tossed me hither and thither; I have been everywhere, everywhere. But wherever I have been, every minute, day and night, my soul has been full of mysterious anticipations. I feel the approach of happiness, Ánya; I see it coming. . . .

ÁNYA (*pensively*). The moon is rising. [EPÍKHÓDOF is heard still playing the same sad tune on his guitar. The moon rises. Somewhere beyond the poplar trees, BARBARA is heard calling for ÁNYA: "Ánya, where are you?"]

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, the moon is rising. (*A pause.*) There it is, there is happiness; it is coming towards us, nearer and nearer; I can hear the sound of its footsteps. . . . And if we do not see it, if we do not know it, what does it matter? Others will see it.

BARBARA (*without*). Ánya? Where are you?

TROPHÍMOF. There's Barbara again! (*Angrily.*) It really is too bad!

ÁNYA. Never mind. Let us go down to the river. It's lovely there.

TROPHÍMOF. Come on!

[*Exeunt ÁNYA and TROPHÍMOF.*]

BARBARA (*without*). Ánya! Ánya!

ACT III

A sitting-room separated by an arch from a big drawing-room behind. Chandelier lighted. The Jewish band mentioned in Act II is heard playing on the landing. Evening. In the drawing-room they are dancing the grand rond. SIMEÓNOF-PÍSHTCHIK is heard crying, "Promenade à une paire!"

The dancers come down into the sitting-room. The first pair consists of PÍSHTCHIK and CHARLOTTE; the second of TROPHÍMOF and MADAME RANÉVSKY; the third of ÁNYA and the POST-OFFICE OFFICIAL; the fourth of BARBARA and the STATIONMASTER, etc., etc. BARBARA is crying softly and wipes away the tears as she dances. In the last pair comes DUNYÁSHA. They cross the sitting-room.

PÍSHTCHIK. "Grand rond, balancez . . .

Les cavaliers à genou et remerciez vos dames."

[*FIRS in evening dress carries seltzer water across on a tray. PÍSHTCHIK and TROPHÍMOF come down into the sitting-room.*]

PÍSHTCHIK. I am a full-blooded man; I've had two strokes already; it's hard work dancing, but, as the saying goes, "If you run with the pack, bark or no, but anyway wag your tail." I'm as strong as a horse. My old father, who was fond of his joke, rest his soul, used to say, talking of our pedigree, that the ancient stock of the Simeónof-Píshtchiks was descended from that very horse that Caligula made a senator. . . . (*Sitting.*) But the worst of it is, I've got

no money. A hungry dog believes in nothing but meat. (*Snoring and waking up again at once.*) I'm just the same . . . It's nothing but money, money, with me.

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, it's quite true, there is something horse-like about your build.

PÍSHTCHIK. Well, well . . . a horse is a jolly creature . . . you can sell a horse.

[*A sound of billiards being played in the next room. BARBARA appears in the drawing-room beyond the arch.*]

TROPHÍMOF (*teasing her*). Madame Lopákhin! Madame Lopákhin.

BARBARA (*angrily*). Mouldy gentleman!

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, I'm a mouldy gentleman, and I'm proud of it.

BARBARA (*bitterly*). We've hired the band, but where's the money to pay for it? (*Exit BARBARA.*)

TROPHÍMOF (*to PÍSHTCHIK*). If the energy which you have spent in the course of your whole life in looking for money to pay the interest on your loans had been diverted to some other purpose, you would have had enough of it, I dare say, to turn the world upside down.

PÍSHTCHIK. Nietzsche the philosopher, a very remarkable man, very famous, a man of gigantic intellect, says in his works that it's quite right to forge bank notes.

TROPHÍMOF. What, have you read Nietzsche?

PÍSHTCHIK. Well . . . Dáshenka told me. . . . But I'm in such a hole, I'd forge 'em for twopence. I've got to pay thirty-one pounds the day after to-morrow. . . . I've got thirteen pounds already. (*Feeling his pockets; alarmed.*) My money's gone! I've lost my money! (*Crying.*) Where's my money got to? (*Joyfully.*) Here it is, inside the lining. . . . It's thrown 10 me all in a perspiration.

[*Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY and CHARLOTTE.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*humming a lezginka*¹). Why is Leoníd so long? What can he be doing in the town? (*To DUNYÁSHA.*) Dunyásha, ask the musicians if they'll have some tea.

TROPHÍMOF. The sale did not come off, in all probability.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It was a stupid day for the musicians to come; it was a stupid day to have this dance. . . . Well, well, it doesn't matter. . . . (*She sits down and sings softly to herself.*)

CHARLOTTE (*giving PÍSHTCHIK a pack of cards*). Here is a pack of cards. Think of any card you like.

PÍSHTCHIK. I've thought of one.

CHARLOTTE. Now shuffle the pack. 30 That's all right. Give them here, oh, most worthy Mr. Píshtchik. Ein, zwei, drei! Now look and you'll find it in your side pocket.

PÍSHTCHIK (*taking a card from his side pocket*). The Eight of Spades! You're perfectly right. (*Astonished.*) Well, I never!

CHARLOTTE (*holding the pack on the palm of her hand, to TROPHÍMOF*). Say 40 quickly, what's the top card?

TROPHÍMOF. Well, say the Queen of Spades.

CHARLOTTE. Right! (*To PÍSHTCHIK.*)

Now, then, what's the top card?

PÍSHTCHIK. Ace of Hearts.

CHARLOTTE. Right! (*She claps her hands; the pack of cards disappears.*) What a beautiful day we've been having.

[*A mysterious female VOICE answers her as if from under the floor: "Yes, indeed, a charming day, mademoiselle."*]

CHARLOTTE. You are my beautiful ideal.

THE VOICE. "*I think you also ferry beautiful, mademoiselle.*"

STATIONMASTER (*applauding*). Bravo, Miss Ventriloquist!

PÍSHTCHIK (*astonished*). Well, I never! Bewitching Charlotte Ivánovna, I'm head over ears in love with you.

CHARLOTTE. In love! (*Shrugging her 20 shoulders.*) Are you capable of love?

Guter Mensch, aber schlechter Musikant!

TROPHÍMOF (*slapping PÍSHTCHIK on the shoulder*). You old horse!

CHARLOTTE. Now, attention, please; one more trick. (*Taking a shawl from a chair.*) Now here's a shawl, and a very pretty shawl; I'm going to sell this very pretty shawl. (*Shaking it.*) Who'll buy? who'll buy?

PÍSHTCHIK (*astonished*). Well, I never!

CHARLOTTE. Ein, zwei, drei! (*She lifts the shawl quickly; behind it stands ÁNYA, who drops a curtsy, runs to her mother, kisses her, then runs up into the drawing-room amid general applause.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*applauding*). Bravo! bravo!

CHARLOTTE. Once more. Ein, zwei, drei! (*She lifts up the shawl; behind it stands BARBARA, bowing.*)

PÍSHTCHIK (*astonished*). Well, I never!

CHARLOTTE. That's all. (*She throws the shawl over PÍSHTCHIK, makes a curtsy and runs up into the drawing-room.*)

PÍSHTCHIK (*hurrying after her*). You little

¹ *Lezginka*. A lively Caucasian dance in two-four time, popularized by Glinka, and by Rubinstein in his opera, *Demon*.

rascal . . . there's a girl for you, there's a girl. . . . (*Exit.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. And still no sign of Leoníd. What he's doing in the town so long, I can't understand. It must be all over by now; the property's sold; or the auction never came off; why does he keep me in suspense so long?

BARBARA (*trying to soothe her*). Uncle has 10 bought it, I am sure of that.

TROPHÍMOF (*mockingly*). Of course he has.

BARBARA. Grannie sent him a power of attorney to buy it in her name and transfer the mortgage. She's done it for Ánya's sake. I'm perfectly sure that Heaven will help us and uncle will buy it.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Your Yaroslav 20 grannie sent fifteen hundred pounds to buy the property in her name—she doesn't trust us—but it wouldn't be enough even to pay the interest. (*Covering her face with her hands.*) My fate is being decided to-day, my fate. . . .

TROPHÍMOF (*teasing BARBARA*). Madame Lopákhin!

BARBARA (*angrily*). Perpetual Student! 30 He's been sent down twice from the University.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Why do you get angry, Barbara? He calls you, Madame Lopákhin for fun. Why not? You can marry Lopákhin if you like; he's a nice, interesting man; you needn't if you don't; nobody wants to force you, my pet.

BARBARA. I take it very seriously, 40 mamma, I must confess. He's a nice man and I like him.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Then marry him. There's no good putting it off that I can see.

BARBARA. But, mamma, I can't pro-

pose to him myself. For two whole years everybody's been talking about him to me, every one; but he either says nothing or makes a joke of it. I quite understand. He's making money; he's always busy; he can't be bothered with me. If I only had some money, even a little, even ten pounds, I would give everything up and go right away. I would go into a nunnery.

TROPHÍMOF (*mocking*). What bliss!

BARBARA (*to TROPHÍMOF*). A student ought to be intelligent. (*In a gentler voice, crying.*) How ugly you've grown, Peter; how old you've grown! (*She stops crying; to MADAME RANÉVSKY.*) But I can't live without work, mamma. I must have something to do every minute of the day.

[*Enter YÁSHA.*]

YÁSHA (*trying not to laugh*). Ephikhódof has broken a billiard cue. (*Exit YÁSHA.*)

BARBARA. What's Ephikhódof doing here? Who gave him leave to play billiards? I don't understand these people. (*Exit BARBARA.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Don't tease her, Peter. Don't you see that she's unhappy enough already.

TROPHÍMOF. I wish she wouldn't be so fussy, always meddling in other people's affairs. The whole summer she's given me and Ánya no peace; she is afraid we'll work up a romance between us. What business is it of hers? I'm sure I never gave her any grounds; I'm not likely to be so commonplace. We are above love!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Then I suppose I must be beneath love. (*Deeply agitated.*) Why doesn't Leoníd come? Oh, if only I knew whether the property's sold or not! It seems such an impossible disaster, that I don't

know what to think. . . . I'm bewildered . . . I shall burst out screaming, I shall do something idiotic. Save me, Peter; say something to me, say something. . . .

TROPHÍMOF. Whether the property is sold to-day or whether it's not sold, surely it's all one? It's all over with it long ago; there's no turning back; the path is overgrown. Be calm, 10 dear Lyubóf Andréyevna. You mustn't deceive yourself any longer; for once you must look the truth straight in the face.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What truth? You can see what's truth, and what's untruth, but I seem to have lost the power of vision; I see nothing. You settle every important question so boldly; but tell me, Peter, isn't that 20 because you're young, because you have never solved any question of your own as yet by suffering? You look boldly ahead; isn't it only that you don't see or divine anything terrible in the future; because life is still hidden from your young eyes? You are bolder, honester, deeper than we are, but reflect, show me just a finger's breadth of considera- 30 tion, take pity on me. Don't you see? I was born here, my father and mother lived here, and my grandfather; I love this house; without the cherry orchard my life has no meaning for me, and if it must be sold, then for Heaven's sake, sell me too! (*Embracing TROPHÍMOF and kissing him on the forehead.*) My little boy was drowned here. (*Crying.*) Be gentle 40 with me, dear, kind Peter.

TROPHÍMOF. You know I sympathize with all my heart.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Yes, yes, but you ought to say it somehow differently. (*Taking out her handkerchief and drop-*

ping a telegram.) I am so wretched to-day, you can't imagine! All this noise jars on me, my heart jumps at every sound. I tremble all over; but I can't shut myself up; I am afraid of the silence when I'm alone. Don't be hard on me, Peter; I love you like a son. I would gladly let Ánya marry you, I swear it; but you must work, Peter; you must get your degree. You do nothing; Fate tosses you about from place to place; and that's not right. It's true what I say, isn't it? And you must do something to your beard to make it grow better. (*Laughing.*) I can't help laughing at you.

TROPHÍMOF (*picking up the telegram*). I don't wish to be an Adonis.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It's a telegram from Paris. I get them every day. One came yesterday, another to-day. That savage is ill again; he's in a bad way. . . . He asks me to forgive him, he begs me to come; and I really ought to go to Paris and be with him. You look at me sternly; but what am I to do, Peter? What am I to do? He's ill, he's lonely, he's unhappy. Who is to look after him? Who is to keep him from doing stupid things? Who is to give him his medicine when it's time? After all, why should I be ashamed to say it? I love him, that's plain. I love him, I love him. . . . My love is like a stone tied round my neck; it's dragging me down to the bottom; but I love my stone. I can't live without it. (*Squeezing TROPHÍMOF's hand.*) Don't think ill of me, Peter; don't say anything! Don't say anything!

TROPHÍMOF (*crying*). Forgive my bluntness, for Heaven's sake; but the man has simply robbed you.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. No, no, no! (*Stopping her ears.*) You mustn't say that!

TROPHÍMOF. He's a rascal; everybody sees it but yourself; he's a petty rascal, a ne'er-do-well . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*angry but restrained*). You're twenty-six or twenty-seven, and you're still a Lower School boy!¹

TROPHÍMOF. Who cares?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. You ought to be a 10 man by now; at your age you ought to understand people who love. You ought to love some one yourself, you ought to be in love! (*Angrily.*) Yes, yes! It's not purity with you; it's simply you're a smug, a figure of fun, a freak. . . .

TROPHÍMOF (*horrified*). What does she say?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. "I am above love!" 20 You're not above love; you're simply what Firs calls a "job-lot." At your age you ought to be ashamed not to have a mistress!

TROPHÍMOF (*aghast*). This is awful! What does she say? (*Going quickly up into the drawing-room, clasping his head with his hands.*) This is something awful! I can't stand it; I'm off . . . (*Exit, but returns at once.*) All is over between 30 us! (*Exit to landing.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*calling after him*). Stop, Peter! Don't be ridiculous; I was only joking! Peter!

[TROPHÍMOF is heard on the landing going quickly down the stairs, and suddenly falling down them with a crash. ÁNYA and BARBARA scream. A moment later the sound of laughter.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What has hap- 40 pened?

[ÁNYA runs in.]

ÁNYA (*laughing*). Peter's tumbled down-stairs. (*She runs out again.*)

¹ Literally, a gymnast of the second form (from the bottom).

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What a ridiculous fellow he is!

[*The STATIONMASTER stands in the middle of the drawing-room beyond the arch and recites Alexey Tolstoy's poem, "The Sinner." Everybody stops to listen, but after a few lines the sound of a waltz is heard from the landing and he breaks off. All dance. TROPHÍMOF, ÁNYA, BARBARA, and MADAME RANÉVSKY enter from the landing.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Come, Peter, come, you pure spirit. . . . I beg your pardon. Let's have a dance. (*She dances with TROPHÍMOF. ÁNYA and BARBARA dance.*)

[*Enter FIRS, and stands his walking-stick by the side door. Enter YÁSHA by the drawing-room; he stands looking at the dancers.*]

YÁSHA. Well, grandfather?

FIRS. I'm not feeling well. In the old days it was generals and barons and admirals that danced at our dances, but now we send for the Postmaster and the Stationmaster, and even they make a favor of coming. I'm sort of weak all over. The old master, their grandfather, used to give us all sealing wax, when we had anything the matter. I've taken sealing wax every day for twenty years and more. Perhaps that's why I'm still alive.

YÁSHA. I'm sick of you, grandfather. (*Tawning.*) I wish you'd die and have done with it.

FIRS. Ah! you . . . job-lot. (*He mumbles to himself.*)

[TROPHÍMOF and MADAME RANÉVSKY dance beyond the arch and down into the sitting-room.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. *Merci.* I'll sit down. (*Sitting.*) I'm tired.

[*Enter ÁNYA.*]

ÁNYA (*agitated*). There was somebody in the kitchen just now saying that

the cherry orchard was sold to-day.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Sold? Who to?

ÁNYA. He didn't say who to. He's gone.

(*She dances with TROPHÍMOF. Both dance up into the drawing-room.*)

YÁSHA. It was some old fellow chattering; a stranger.

FIRS. And still Leoníd Andréyitch doesn't come. He's wearing his light overcoat, *demi-saison*; he'll catch cold 10 as like as not. Ah, young wood, green wood!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. This is killing me.

Yásha, go and find out who it was sold to.

YÁSHA. Why, he's gone long ago, the old man. (*Laughs.*)

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*vexed*). What are you laughing at? What are you glad about?

YÁSHA. He's a ridiculous fellow is Ephikhódof. Nothing in him. Twenty-two misfortunes!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Firs, if the property is sold, where will you go to?

FIRS. Wherever you tell me; there I'll go.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Why do you look like that? Are you ill? You ought to be in bed.

FIRS (*ironically*). Oh, yes, I'll go to bed, and who'll hand the things round, who'll give orders? I've the whole house on my hands.

YÁSHA. Lyubóf Andréyevna! Let me ask a favor of you; be so kind; if you go to Paris again, take me with you, I beseech you. It's absolutely impossible for me to stay here. (*Looking about; sotto voce.*) What's the use of 40 talking? You can see for yourself this is a barbarous country; the people have no morals; and the boredom! The food in the kitchen is something shocking, and on the top of it old Firs going about mumbling irrelevant

nonsense. Take me back with you; be so kind!

[*Enter PÍSHTCHIK.*]

PÍSHTCHIK. May I have the pleasure . . . a bit of a waltz, charming lady? (MADAME RANÉVSKY *takes his arm.*) All the same, enchanting lady, you must let me have eighteen pounds. (*Dancing.*) Let me have . . . eighteen pounds. (*Exeunt dancing through the arch.*)

YÁSHA (*singing to himself*).

"Oh, wilt thou understand
The turmoil of my soul?"

[*Beyond the arch appears a figure in gray tall hat and check trousers, jumping and waving its arms. Cries of "Bravo, Charlotte Ivánovna."*]

DUNYÁSHA (*stopping to powder her face*).

20 Mamselle Ánya tells me I'm to dance; there are so many gentlemen and so few ladies. But dancing makes me giddy and makes my heart beat, Firs Nikoláyeitch; and just now the gentleman from the postoffice said something so nice to me, oh so nice! It quite took my breath away.

[*The music stops.*]

FIRS. What did he say to you?

30 DUNYÁSHA. He said, "You are like a flower."

YÁSHA (*yawning*). Cad! (*Exit YÁSHA.*)

DUNYÁSHA. Like a flower! I am so ladylike and refined, I dote on compliments.

FIRS. You'll come to a bad end.

[*Enter EPHIKHÓDOF.*]

EPHIKHÓDOF. You are not pleased to see me, Avdótya Fyódorovna, no more than if I were some sort of insect. (*Sighing.*) Ah! Life! Life!

DUNYÁSHA. What do you want?

EPHIKHÓDOF. Undoubtedly perhaps you are right. (*Sighing.*) But of course, if one regards it, so to speak, from the point of view, if I may allow myself

the expression, and with apologies for my frankness, you have finally reduced me to a state of mind. I quite appreciate my destiny; every day some misfortune happens to me, and I have long since grown accustomed to it, and face my fortune with a smile. You have passed your word to me, and although I . . .

DUNYÁSHA. Let us talk of this another 10 time, if you please; but now leave me in peace. I am busy meditating. (*Playing with her fan.*)

EPHIKHÓDOF. Every day some misfortune befalls me, and yet if I may venture to say so, I meet them with smiles and even laughter.

[*Enter BARBARA from the drawing-room.*]

BARBARA (*to* EPHIKHÓDOF). Haven't you gone yet, Simeon? You seem to 20 pay no attention to what you're told. (*To* DUNYÁSHA.) You get out of here, Dunyásha. (*To* EPHIKHÓDOF.) First you play billiards and break a cue, and then you march about the drawing-room as if you were a guest!

EPHIKHÓDOF. Allow me to inform you that it's not your place to call me to account.

BARBARA. I'm not calling you to ac- 30 count; I'm merely talking to you. All you can do is to walk about from one place to another, without ever doing a stroke of work; and why on earth we keep a clerk at all Heaven only knows.

EPHIKHÓDOF (*offended*). Whether I work, or whether I walk, or whether I eat, or whether I play billiards is a question to be decided only by my 40 elders and people who understand.

BARBARA (*furious*). How dare you talk to me like that! How dare you! I don't understand things, don't I? You clear out of here this minute! Do you hear me? This minute!

EPHIKHÓDOF (*flinching*). I must beg you to express yourself in genteeler language.

BARBARA (*beside herself*). You clear out this instant second! Out you go! (*Following him as he retreats towards the door.*) Twenty-two misfortunes! Make yourself scarce! Get out of my sight!

[*Exit EPHIKHÓDOF.*]

EPHIKHÓDOF (*without*). I shall lodge a complaint against you.

BARBARA. What! You're coming back, are you? (*Seizing the walking-stick left at the door by FIRS.*) Come on! Come on! Come on! I'll teach you! Are you coming? Are you coming? Then take that. (*She slashes with the stick.*)

[*Enter LOPÁKHIN.*]

LOPÁKHIN. Many thanks; much obliged.

BARBARA (*still angry, but ironical*). Sorry!

LOPÁKHIN. Don't mention it. I'm very grateful for your warm reception.

BARBARA. It's not worth thanking me for. (*She walks away, then looks round and asks in a gentle voice.*) I didn't hurt you?

LOPÁKHIN. Oh, no, nothing to matter. I shall have a bump like a goose's egg, that's all.

[*Voices from the drawing-room: "Lopákhin has arrived! Yermolái Alexéyitch!"*]

FÍSHTCHIK. Let my eyes see him, let my ears hear him! (*He and LOPÁKHIN kiss.*) You smell of brandy, old man. We're having a high time, too.

[*Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Is it you, Yermolái Alexéyitch? Why have you been so long? Where is Leoníd?

LOPÁKHIN. Leoníd Andréyitch came back with me. He's just coming.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*agitated*). What happened? Did the sale come off? Tell me, tell me!

LOPÁKHIN (*embarrassed, afraid of showing his pleasure*). The sale was all over by four o'clock. We missed the train and had to wait till half-past eight. (*Sighing heavily.*) Ouf! I'm rather giddy. . . .

[*Enter GÁYEF. In one hand he carries parcels; with the other he wipes away his tears.*]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What happened, 10
Lénya? Come, Lénya? (*Impatiently, crying.*) Be quick, be quick, for Heaven's sake!

GÁYEF (*answering her only with an up-and-down gesture of the hand; to FIRS, crying*). Here, take these. . . . Here are some anchovies and Black Sea herrings. I've had nothing to eat all day. Lord, what I've been through! (*Through the open door of the billiard- 20 room comes the click of the billiard balls and YÁSHA's voice: "Seven, eighteen!" GÁYEF's expression changes; he stops crying.*) I'm frightfully tired. Come and help me change, Firs. (*He goes up through the drawing-room, FIRS following.*)

FÍSHTCHIK. What about the sale? Come on, tell us all about it.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Was the cherry 30
orchard sold?

LOPÁKHIN. Yes.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Who bought it?

LOPÁKHIN. I did. (*A pause. MADAME RANÉVSKY is overwhelmed at the news. She would fall to the ground but for the chair and table by her. BARBARA takes the keys from her belt, throws them on the floor in the middle of the sitting-room, and exit.*) I bought it. Wait a bit; 40
don't hurry me; my head's in a whirl; I can't speak. . . . (*Laughing.*) When we got to the sale, Derigánof was there already. Leoníd An-
dréyitch had only fifteen hundred pounds, and Derigánof bid three

thousand more than the mortgage right away. When I saw how things stood, I went for him and bid four thousand. He said four thousand five hundred. I said five thousand five hundred. He went up by five hundreds, you see, and I went up by thousands. . . . Well, it was soon over. I bid nine thousand more than the mortgage, and got it; and now the cherry orchard is mine! Mine! (*Laughing.*) Heavens alive! Just think of it! The cherry orchard is mine! Tell me that I'm drunk; tell me that I'm off my head; tell me that it's all a dream! . . . (*Stamping his feet.*) Don't laugh at me! If only my father and my grandfather could rise from their graves and see the whole affair, how their Yermolái, their flogged and ignorant Yermolái, who used to run about barefooted in the winter, how this same Yermolái had bought a property that hasn't its equal for beauty anywhere in the whole world! I have bought the property where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't even allowed into the kitchen. I'm asleep, it's only a vision, it isn't real. . . . 'Tis the fruit of imagination, wrapped in the mists of ignorance. (*Picking up the keys and smiling affectionately.*) She's thrown down her keys; she wants to show that she's no longer mistress here. . . . (*Jingling them together.*) Well, well, what's the odds? (*The musicians are heard tuning up.*) Hey, musicians, play! I want to hear you. Come, every one, and see Yermolái Lopákhin lay his axe to the cherry orchard, come and see the trees fall down! We'll fill the place with villas; our grandsons and great-grandsons shall see a new life here. . . . Strike up, music!

[*The band plays. MADAME RANÉVSKY sinks into a chair and weeps bitterly.*]

LOPÁKHIN (*reproachfully.*) Oh, why, why, didn't you listen to me? You can't put the clock back now, poor dear. (*Crying.*) Oh, that all this were past and over! Oh, that our unhappy topsy-turvy life were changed!

PÍSHTCHIK (*taking him by the arm, sotto voce.*) She's crying. Let's go into the drawing-room and leave her alone to . . . Come on. (*Taking him by the arm, and going up toward the drawing-room.*)

LOPÁKHIN. What's up? Play your best, musicians! Let everything be as I want. (*Ironically.*) Here comes the new squire, the owner of the cherry orchard! (*Knocking up by accident against a table and nearly throwing down the candelabra.*) Never mind, I can pay for everything!

[*Exit with PÍSHTCHIK. Nobody remains in the drawing-room or sitting-room*

except MADAME RANÉVSKY, who sits huddled together, weeping bitterly. The band plays softly.]

[*Enter ÁNYA and TROPHÍMOF quickly. ÁNYA goes to her mother and kneels before her. TROPHÍMOF stands in the entry to the drawing-room.*]

ÁNYA. Mamma! Are you crying, mamma? My dear, good, sweet mamma! Darling, I love you! I bless you! The cherry orchard is sold; it's gone; it's quite true, it's quite true. But don't cry, mamma, you've still got life before you, you've still got your pure and lovely soul. Come with me, darling; come away from here. We'll plant a new garden, still lovelier than this. You will see it and understand, and happiness, deep, tranquil happiness will sink down on your soul, like the sun at eventide, and you'll smile, mamma. Come, darling, come with me!

ACT IV

Same scene as Act I. There are no window curtains, no pictures. The little furniture left is stacked in a corner, as if for sale. A feeling of emptiness. By the door to the hall and at the back of the scene are piled portmanteaux, bundles, etc. The door is open and the voices of BARBARA and ÁNYA are audible.

LOPÁKHIN stands waiting. YÁSHA holds a tray with small tumblers full of champagne. EPHIKHÓDOF is tying up a box in the hall. A distant murmur of voices behind the scene; the PEASANTS have come to say good-bye.

GÁYEF (*without.*) Thank you, my lads, thank you.

YÁSHA. The common people have come to say good-bye. I'll tell you what I think, Yermolái Alexéyitch;

they're good fellows but rather stupid.

[*The murmur of voices dies away.*]

[*Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY and GÁYEF from the hall. She is not crying, but she is pale, her face twitches, she cannot speak.*]

GÁYEF. You gave them your purse, Lyuba. That was wrong, very wrong!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I couldn't help it. I couldn't help it! (*Exeunt both.*)

LOPÁKHIN (*calling after them through the doorway.*) Please come here! Won't you come here? Just a glass to say good-bye. I forgot to bring any from the town, and could only raise one bottle at the station. Come along. (*A pause.*) What, won't you have any? (*Returning from the door.*) If I'd known, I wouldn't have bought it. I shan't

have any either. (YÁSHA sets the tray down carefully on a chair.) Drink it yourself, Yásha.

YÁSHA. Here's to our departure! Good luck to them that stay! (*Drinking.*) This isn't real champagne, you take my word for it.

LOPÁKHIN. Sixteen shillings a bottle. (*A pause.*) It's devilish cold in here.

YÁSHA. The fires weren't lighted to-day; 10 we're all going away. (*He laughs.*)

LOPÁKHIN. What are you laughing for?

YÁSHA. Just pleasure.

LOPÁKHIN. Here we are in October, but it's as calm and sunny as summer. Good building weather. (*Looking at his watch and speaking off.*) Don't forget that there's only forty-seven minutes before the train goes. You must start for the station in twenty 20 minutes. Make haste.

[Enter TROPHÍMOF in an overcoat, from out of doors.]

TROPHÍMOF. I think it's time we were off. The carriages are round. What the deuce has become of my goloshes? I've lost 'em. (*Calling off.*) Anya, my goloshes have disappeared. I can't find them anywhere!

LOPÁKHIN. I've got to go to Kharkof. 30 I'll start in the same train with you. I'm going to spend the winter at Kharkof. I've been loafing about all this time with you people, eating my head off for want of work. I can't live without work, I don't know what to do with my hands; they dangle about as if they didn't belong to me.

TROPHÍMOF. Well, we're going now, and 40 you'll be able to get back to your beneficent labors.

LOPÁKHIN. Have a glass.

TROPHÍMOF. Not for me.

LOPÁKHIN. Well, so you're off to Moscow?

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, I'll see them into the town, and go on to Moscow tomorrow.

LOPÁKHIN. Well, well, . . . I suppose the professors haven't started their lectures yet; they're waiting till you arrive.

TROPHÍMOF. It's no affair of yours.

LOPÁKHIN. How many years have you been up at the University?

TROPHÍMOF. Try and think of some new joke; this one's getting a bit flat. (*Looking for his goloshes.*) Look here, I dare say we shan't meet again, so let me give you a bit of advice as a keepsake: Don't flap your hands about! Get out of the habit of flapping. Building villas, prophesying that villa residents will turn into small freeholders, all that sort of thing is flapping, too. Well, when all's said and done, I like you. You have thin, delicate, artist fingers; you have a delicate artist soul.

LOPÁKHIN (*embracing him*). Good-bye, old chap. Thank you for everything. Take some money off me for the journey if you want it.

TROPHÍMOF. What for? I don't want it.

LOPÁKHIN. But you haven't got any.

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, I have. Many thanks. I got some for a translation. Here it is, in my pocket. (*Anxiously.*) I can't find my goloshes anywhere!

BARBARA (*from the next room*). Here, take your garbage away! (*She throws a pair of goloshes on the stage.*)

TROPHÍMOF. What are you so cross about, Barbara? Humph! . . . But those aren't my goloshes!

LOPÁKHIN. In the spring I sowed three thousand acres of poppy and I have cleared four thousand pounds net profit. When my poppies were in flower, what a picture they made!

So you see, I cleared four thousand pounds; and I wanted to lend you a bit because I've got it to spare. What's the good of being stuck up? I'm a peasant. . . . As man to man . . .

TROPHÍMOF. Your father was a peasant; mine was a chemist; it doesn't prove anything. (LOPÁKHIN takes out his pocket-book with paper money.) Shut up, shut up. . . . If you offered me twenty thousand pounds I would not take it. I am a free man; nothing that you value so highly, all of you, rich and poor, has the smallest power over me; it's like thistledown floating on the wind. I can do without you; I can go past you; I'm strong and proud. Mankind marches forward to the highest truth, to the highest happiness possible on earth, and I march in the foremost ranks.

LOPÁKHIN. Will you get there?

TROPHÍMOF. Yes. (A pause.) I will get there myself, or I will show others the way.

[The sound of axes hewing is heard in the distance.]

LOPÁKHIN. Well, good-bye, old chap; it is time to start. Here we stand 30 swaggering to each other, and life goes by all the time without heeding us. When I work for hours without getting tired, I get easy in my mind and I seem to know why I exist. But God alone knows what most of the people in Russia were born for. . . . Well, who cares? It doesn't affect the circulation of work. They say Leoníd Andréyitch has got a place; he's 40 going to be in a bank and get six hundred pounds a year. . . . He won't sit it out, he's too lazy.

ÁNYA (in the doorway). Mamma says, will you stop them cutting down the orchard till she has gone?

TROPHÍMOF. Really, haven't you got tact enough for that? (Exit TROPHÍMOF by the hall.)

LOPÁKHIN. Of course, I'll stop them at once.—What fools they are! (Exit after TROPHÍMOF.)

ÁNYA. Has Firs been sent to the hospital?

YÁSHA. I told 'em this morning. They're sure to have sent him.

ÁNYA (To EPIIKHÓDOF, who crosses.) Simeon Panteléyitch, please find out if Firs has been sent to the hospital.

YÁSHA (offended). I told George this morning. What's the good of asking a dozen times?

EPIIKHÓDOF. Our centenarian friend, in my conclusive opinion, is hardly worth tinkering; it's time he was despatched to his forefathers. I can only say I envy him. (Putting down a portmanteau on a bandbox and crushing it flat.) There you are! I knew how it would be! (Exit.)

YÁSHA (jeering). Twenty-two misfortunes!

BARBARA (without). Has Firs been sent to the hospital?

ÁNYA. Yes.

BARBARA. Why didn't they take the note to the doctor?

ÁNYA. We must send it after them. (Exit ÁNYA.)

BARBARA (from the next room). Where's Yásha? Tell him his mother is here. She wants to say good-bye to him.

YÁSHA (with a gesture of impatience). It's enough to try the patience of a saint!

[DUNYÁSHA has been busying herself with the luggage. Seeing YÁSHA alone, she approaches him.]

DUNYÁSHA. You might just look once at me, Yásha. You are going away, you are leaving me. (Crying and throwing her arms round his neck.)

YÁSHA. What's the good of crying? (Drinking champagne.) In six days I

shall be back in Paris. To-morrow we take the express, off we go, and that's the last of us! I can hardly believe it's true. *Vive la France!* This place don't suit me. I can't bear it . . . it can't be helped. I have had enough barbarism; I'm fed up. (*Drinking champagne.*) What's the good of crying? You be a good girl, and you'll have no call to cry.

DUNYÁSHA (*powdering her face and looking into a glass*). Write me a letter from Paris. I've been so fond of you, Yásha, ever so fond! I am a delicate creature, Yásha.

YÁSHA. Here's somebody coming. (*He busies himself with the luggage, singing under his breath.*)

[*Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY, GÁYEF, ÁNYA, and CHARLOTTE.*]

GÁYEF. We'll have to be off; it's nearly time. (*Looking at YÁSHA.*) Who is it smells of red herring?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. We must take our seats in ten minutes. (*Looking round the room.*) Good-bye dear old house; good-bye, grandpapa! When winter is past and spring comes again, you will be here no more; they will have pulled you down. Oh, think of all these walls have seen! (*Kissing ÁNYA passionately.*) My treasure, you look radiant, your eyes flash like two diamonds. Are you happy?—very happy?

ÁNYA. Very, very happy. We're beginning a new life, mamma.

GÁYEF (*gayly*). She's quite right; everything's all right now. Till the cherry orchard was sold we were all agitated and miserable; but once the thing was settled finally and irrevocably, we all calmed down and got jolly again. I'm a bank clerk now; I'm a financier . . . red in the middle! And you, Lyuba, whatever you may

say, you're looking ever so much better, not a doubt about it.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Yes, my nerves are better; it's quite true. (*She is helped on with her hat and coat.*) I sleep well now. Take my things out, Yásha. We must be off. (*To ÁNYA.*) We shall soon meet again, darling. . . . I'm off to Paris; I shall live on the money your grandmother sent from Yaroslav to buy the property. God bless your grandmother! I'm afraid it won't last long.

ÁNYA. You'll come back very, very soon, won't you, mamma? I'm going to work and pass the examination at the Gymnase and get a place and help you. We'll read all sorts of books together, won't we, mamma? (*Kissing her mother's hands.*) We'll read in the long autumn evenings, we'll read heaps of books, and a new, wonderful world will open up before us. (*Meditating.*) . . . Come back, mamma!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I'll come back, my angel. (*Embracing her.*)

[*Enter LOPÁKHIN. CHARLOTTE sings softly.*]

GÁYEF. Happy Charlotte, she's singing.

CHARLOTTE (*taking a bundle of rags, like a swaddled baby*). Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top . . . (*The baby answers, "Wah, wah."*) Hush, my little one, hush, my pretty one! (*"Wah, wah."*) You'll break your mother's heart. (*She throws the bundle down on the floor again.*) Don't forget to find me a new place, please. I can't do without it.

LOPÁKHIN. We'll find you a place, Charlotte Ivánovna, don't be afraid.

GÁYEF. Everybody's deserting us. Barbara's going. Nobody seems to want us.

CHARLOTTE. There's nowhere for me to live in the town. I'm obliged to go. (*Hums a tune.*) What's the odds?

[Enter PÍSHTCHIK.]

LOPÁKHIN. Nature's masterpiece!

PÍSHTCHIK (*panting*). Oy, oy, let me get my breath again! . . . I'm done up! . . . My noble friends! . . . Give me some water.

GÁYEF. Wants some money, I suppose. No, thank you; I'll keep out of harm's way. (*Exit*.)

PÍSHTCHIK. It's ages since I have been 10 here, fairest lady. (*To LOPÁKHIN*.) You here? Glad to see you, you man of gigantic intellect. Take this; it's for you. (*Giving LOPÁKHIN money*.) Forty pounds! I still owe you eighty-four.

LOPÁKHIN (*amazed, shrugging his shoulders*). It's like a thing in a dream! Where did you get it from?

PÍSHTCHIK. Wait a bit. . . . I'm hot. 20 . . . A most remarkable thing! Some Englishmen came and found some sort of white clay on my land. (*To MADAME RANÉVSKY*.) And here's forty pounds for you, lovely, wonderful lady. (*Giving her money*.) The rest another time. (*Drinking water*.) Only just now a young man in the train was saying that some . . . some great philosopher advises us 30 all to jump off roofs. . . . Jump, he says, and there's an end of it. (*With an astonished air*.) Just think of that! More water!

LOPÁKHIN. Who were the Englishmen?

PÍSHTCHIK. I leased them the plot with the clay on it for twenty-four years. But I haven't any time now . . . I must be getting on. I must go to Znoikof's, to Kardamónof's. . . . I 40 owe everybody money. (*Drinking*.) Good-bye to every one; I'll look in on Thursday.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. We're just moving into town, and to-morrow I go abroad.

PÍSHTCHIK. What! (*Alarmed*.) What are you going into town for? Why, what's happened to the furniture? . . . Trunks? . . . Oh, it's all right. (*Crying*.) It's all right. People of powerful intellect . . . those Englishmen. It's all right. Be happy . . . God be with you . . . it's all right. Everything in this world has to come to an end. (*Kissing MADAME RANÉVSKY's hand*.) If ever the news reaches you that I have come to an end, give a thought to the old . . . horse, and say, "Once there lived a certain Simeónof-Píshtchik, Heaven rest his soul." . . . Remarkable weather we're having. . . . Yes. . . . (*Goes out deeply moved. Returns at once and says from the doorway*.) Dásh-enka sent her compliments. (*Exit*.)

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Now we can go. I have only two things on my mind. One is poor old Firs. (*Looking at her watch*.) We can still stay five minutes.

ÁNYA. Firs has been sent to the hospital already, mamma. Yásha sent him off this morning.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. My second anxiety is Barbara. She's used to getting up early and working, and now that she has no work to do she's like a fish out of water. She has grown thin and pale and taken to crying, poor dear. . . . (*A pause*.) You know very well, Yermolái Alexéyitch, I always hoped . . . to see her married to you, and as far as I can see, you're looking out for a wife. (*She whispers to ÁNYA, who nods to CHARLOTTE, and both exeunt*.) She loves you; you like her; and I can't make out why you seem to fight shy of each other. I don't understand it.

LOPÁKHIN. I don't understand it either, to tell you the truth. It all seems so odd. If there's still time I'll do it this

moment. Let's get it over and have done with it; without you there, I feel as if I should never propose to her.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. A capital idea! After all, it doesn't take more than a minute. I'll call her at once.

LOPÁKHIN. And here's the champagne all ready. (*Looking at the glasses.*) Empty; some one's drunk it. (YÁSHA coughs.) That's what they call lapping it up and no mistake!

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*animated*). Capital! We'll all go away. . . . *Allez, Yásha.* I'll call her. (*At the door.*) Barbara, leave all that and come here. Come along! (*Exeunt MADAME RANÉVSKY and YÁSHA.*)

LOPÁKHIN (*looking at his watch*). Yes. [*A pause. A stifled laugh behind the door; whispering; at last enter BARBARA.*]

BARBARA (*examining the luggage*). Very odd; I can't find it anywhere . . .

LOPÁKHIN. What are you looking for?

BARBARA. I packed it myself, and can't remember. (*A pause.*)

LOPÁKHIN. Where are you going to-day, Varvára Mikháilovna?

BARBARA. Me? I'm going to the Ragulins. I'm engaged to go and keep house for them, to be housekeeper or whatever it is.

LOPÁKHIN. Oh, at Yáshnevo? That's about fifty miles from here. (*A pause.*)

Well, so life in this house is over now.

BARBARA (*looking at the luggage*). Wherever can it be? Perhaps I put it in the trunk. . . . Yes, life here is over now; there won't be any more. . . .

LOPÁKHIN. And I'm off to Kharkof at once . . . by the same train. A lot of business to do. I'm leaving Ephikhódof to look after this place. I've taken him on.

BARBARA. Have you?

LOPÁKHIN. At this time last year snow was falling already, if you remember;

but now it's fine and sunny. Still, it's cold for all that. Three degrees of frost.

BARBARA. Were there? I didn't look. (*A pause.*) Besides, the thermometer's broken. (*A pause.*)

A VOICE (*at the outer door*). Yermolái Alexéyitch!

LOPÁKHIN (*as if he had only been waiting to be called*). I'm just coming! (*Exit*

LOPÁKHIN *quickly.*)

[BARBARA sits on the floor, puts her head on a bundle and sobs softly. The door opens and MADAME RANÉVSKY comes in cautiously.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Well? (*A pause.*) We must be off.

BARBARA (*no longer crying, wiping her eyes*). Yes, it's time, mamma. I shall get to the Ragulins all right to-day, so long as I don't miss the train.

MADAME RANÉVSKY (*calling off*). Put on your things, Ánya.

[Enter ÁNYA, then GÁYEF and CHARLOTTE. GÁYEF wears a warm overcoat with a hood. The servants and drivers come in. EPHIKHÓDOF busies himself about the luggage.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Now we can start on our journey.

ÁNYA (*delighted*). We can start on our journey!

GÁYEF. My friends, my dear, beloved friends! Now that I am leaving this house forever, can I keep silence? Can I refrain from expressing those emotions which fill my whole being at such a moment?

ÁNYA (*pleadingly*). Uncle!

BARBARA. Uncle, what's the good?

GÁYEF (*sadly*). Double the red in the middle pocket. I'll hold my tongue.

[Enter TROPHÍMOF, then LOPÁKHIN.]

TROPHÍMOF. Come along, it's time to start.

LOPÁKHIN. Ephikhódof, my coat.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I must sit here another minute. It's just as if I had

never noticed before what the walls and ceilings of the house were like. I look at them hungrily, with such tender love . . .

GÁYEF. I remember, when I was six years old, how I sat in this window on Trinity Sunday, and watched father starting out for church.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Has everything been cleared out?

LOPÁKHIN. Apparently everything. (*To EPHIKHÓDOF, putting on his overcoat.*) See that everything 's in order, Ephikhódof.

EPHIKHÓDOF (*in a hoarse voice*). You trust me, Yermolái Alexéyitch.

LOPÁKHIN. What's up with your voice?

EPHIKHÓDOF. I was just having a drink of water. I swallowed something.

YÁSHA (*contemptuously*). Cad!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. We're going, and not a soul will be left here.

LOPÁKHIN. Until the spring.

[BARBARA pulls an umbrella out of a bundle of rugs, as if she were brandishing it to strike. LOPÁKHIN pretends to be frightened.]

BARBARA. Don't be so silly! I never thought of such a thing.

TROPHÍMOF. Come, we'd better go and get in. It's time to start. The train will be in immediately.

BARBARA. There are your goloshes, Peter, by that portmanteau. (*Crying.*) What dirty old things they are!

TROPHÍMOF (*putting on his goloshes*). Come along.

GÁYEF (*much moved, afraid of crying*). The train . . . the station . . . double the red in the middle; 40 doublette to pot the white in the corner.¹ . . .

¹ If you make your ball hit the cushion and run across into a pocket, it is a double; if I hit the cushion myself and pot you on the rebound, it is a doublette.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Come on!

LOPÁKHIN. Is every one here? No one left in there? (*Locking the door.*) There are things stacked in there; I must lock them up. Come on!

ÁNYA. Good-bye, house! Good-bye, old life!

TROPHÍMOF. Welcome, new life!

[*Exit with ÁNYA. BARBARA looks round the room, and exit slowly. Exeunt YÁSHA, and CHARLOTTE with her dog.*]

LOPÁKHIN. Till the spring, then. Go on, everybody. So-long! (*Exit.*)

[MADAME RANÉVSKY and GÁYEF remain alone. They seem to have been waiting for this, throw their arms round each other's necks and sob restrainedly and gently, afraid of being overheard.]

GÁYEF (*in despair*). My sister! my sister!

20 MADAME RANÉVSKY. Oh, my dear, sweet, lovely orchard! My life, my youth, my happiness, farewell! Farewell!

ÁNYA (*calling gayly, without*). Mamma!

TROPHÍMOF (*gay and excited*). Aoo!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. One last look at the walls and the windows. . . . Our dear mother used to love to walk up and down this room.

30 GÁYEF. My sister! my sister!

ÁNYA (*without*). Mamma!

TROPHÍMOF (*without*). Aoo!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. We're coming.

[*Exeunt. The stage is empty. One hears all the doors being locked, and the carriages driving away. All is quiet. Amid the silence the thud of the axes on the trees echoes sad and lonely. The sound of footsteps. FIRS appears in the doorway, right. He is dressed, as always, in his long coat and white waistcoat; he wears slippers. He is ill.*]

FIRS (*going to the door, left, and trying the handle*). Locked. They've gone. (*Sitting on the sofa.*) They've forgotten me. Never mind! I'll sit here. Leoníd

Andréyitch is sure to put on his cloth coat instead of his fur. (*He sighs anxiously.*) He hadn't me to see. Young wood, green wood! (*He numbles something incomprehensible.*) Life has gone by as if I'd never lived. (*Lying down.*) I'll lie down. There's no strength left in you; there's

nothing, nothing. Ah, you . . . job-
lot!

[*He lies motionless. A distant sound is heard, as if from the sky, the sound of a string breaking, dying away, melancholy. Silence ensues, broken only by the stroke of the axe on the trees far away in the cherry orchard.*]

KAREL ČAPEK

THE LITTLE republic of Czecho-Slovakia made brilliant achievements in its brief two decades of national life, between its birth a few days after the Armistice and its death under the assault of Hitler's robots after Munich. Its creative energies, long thwarted by many forms of subtle repressions, flowed again with quickened enthusiasm. Thomas G. Masaryk, its first president, was a great and humane leader for the eager young state to follow. He had taught philosophy from Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. In the big library at the presidential residence—the ancient Hradcany castle of Roman emperors and Bohemian kings—he lined the shelves with novels, including American, because, he said, they “more exactly interpret the real things, the struggle of man for reality.” One of the choicest fruits of that happy interlude between two world catastrophies was the activity in Czech literature, drama, and the theatre. In fact Czecho-Slovakia had a national renaissance in the 1920's comparable to that in Ireland under Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, and the Fays of the Abbey Theatre a generation earlier. Its plays and its stage were so full of life, so new and forceful, that they commanded international attention and made Prague one of the most interesting and important theatrical centers in all Europe.

The leading spirit and the greatest dramatist in the new country was Karel Čapek, aided and stimulated by his older brother Josef, artist, producer, and collaborating playwright. Čapek was

born January 9, 1890, in the village of Malé Svatonovice in the Giant Mountains of northern Bohemia, then a romance-laden province of Austria-Hungary, later a part of Czecho-Slovakia. He was strongly influenced by his mother, who wrote fairy tales befitting the setting of these mountains. His father, a physician of skill and intelligence, took keen interest in the education of his sons. He wanted Karel to succeed him, but the sensitive boy could not endure the spectacle of suffering. When he showed a talent for writing, his father encouraged him. By the time he was fourteen, Karel was writing and publishing poems and sketches. He had the alert and restless mind of a man of the renaissance attracted to all forms of learning. In an age of more and more minute specialization, this diverse curiosity was derided; and in a famous piece called “Why I Am Not a Communist,” Čapek felt called upon to explain his roving attention: “I appear to be guilty of a strange and rather heavy intellectual crime—that I am striving to understand everything; I dabble in all sciences and all arts, including black man's folklore, discovering with mystic joy that with a bit of patience and simplicity it is possible to come to some sort of understanding with all people, whatever their skin and creed.”

In the universities of Königsgratz, Prague, Berlin, and Paris, Čapek pursued his training in natural science, philosophy, and literature with almost equal satisfaction. He planned a university career as a professor of philosophy, and

had arranged a post-doctorate course in London when the World War broke out, leaving him cut off in Bohemia. Ill health, the after-effects of scarlet fever, kept him out of the army; "he spent his time teaching and writing, but mainly he starved" on bread made of chestnuts and acorns. He smoked dried willow-leaves, read Anglo-American philosophy, and translated French poetry. He was deeply influenced in literature by Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Apollinaire among the French symbolists. He was devoted to Shelley, Keats, and Whitman. In philosophy, William James and John Dewey, he said, influenced him most; his interest culminated in a book on the subject, *Pragmatism: or Philosophy of a Practical Life*. He also wrote during these desperate war days some short stories, collected under the title, *God's Suffering*.

When the Armistice was signed and his country was given its freedom, Čapek concentrated his energies largely on the theatre, and his interest in America widened. It is characteristic of the period, and significant in the study of *R. U. R.*, that Čapek and his country should be so interested in American life and thought. For American influence and prestige were riding high in Europe in those post-War days. The United States had dramatized its genius for mass production and organization by raising, equipping, and transporting across the Atlantic Ocean a mighty army that turned the tide of war. The speed and efficiency of this exploit had startled the consciousness of Europe. And when the War ended, American machines, American business organization and mechanical ingenuity, American gold and the trade boom of the twenties, along with American jazz, cocktails, fashions, and monied tourists

that flooded the Old World, remained to dazzle and alarm a surprised Europe. The implications of the invasion were tremendous, and they were not lost on the mind of Čapek with its flair for journalism and melodrama in their highest forms. He was equally well aware of the inadequacies as well as the menace of Russian communism. He wrote: "When all is said, Communism is out to rule, not to rescue; its great watchword is power, not help. For it poverty, hunger, unemployment are not an unendurable pain and shame, but a welcome reserve of dark forces, a fermenting heap of fury and loathing. . . . Nobody will seriously maintain that the masses will rule. They are only a means to certain ends; they are simply political tools in a far harder and more unscrupulous sense than party men of different shades." When Čapek turned full-time to writing at the close of the War, he was stimulated by national pride, and bursting with comment on this modern world, its directions and its dangers.

Čapek wrote voluminously in the newspapers in addition to his novels, stories, and plays. From 1917 until his death he worked daily in the editorial office of the *Lidove Noviny*, a journal that held close to the Masaryk tradition. His soul, however, was in the theatre. During the years when his country was under Austrian rule, the only outlet for Czech art was the National Theatre. Even this institution was watched by the Hapsburgs, and was usually limited to historical dramas. Immediately after Czechoslovakia became independent on October 28, 1918, the theatres of Prague began to reflect the new intensity of Czech life. The Golden Temple, the national art theatre of Prague, built by subscriptions freely given by towns and villages in Bohemia, became the great-

est of the Czech institutions. Here Čapek was first introduced as a dramatist, and here was produced his second drama, *R. U. R.* He became art director of this theatre, but branched out to establish his own experimental playhouse, the Vinohradsky Theatre. He produced the works of young and rising Czech playwrights as well as plays by Shakespeare, Byron, Molière, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Strindberg, and others. At the National Theatre, the plays of Yeats, Synge, Shaw, Wilde, Galsworthy, and Claudel were well received. The dramatic activity in Czecho-Slovakia was very similar to that in Paris, Moscow, London, and Berlin a quarter of a century earlier; it was paralleled by the new American drama in New York after the War, and the work of the Theatre Guild.

Čapek's plays are concerned in one way or another with science and the mechanization of the modern world, and with the threats to peace and security. Most of them are grim fantasies. They owe a great debt in form to the expressionistic drama developed by Strindberg in *To Damascus*, *The Spook Sonata*, *The Dream Play*, and other like experiments; by Wedekind in *The Awakening of Spring* and such plays; by Georg Kaiser in *From Morn to Midnight*, *The Coral*, *Gas-Part I*, and various other dramas in the movement. The technique of expressionism was employed in an attempt to make visible and real on the stage certain abstractions and mental states inaccessible to strict realism. It was developed just at the time when dramatists were trying to find effective means for dealing with the problems and theories of modern psychology and the displacement of man's versatility by cunning machines. Čapek found both the materials and the manner of ex-

pressionistic drama congenial to his interests and his talents. He became one of the ranking dramatists in this genre whose novelty and sensationalism quickened the 1920's.

The list of Čapek's plays is not long: *The Robbers* (1920); *R. U. R.* (1921); *The Makropoulos Affair* (1922); *Loupežník* (1926); *The White Plague* (1937); *The Mother* (1938). Two of the most famous of his dramas were written in collaboration with his brother Josef, author of the expressionistic parable *The Land of Many Names* (1923). They were *The Insects* (1921) and *Adam the Creator* (1927), both in the expressionistic manner. Just how the partnership was carried out is not known, but the text would seem to derive chiefly from the pen that wrote *R. U. R.* and *The Makropoulos Affair*.

The themes of these plays vary, but they all have a common spirit and view of life. *The Makropoulos Affair* explored the ancient puzzle of immortality that made Tithonus miserable, and provoked Swift's Struldbrugs, Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, and such tormented laborers. The author imagined a Greek physician who had discovered the secret of longevity and had rearranged the life span nearer to the heart's (theoretical) desire. The secret, of course, later got lost. *The Insects*, also known as *The World We Live In, And So Ad Infinitum*, and *The Insect Play*, ingeniously and divertingly hit off human perversities by reflecting them in the simplified activities of the insect world. The capitalistic beetle rolls his ball of dirt; the birds eat crickets; the superman fly, fighting his way to survival, is in turn gobbled up by a greater superman. Its best satire is aimed at speed-up efficiency and nationalistic wars as seen through the parallels of ant life. The tramp, whose

dream is the play, wakens just as the moth is about to explain the final mystery of life. *Adam the Creator* continued less entertainingly the satire on man's frailties, shortcomings, and lack of wisdom. Adam presumptuously destroys the imperfect world and is required by God to recreate it. He bungles his assignment by creating fleas, a superwoman, a warrior, Lilith, a being in his own image, and, unintentionally, a poor thing called Oddly-Come-Short and his six dirty children born in a cave.

Oddly-Come-Short and his motherless brood represent poverty.

"ADAM. But we didn't create you a wife!

"ODDLY. Why, sir, no one creates a poor man. Of course not, sir. He just is."

Čapek's last two plays, written not long before his death, were inspired by the impending catastrophe over Europe. The anti-fascist *The White Plague* (1937) was produced in London, April 8, 1938, as *Power and Glory*; it was thought generally interesting, though not particularly effective as satire. *The Mother* (1938) was full of rage at the madness of the world that, generation after generation, has killed off husbands and sons in its wars. It was produced in London and in New York in the spring of 1939. Alla Nazimova gave a compassionate interpretation of the Mother, but the play as a whole was a failure in spite of its noble theme and purpose.

These plays are all arresting, but it was *R. U. R.* that touched most successfully the malaise, the fear and foreboding of our time in confrontation with potentially destructive forces that threatened to get out of control. The spectre of Frankenstein has never been far from the apprehension of our indus-

trial world. Many aspects of that world are alarming. It is significant that, in the imagination of artists, our mechanical ingenuity always produces a terrifying monster of evil, never a quieting agent of the more abundant life. Legends on this idea are not uncommon. An old Jewish tale, current in Prague and known to Čapek, told of an artificer who made a "Golem" in the image of man but devoid of a soul, and how he worked havoc in the world. Čapek conceived the plot of *R. U. R.*, according to Jessie Mothersole, "quite suddenly, in a motor car, when the crowd around him seemed to look like artificial beings." He saw his peasant-inhabited country being swerved rapidly from its age-old pastoral way of life on the land to a manufacturing unit of the American system. He was not a little shocked by what he saw. He feared the losses that standardization would bring. He asked the inevitable question: If these tendencies of the present and the forces of the past should be projected unaltered into the future, what sort of world would we face?

Aldous Huxley, posing the same problem in *Brave New World*, foresaw a Model T civilization of various classes scientifically manufactured and controlled according to need, the world of Our Ford, of the lark singing Honk! Honk! at heaven's gate, the completely mechanized state with the motto: COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY. Huxley's world is ingeniously imagined, but Čapek foresaw, more accurately, a world of Robots, and from his native Czech term *robít*, or *robota*=work, gave to our language a new word that defined the tendency of the age. It signifies the powers of science, neutral in themselves, but capable of destroying the race when through the failure of

moral force they are unleashed by unscrupulous men. Its most trenchant satire falls upon narrow nationalisms that divide men for war and pervert the full machinery of the nation to kill and subject the artificially created enemy. All this is implied in the apt words of L. A. G. Strong that explain the effect of this play upon audiences everywhere: "The Robot was a dramatic personification of the machine age, just as the capering figure with horns and tail in the old Morality play personified the power of Evil."

R. U. R. was an immediate success when presented in Prague on January 26, 1921. Its fame spread rapidly. It was translated into most languages, including those of the Orient, and was produced in all parts of the world. It opened in London and New York on October 9, 1922. Under the Theatre Guild's auspices it ran in New York for one hundred and eighty-four performances. It has had numerous revivals, especially in the little theatres and in university playhouses.

R. U. R. brought fame and fortune to Karel Čapek. He became one of the most honored and distinguished men in the new republic. He was a close friend of Masaryk and Eduard Benes and was often visited by them at his beautiful home in Prague for consultation on state problems and policies. He visited England in 1924 as an informal ambassador of his people. Everywhere he was entertained by actors and directors who had produced his plays. Shaw, Galsworthy, Drinkwater, Chesterton, and others among the great received him warmly. He admired the greatness of England, but he loved his own struggling homeland, and in his *Letters from England* wrote that he was proud that it was "small, unsettled, and incom-

plete," and that he was not at all sad "at the idea that we form only a small and imperfect corner of the world." He married a celebrated Czech actress, Olga Scheinpflugowa, wrote voluminously, and worked about his extensive flower garden which he loved to show to his friends.

But in those early plays he had written with more tragic portent than he knew. One striking episode in *The Insects* or *The World We Live In* showed the Red Ants mobilizing and making war on the Yellow Ants in a dispute over the pathway between two blades of grass. The authors did not suspect that this scene would come to represent their own small country, an ancient pathway between Germany and the rich southeast. In 1937 and 1938 when the Sudetan German crisis was approaching, Čapek was active in trying to achieve a peaceful settlement of the dispute. On June 22, 1938 he addressed the Sudetan Germans from the Prague radio station, appealing to them individually for toleration and understanding. He said that "if we could in one way or another collect all the good that is, after all, in each one of us sinful human creatures, I believe that on it could be built a world that would be surely far kinder than the present one." The failure of these efforts at appeasement meant the destruction of Masaryk's liberal state by its Nazi enemy. In the words of Willi Schlamm, "when Čapek no longer could doubt that an alliance of violence and treachery was stronger than the truth, his life lost all meaning."

Čapek died of pneumonia on Christmas Day, 1938. His death alone saved him from the Nazi concentration camp into which his brother Josef was thrown. It saved him also from seeing his grimest imaginings come to life in the army

of robots from over the mountains; an army that for destructiveness and lack of honor and pity surpassed the mechanical man of his fantasy in *R. U. R.* The projected tendencies of his drama had come to pass with a speed and a tragic and savage realism unimagined in the play itself.

R. U. R.

(ROSSUM'S UNIVERSAL ROBOTS)

A Fantastic Melodrama

CHARACTERS

HARRY DOMIN, *General Manager of Rossam's Universal Robots*

SULLA, *a Robotess*

MARIUS, *a Robot*

HELENA GLORY

DR. GALL, *Head of the Physiological and Experimental Department of R. U. R.*

MR. FABRY, *Engineer General, Technical Controller of R. U. R.*

DR. HALLEMEIER, *Head of the Institute for Psychological Training of Robots*

MR. ALQUIST, *Architect, Head of the Works Department of R. U. R.*

CONSUL BUSMAN, *General Business Manager of R. U. R.*

NANA

RADIUS, *a Robot*

HELENA, *a Robotess*

PRIMUS, *a Robot*

A SERVANT

FIRST ROBOT

SECOND ROBOT

THIRD ROBOT

ACT I. CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE FACTORY OF ROSSUM'S UNIVERSAL ROBOTS

ACT II. HELENA'S DRAWING ROOM—TEN YEARS LATER. MORNING

ACT III. THE SAME AFTERNOON

EPILOGUE. A LABORATORY—ONE YEAR LATER

PLACE: *An Island.* TIME: *The Future.*

ACT I

Central office of the factory of Rossam's Universal Robots. Entrance on the right. The windows on the front wall look out on the rows of factory chimneys. On the left more managing departments. DOMIN is sitting in the revolving chair at a large American writing table. On the left-hand wall large maps

showing steamship and railroad routes. On the right-hand wall are fastened printed placards. ("Robot's Cheapest Labor," etc.) In contrast to these wall fittings, the floor is covered with a splendid Turkish carpet, a sofa, leather armchair, and filing cabinets. At a desk near the windows SULLA is typing letters.

R. U. R.: Translated by Paul Selver. In its present form this play is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, public reading, or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, at 25 West 45th Street, New York, or at 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. This play may be presented by amateurs upon payment of a royalty of Twenty-Five Dollars for each performance, payable to Samuel French at 25 West 45th Street, New York, or at 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, Calif., one week before the date when the play is given. Copyright, 1923, by Doubleday, Page & Co. Reprinted by permission of Samuel French.

DOMIN (*dictating*). Ready?

SULLA. Yes.

DOMIN. To E. M. McVicker and Co., Southampton, England. "We undertake no guarantee for goods damaged in transit. As soon as the consignment was taken on board we drew your captain's attention to the fact that the vessel was unsuitable for the transport of Robots, and we are therefore not responsible for spoiled freight. We beg to remain for Rossum's Universal Robots. Yours truly." (*SULLA, who has sat motionless during dictation, now types rapidly for a few seconds, then stops, withdrawing the completed letter.*) Ready?

SULLA. Yes.

DOMIN. Another letter. To the E. B. Huyson Agency, New York, U. S. A. "We beg to acknowledge receipt of order for five thousand Robots. As you are sending your own vessel, please dispatch as cargo equal quantities of soft and hard coal for R. U. R., the same to be credited as part payment of the amount due to us. We beg to remain, for Rossum's Universal Robots. Yours truly." (*SULLA repeats the rapid typing.*) Ready?

SULLA. Yes.

DOMIN. Another letter. "Friedrichswerks, Hamburg, Germany. We beg to acknowledge receipt of order for fifteen thousand Robots." (*Telephone rings.*) Hello! This is the Central Office. Yes. Certainly. Well, send them a wire. Good. (*Hangs up telephone.*) Where did I leave off?

SULLA. "We beg to acknowledge receipt of order for fifteen thousand Robots." 40

DOMIN. Fifteen thousand R. Fifteen thousand R.

[*Enter MARIUS.*]

Well, what is it?

MARIUS. There's a lady, sir, asking to see you.

DOMIN. A lady? Who is she?

MARIUS. I don't know, sir. She brings this card of introduction.

DOMIN (*reads the card*). Ah, from President Glory. Ask her to come in.

MARIUS. Please step this way. (*Exit MARIUS.*)

[*Enter HELENA GLORY.*]

HELENA. How do you do?

DOMIN. How do you do. (*Standing up.*) What can I do for you?

HELENA. You are Mr. Domin, the General Manager.

DOMIN. I am.

HELENA. I have come—

DOMIN. With President Glory's card. That is quite sufficient.

HELENA. President Glory is my father. I am Helena Glory.

DOMIN. Miss Glory, this is such a great honor for us to be allowed to welcome our great President's daughter, that—

HELENA. That you can't show me the door?

DOMIN. Please sit down. Sulla, you may go. (*Exit SULLA.*) (*Sitting down.*) How can I be of service to you, Miss Glory?

HELENA. I have come—

DOMIN. To have a look at our famous works where people are manufactured. Like all visitors. Well, there is no objection.

HELENA. I thought it was forbidden to—

DOMIN. To enter the factory. Yes, of course. Everybody comes here with someone's visiting card, Miss Glory.

HELENA. And you show them—

DOMIN. Only certain things. The manufacture of artificial people is a secret process.

HELENA. If you only knew how enormously that—

DOMIN. Interests me. Europe's talking about nothing else.

HELENA. Why don't you let me finish speaking?

DOMIN. I beg your pardon. Did you want to say something different?

HELENA. I only wanted to ask——

DOMIN. Whether I could make a special exception in your case and show you our factory. Why, certainly, Miss Glory.

HELENA. How do you know I wanted to 10 say that?

DOMIN. They all do. But we shall consider it a special honor to show you more than we do the rest.

HELENA. Thank you.

DOMIN. But you must agree not to divulge the least. . .

HELENA (*standing up and giving him her hand*). My word of honor.

DOMIN. Thank you. Won't you raise your 20 veil?

HELENA. Of course. You want to see whether I'm a spy or not. I beg your pardon.

DOMIN. What is it?

HELENA. Would you mind releasing my hand?

DOMIN (*releasing it*). I beg your pardon.

HELENA (*raising her veil*). How cautious you have to be here, don't you? 30

DOMIN (*observing her with deep interest*).
Hm, of course—we—that is——

HELENA. But what is it? What's the matter?

DOMIN. I'm remarkably pleased. Did you have a pleasant crossing?

HELENA. Yes.

DOMIN. No difficulty?

HELENA. Why?

DOMIN. What I mean to say is—you're so 40 young.

HELENA. May we go straight into the factory?

DOMIN. Yes. Twenty-two, I think.

HELENA. Twenty-two what?

DOMIN. Years.

HELENA. Twenty-one. Why do you want to know?

DOMIN. Because—as—(*With enthusiasm.*) you will make a long stay, won't you?

HELENA. That depends on how much of the factory you show me.

DOMIN. Oh, hang the factory. Oh, no, no, you shall see everything, Miss Glory. Indeed you shall. Won't you sit down?

HELENA (*crossing to couch and sitting*). Thank you.

DOMIN. But first would you like to hear the story of the invention?

HELENA. Yes, indeed.

DOMIN (*observes HELENA with rapture and reels off rapidly*). It was in the year 1920 that old Rossum, the great physiologist, who was then quite a young scientist, took himself to this distant island for the purpose of studying the ocean fauna, full stop. On this occasion he attempted by chemical synthesis to imitate the living matter known as protoplasm until he suddenly discovered a substance which behaved exactly like living matter although its chemical composition was different. That was in the year of 1932, exactly four hundred and forty years after the discovery of America. Whew!

HELENA. Do you know that by heart?

DOMIN. Yes. You see physiology is not in my line. Shall I go on?

HELENA. Yes, please.

DOMIN. And then, Miss Glory, old Rossum wrote the following among his chemical specimens: "Nature has found only one method of organizing living matter. There is, however, another method, more simple, flexible and rapid, which has not yet occurred to nature at all. This second process by which life can be developed was discovered by me today." Now imag-

ine him, Miss Glory, writing those wonderful words over some colloidal mess that a dog wouldn't look at. Imagine him sitting over a test tube, and thinking how the whole tree of life would grow from it, how all animals would proceed from it, beginning with some sort of beetle and ending with a man. A man of different substance from us. Miss Glory, that was a tremendous moment.

HELENA. Well?

DOMIN. Now, the thing was how to get the life out of the test tubes, and hasten development and form organs, bones and nerves and so on, and find such substances as catalytics, enzymes, hormones, and so forth, in short—you understand?

HELENA. Not much, I'm afraid.

DOMIN. Never mind. You see with the help of his tinctures he could make whatever he wanted. He could have produced a Medusa with the brain of a Socrates or a worm fifty yards long. But being without a grain of humor, he took it into his head to make a vertebrate or perhaps a man. This artificial living matter of his had a raging thirst for life. It didn't mind being sewn or mixed together. That couldn't be done with natural albumen. And that's how he set about it.

HELENA. About what?

DOMIN. About imitating nature. First of all he tried making an artificial dog. That took him several years and resulted in a sort of stunted calf which died in a few days. I'll show it to you in the museum. And then old Rossum started on the manufacture of man.

HELENA. And I must divulge this to nobody?

DOMIN. To nobody in the world.

HELENA. What a pity that it's to be

found in all the school books of both Europe and America.

DOMIN. Yes. But do you know what isn't in the school books? That old Rossum was mad. Seriously, Miss Glory, you must keep this to yourself. The old crank wanted to actually make people.

HELENA. But you do make people.

DOMIN. Approximately, Miss Glory. But old Rossum meant it literally. He wanted to become a sort of scientific substitute for God. He was a fearful materialist, and that's why he did it all. His sole purpose was nothing more nor less than to prove that God was no longer necessary. Do you know anything about anatomy?

HELENA. Very little.

DOMIN. Neither do I. Well, he then decided to manufacture everything as in the human body. I'll show you in the museum the bungling attempt it took him ten years to produce. It was to have been a man, but it lived for three days only. Then up came young Rossum, an engineer. He was a wonderful fellow, Miss Glory. When he saw what a mess of it the old man was making, he said: "It's absurd to spend ten years making a man. If you can't make him quicker than nature, you might as well shut up shop." Then he set about learning anatomy himself.

HELENA. There's nothing about that in the school books.

DOMIN. No. The school books are full of paid advertisements, and rubbish at that. What the school books say about the united efforts of the two great Rossums is all a fairy tale. They used to have dreadful rows. The old atheist hadn't the slightest conception of industrial matters, and the end of it was that young Rossum shut him up in some laboratory or other and let him

fritter the time away with his monstrosities, while he himself started on the business from an engineer's point of view. Old Rossum cursed him and before he died he managed to botch up two physiological horrors. Then one day they found him dead in the laboratory. And that's his whole story.

HELENA. And what about the young 10 man?

DOMIN. Well, anyone who has looked into human anatomy will have seen at once that man is too complicated, and that a good engineer could make him more simply. So young Rossum began to overhaul anatomy and tried to see what could be left out or simplified. In short—but this isn't boring you, Miss Glory?

HELENA. No indeed. You're—it's awfully interesting.

DOMIN. So young Rossum said to himself: "A man is something that feels happy, plays the piano, likes going for a walk, and in fact, wants to do a whole lot of things that are really unnecessary."

HELENA. Oh.

DOMIN. That are unnecessary when he 30 wants, let us say, to weave or count. Do you play the piano?

HELENA. Yes.

DOMIN. That's good. But a working machine must not play the piano, must not feel happy, must not do a whole lot of other things. A gasoline motor must not have tassels or ornaments, Miss Glory. And to manufacture artificial workers is the same 40 thing as to manufacture gasoline motors. The process must be of the simplest, and the product of the best from a practical point of view. What sort of worker do you think is the best from a practical point of view?

HELENA. What?

DOMIN. What sort of worker do you think is the best from a practical point of view?

HELENA. Perhaps the one who is most honest and hard-working.

DOMIN. No; the one that is the cheapest. The one whose requirements are the smallest. Young Rossum invented a worker with the minimum amount of requirements. He had to simplify him. He rejected everything that did not contribute directly to the progress of work—everything that makes man more expensive. In fact, he rejected man and made the Robot. My dear Miss Glory, the Robots are not people. Mechanically they are more perfect than we are, they have an enormously developed intelligence, but they have no soul.

HELENA. How do you know they've no soul?

DOMIN. Have you ever seen what a Robot looks like inside?

HELENA. No.

DOMIN. Very neat, very simple. Really, a beautiful piece of work. Not much in it, but everything in flawless order. The product of an engineer is technically at a higher pitch of perfection than a product of nature.

HELENA. But man is supposed to be the product of God.

DOMIN. All the worse. God hasn't the least notion of modern engineering. Would you believe that young Rossum then proceeded to play at being God?

HELENA. How do you mean?

DOMIN. He began to manufacture Super-Robots. Regular giants they were. He tried to make them twelve feet tall. But you wouldn't believe what a failure they were.

HELENA. A failure?

DOMIN. Yes. For no reason at all their limbs used to keep snapping off. Evidently our planet is too small for giants. Now we only make Robots of normal size and of very high class human finish.

HELENA. I saw the first Robots at home. The town counsel bought them for—I mean engaged them for work.

DOMIN. Bought them, dear Miss Glory. 10 Robots are bought and sold.

HELENA. These were employed as street sweepers. I saw them sweeping. They were so strange and quiet.

DOMIN. Rossum's Universal Robot factory doesn't produce a uniform brand of Robots. We have Robots of finer and coarser grades. The best will live about twenty years. (*He rings for MARIUS.*)

HELENA. Then they die?

DOMIN. Yes, they get used up.

[*Enter MARIUS.*]

Marius, bring in samples of the Manual Labor Robot. (*Exit MARIUS.*) I'll show you specimens of the two extremes. This first grade is comparatively inexpensive and is made in vast quantities.

[*MARIUS re-enters with two Manual Labor Robots.*]

There you are; as powerful as a small tractor. Guaranteed to have average intelligence. That will do, Marius. (*MARIUS exits with Robots.*)

HELENA. They make me feel so strange.

DOMIN. (*rings*). Did you see my new typist? (*He rings for SULLA.*)

HELENA. I didn't notice her.

[*Enter SULLA.*]

DOMIN. Sulla, let Miss Glory see you.

HELENA. So pleased to meet you. You must find it terribly dull in this out-of-the-way spot, don't you?

SULLA. I don't know, Miss Glory.

HELENA. Where do you come from?

SULLA. From the factory.

HELENA. Oh, you were born there?

SULLA. I was made there.

HELENA. What?

DOMIN. (*laughing*). Sulla is a Robot, best grade.

HELENA. Oh, I beg your pardon.

DOMIN. Sulla isn't angry. See, Miss Glory, the kind of skin we make. (*Feels the skin on SULLA's face.*) Feel her face.

HELENA. Ah, no, no.

DOMIN. You wouldn't know that she's made of different material from us, would you? Turn round, Sulla.

HELENA. Oh, stop, stop.

DOMIN. Talk to Miss Glory, Sulla.

SULLA. Please sit down. (*HELENA sits.*) Did you have a pleasant crossing?

20 HELENA. Oh, yes, certainly.

SULLA. Don't go back on the *Amelia*, Miss Glory. The barometer is falling steadily. Wait for the *Pennsylvania*. That's a good, powerful vessel.

DOMIN. What's its speed?

SULLA. Twenty knots. Fifty thousand tons. One of the latest vessels, Miss Glory.

HELENA. Thank you.

SULLA. A crew of fifteen hundred, Captain Harpy, eight boilers——

DOMIN. That'll do, Sulla. Now show us your knowledge of French.

HELENA. You know French?

SULLA. I know four languages. I can write: Dear Sir, Monsieur, Geehrter Herr, Cteny pane.

HELENA. (*jumping up*). Oh, that's absurd! Sulla isn't a Robot. Sulla is a girl like me. Sulla, this is outrageous! Why do you take part in such a hoax?

SULLA. I am a Robot.

HELENA. No, no, you are not telling the truth. I know they've forced you to do it for an advertisement. Sulla, you are a girl like me, aren't you?

DOMIN. I'm sorry, Miss Glory. Sulla is a Robot.

HELENA. It's a lie!

DOMIN. What? (*Rings.*) Excuse me, Miss Glory, then I must convince you.

[*Enter MARIUS.*]

Marius, take Sulla into the dissecting room, and tell them to open her up at once.

HELENA. Where?

DOMIN. Into the dissecting room. When they've cut her open, you can go and have a look.

HELENA. No, no!

DOMIN. Excuse me, you spoke of lies.

HELENA. You wouldn't have her killed?

DOMIN. You can't kill machines.

HELENA. Don't be afraid, Sulla, I won't let you go. Tell me, my dear, are they always so cruel to you? You mustn't put up with it, Sulla. You mustn't.

SULLA. I am a Robot.

HELENA. That doesn't matter. Robots are just as good as we are. Sulla, you wouldn't let yourself be cut to pieces?

SULLA. Yes.

HELENA. Oh, you're not afraid of death, then?

SULLA. I cannot tell, Miss Glory.

HELENA. Do you know what would happen to you in there?

SULLA. Yes, I should cease to move.

HELENA. How dreadful!

DOMIN. Marius, tell Miss Glory what you are.

MARIUS. Marius, the Robot.

DOMIN. Would you take Sulla into the dissecting room?

MARIUS. Yes.

DOMIN. Would you be sorry for her?

MARIUS. I cannot tell.

DOMIN. What would happen to her?

MARIUS. She would cease to move. They would put her into the stamping-mill.

DOMIN. That is death, Marius. Aren't you afraid of death?

MARIUS. No.

DOMIN. You see, Miss Glory, the Robots have no interest in life. They have no enjoyments. They are less than so much grass.

HELENA. Oh, stop. Send them away.

DOMIN. Marius, Sulla, you may go. (*Exeunt SULLA and MARIUS.*)

HELENA. How terrible! It's outrageous what you are doing.

DOMIN. Why outrageous?

HELENA. I don't know, but it is. Why do you call her Sulla?

DOMIN. Isn't it a nice name?

HELENA. It's a man's name. Sulla was a Roman general.

DOMIN. Oh, we thought that Marius and Sulla were lovers.

HELENA. Marius and Sulla were generals and fought against each other in the year—I've forgotten now.

DOMIN. Come here to the window.

HELENA. What?

DOMIN. Come here. What do you see?

HELENA. Bricklayers.

DOMIN. Robots. All our work people are Robots. And down there, can you see anything?

HELENA. Some sort of office.

DOMIN. A counting house. And in it—

HELENA. A lot of officials.

DOMIN. Robots. All our officials* are Robots. And when you see the factory—(*Factory whistle blows.*) Noon. We have to blow the whistle because the Robots don't know when to stop work. In two hours I will show you the kneading trough.

40 HELENA. Kneading trough?

DOMIN. The pestle for beating up the paste. In each one we mix the ingredients for a thousand Robots at one operation. Then there are the vats for the preparation of liver, brains, and so on. Then you will see

the bone factory. After that I'll show you the spinning-mill.

HELENA. Spinning-mill?

DOMIN. Yes. For weaving nerves and veins. Miles and miles of digestive tubes pass through it at a time.

HELENA. Mayn't we talk about something else?

DOMIN. Perhaps it would be better.

There's only a handful of us among a hundred thousand Robots, and not one woman. We talk about nothing but the factory all day, every day. It's just as if we were under a curse, Miss Glory.

HELENA. I'm sorry I said that you were lying. (*A knock at the door.*)

DOMIN. Come in.

[*From the right enter MR. FABRY, DR. GALL, DR. HALLEMEIER, MR. ALQUIST.*]

DR. GALL. I beg your pardon, I hope we don't intrude.

DOMIN. Come in. Miss Glory, here are Alquist, Fabry, Gall, Hallemeier. This is President Glory's daughter.

HELENA. How do you do.

FABRY. We had no idea——

DR. GALL. Highly honored, I'm sure——

ALQUIST. Welcome, Miss Glory.

[*BUSMAN rushes in from the right.*]

BUSMAN. Hello, what's up?

DOMIN. Come in, Busman. This is Busman, Miss Glory. This is President Glory's daughter.

BUSMAN. By Jove, that's fine! Miss Glory, may we send a cablegram to the papers about your arrival?

HELENA. No, no, please don't.

DOMIN. Sit down please, Miss Glory.

BUSMAN. Allow me——(*Dragging up arm-chairs.*)

DR. GALL. Please——

FABRY. Excuse me——

ALQUIST. What sort of a crossing did you have?

DR. GALL. Are you going to stay long?

FABRY. What do you think of the factory, Miss Glory?

HALLEMEIER. Did you come over on the *Amelia*?

DOMIN. Be quiet and let Miss Glory speak.

HELENA (*to DOMIN*). What am I to speak to them about?

DOMIN. Anything you like.

HELENA. Shall . . . may I speak quite frankly?

DOMIN. Why, of course.

HELENA (*wavering, then in desperate resolution*). Tell me, doesn't it ever distress you the way you are treated?

FABRY. By whom, may I ask?

HELENA. Why, everybody.

ALQUIST. Treated?

DR. GALL. What makes you think——?

HELENA. Don't you feel that you might be living a better life?

DR. GALL. Well, that depends on what you mean, Miss Glory.

HELENA. I mean that it's perfectly outrageous. It's terrible. (*Standing up.*) The whole of Europe is talking about the way you're being treated. That's why I came here, to see for myself, and it's a thousand times worse than I could have been imagined. How can you put up with it?

ALQUIST. Put up with what?

HELENA. Good heavens, you are living creatures, just like us, like the whole of Europe, like the whole world. It's disgraceful that you must live like this.

BUSMAN. Good gracious, Miss Glory.

FABRY. Well, she's not far wrong. We live here just like red Indians.

HELENA. Worse than red Indians. May I, oh, may I call you brothers?

BUSMAN. Why not?

HELENA. Brothers, I have not come here as the President's daughter. I have come on behalf of the Humanity / League. Brothers, the Humanity

League now has over two hundred thousand members. Two hundred thousand people are on your side, and offer you their help.

BUSMAN. Two hundred thousand people! Miss Glory, that's a tidy lot. Not bad.

FABRY. I'm always telling you there's nothing like good old Europe. You see, they've not forgotten us. They're offering us help.

DR. GALL. What help? A theatre, for instance?

HALLEMEIER. An orchestra?

HELENA. More than that.

ALQUIST. Just you?

HELENA. Oh, never mind about me. I'll stay as long as it is necessary.

BUSMAN. By Jove, that's good.

ALQUIST. Domin, I'm going to get the best room ready for Miss Glory. 20

DOMIN. Just a minute. I'm afraid that Miss Glory is of the opinion that she has been talking to Robots.

HELENA. Of course.

DOMIN. I'm sorry. These gentlemen are human beings just like us.

HELENA. You're not Robots?

BUSMAN. Not Robots.

HALLEMEIER. Robots indeed!

DR. GALL. No, thanks. 30

FABRY. Upon my honor, Miss Glory, we aren't Robots.

HELENA (to DOMIN). Then why did you tell me that all your officials are Robots?

DOMIN. Yes, the officials, but not the managers. Allow me, Miss Glory: this is Mr. Fabry, General Technical Manager of R. U. R.; Dr. Gall, Head of the Physiological and Experimental 40 Department; Dr. Hallemeier, Head of the Institute for the Psychological Training of Robots; Consul Busman, General Business Manager; and Alquist, Head of the Building Department of R. U. R.

ALQUIST. Just a builder.

HELENA. Excuse me, gentlemen, for— for— Have I done something dreadful?

ALQUIST. Not at all, Miss Glory. Please sit down.

HELENA. I'm a stupid girl. Send me back by the first ship.

DR. GALL. Not for anything in the world, 10 Miss Glory. Why should we send you back?

HELENA. Because you know I've come to disturb your Robots for you.

DOMIN. My dear Miss Glory, we've had close upon a hundred saviours and prophets here. Every ship brings us some. Missionaries, anarchists, Salvation Army, all sorts. It's astonishing what a number of churches and idiots 20 there are in the world.

HELENA. And you let them speak to the Robots?

DOMIN. So far we've let them all, why not? The Robots remember everything, but that's all. They don't even laugh at what the people say. Really, it is quite incredible. If it would amuse you, Miss Glory, I'll take you over to the Robot warehouse. It holds about three hundred thousand of them. 30

BUSMAN. Three hundred and forty-seven thousand.

DOMIN. Good! And you can say whatever you like to them. You can read the Bible, recite the multiplication table, whatever you please. You can even preach to them about human rights.

HELENA. Oh, I think that if you were to show them a little love—

FABRY. Impossible, Miss Glory. Nothing is harder to like than a Robot.

HELENA. What do you make them for, then?

BUSMAN. Ha, ha, ha, that's good! What are Robots made for?

FABRY. For work, Miss Glory! One Robot can replace two and a half workmen. The human machine, Miss Glory, was terribly imperfect. It had to be removed sooner or later.

BUSMAN. It was too expensive.

FABRY. It was not effective. It no longer answers the requirements of modern engineering. Nature has no idea of keeping pace with modern labor. For 10 example: from a technical point of view, the whole of childhood is a sheer absurdity. So much time lost. And then again—

HELENA. Oh, no! No!

FABRY. Pardon me. But kindly tell me what is the real aim of your League—the . . . the Humanity League.

HELENA. Its real purpose is to—to protect the Robots—and—and ensure 20 good treatment for them.

FABRY. Not a bad object, either. A machine has to be treated properly. Upon my soul, I approve of that. I don't like damaged articles. Please, Miss Glory, enroll us all as contributing, or regular, or foundation members of your League.

HELENA. No, you don't understand me. What we really want is to—to liber- 30 ate the Robots.

HALLEMEIER. How do you propose to do that?

HELENA. They are to be—to be dealt with like human beings.

HALLEMEIER. Aha. I suppose they're to vote? To drink beer? To order us about?

HELENA. Why shouldn't they drink beer?

HALLEMEIER. Perhaps they're even to receive wages?

HELENA. Of course they are.

HALLEMEIER. Fancy that, now! And what would they do with their wages, pray?

HELENA. They would buy—what they need . . . what pleases them.

HALLEMEIER. That would be very nice, Miss Glory, only there's nothing that does please the Robots. Good heavens, what are they to buy? You can feed them on pineapples, straw, whatever you like. It's all the same to them, they've no appetite at all. They've no interest in anything, Miss Glory. Why, hang it all, nobody's ever yet seen a Robot smile.

HELENA. Why . . . why don't you make them happier?

HALLEMEIER. That wouldn't do, Miss Glory. They are only workmen.

HELENA. Oh, but they're so intelligent.

HALLEMEIER. Confoundedly so, but they're nothing else. They've no will 'of their own. No passion. No soul.

HELENA. No love?

HALLEMEIER. Love? Rather not. Robots don't love. Not even themselves.

HELENA. Nor defiance?

HALLEMEIER. Defiance? I don't know. Only rarely, from time to time.

HELENA. What?

HALLEMEIER. Nothing particular. Occasionally they seem to go off their heads. Something like epilepsy, you know. It's called Robot's cramp. They'll suddenly sling down everything they're holding, stand still, gnash their teeth—and then they have to go into the stamping-mill. It's evidently some breakdown in the mechanism.

DOMIN. A flaw in the works that has to be removed.

HELENA. No, no, that's the soul.

FABRY. Do you think that the soul first shows itself by a gnashing of teeth?

HELENA. Perhaps it's a sort of revolt. Perhaps it's just a sign that there's a struggle within. Oh, if you could infuse them with it!

DOMIN. That'll be remedied, Miss Glory.
Dr. Gall is just making some experiments—

DR. GALL. Not with regard to that, Domin. At present I am making pain-nerves.

HELENA. Pain-nerves?

DR. GALL. Yes, the Robots feel practically no bodily pain. You see, young Rossum provided them with too limited a nervous system. We must introduce suffering.

HELENA. Why do you want to cause them pain?

DR. GALL. For industrial reasons, Miss Glory. Sometimes a Robot does damage to himself because it doesn't hurt him. He puts his hand into the machine, breaks his finger, smashes his head, it's all the same to him. We must provide them with pain. That's an automatic protection against damage.

HELENA. Will they be happier when they feel pain?

DR. GALL. On the contrary; but they will be more perfect from a technical point of view.

HELENA. Why don't you create a soul for them?

DR. GALL. That's not in our power. ✓

FABRY. That's not in our interest. ✓

BUSMAN. That would increase the cost of production. Hang it all, my dear young lady, we turn them out at such a cheap rate. A hundred and fifty dollars each fully dressed, and fifteen years ago they cost ten thousand. Five years ago we used to buy the clothes for them. Today we have our own weaving mill, and now we even export cloth five times cheaper than other factories. What do you pay a yard for cloth, Miss Glory?

HELENA. I don't know really, I've forgotten.

BUSMAN. Good gracious, and you want to found a Humanity League? It only costs a third now, Miss Glory. All prices are today a third of what they were and they'll fall still lower, lower, lower, like that.

HELENA. I don't understand.

BUSMAN. Why, bless you, Miss Glory, it means that the cost of labor has fallen. A Robot, food and all, costs three quarters of a cent per hour. That's mighty important, you know. All factories will go pop like chestnuts if they don't at once buy Robots to lower the cost of production.

HELENA. And get rid of their workmen?

BUSMAN. Of course. But in the mean time, we've dumped five hundred thousand tropical Robots down on the Argentine pampas to grow corn. Would you mind telling me how much you pay a pound for bread?

HELENA. I've no idea.

BUSMAN. Well, I'll tell you. It now costs two cents in good old Europe. A pound of bread for two cents, and the Humanity League knows nothing about it. Miss Glory, you don't realize that even that's too expensive. Why, in five years' time I'll wager—

HELENA. What?

BUSMAN. That the cost of everything won't be a tenth of what it is now. Why, in five years we'll be up to our ears in corn and everything else.

ALQUIST. Yes, and all the workers throughout the world will be unemployed.

DOMIN. Yes, Alquist, they will. Yes, Miss Glory, they will. But in ten years Rossum's Universal Robots will produce so much corn, so much cloth, so much everything, that things will be practically without price. There will be no poverty. All work will be done

by living machines. Everybody will be free from worry and liberated from the degradation of labor. Everybody will live only to perfect himself.

HELENA. Will he?

DOMIN. Of course. It's bound to happen.

But then the servitude of man to man and the enslavement of man to matter will cease. Of course, terrible things may happen at first, but that simply 10 can't be avoided. Nobody will get bread at the price of life and hatred. The Robots will wash the feet of the beggar and prepare a bed for him in his house.

ALQUIST. Domin, Domin. What you say sounds too much like Paradise. There was something good in service and something great in humility. There was some kind of virtue in toil and 20 weariness.

DOMIN. Perhaps. But we cannot reckon with what is lost when we start out to transform the world. Man shall be free and supreme; he shall have no other aim, no other labor, no other care than to perfect himself. He shall serve neither matter nor man. He will not be a machine and a device for production. He will be Lord of crea- 30 tion.

BUSMAN. Amen.

FABRY. So be it.

HELENA. You have bewildered me—I should like—I should like to believe this.

DR. GALL. You are younger than we are, Miss Glory. You will live to see it.

HALLEMEIER. True. Don't you think Miss Glory might lunch with us?

DR. GALL. Of course. Domin, ask on behalf of us all.

DOMIN. Miss Glory, will you do us the honor?

HELENA. When you know why I've come—

FABRY. For the League of Humanity, Miss Glory.

HELENA. Oh, in that case, perhaps—

FABRY. That's fine! Miss Glory, excuse me for five minutes.

DR. GALL. Pardon me, too, dear Miss Glory.

BUSMAN. I won't be long.

HALLEMEIER. We're all very glad you've come.

BUSMAN. We'll be back in exactly five minutes. (*All rush out except DOMIN and HELENA.*)

HELENA. What have they all gone off for?

DOMIN. To cook, Miss Glory.

HELENA. To cook what?

DOMIN. Lunch. The Robots do our cooking for us and as they've no taste it's not altogether—Hallemeyer is awfully good at grills and Gall can make a kind of sauce, and Busman knows all about omelettes.

HELENA. What a feast! And what's the specialty of Mr.—your builder?

DOMIN. Alquist? Nothing. He only laves the table. And Fabry will get together a little fruit. Our cuisine is very modest, Miss Glory.

HELENA. I wanted to ask you something—

DOMIN. And I wanted to ask you something, too. (*Looking at watch.*) Five • minutes.

HELENA. What did you want to ask me?

DOMIN. Excuse me, you asked first.

HELENA. Perhaps it's silly of me, but why do you manufacture female Robots when—when—

40 DOMIN. When sex means nothing to them?

HELENA. Yes.

DOMIN. There's a certain demand for them, you see. Servants, saleswomen, stenographers. People are used to it.

HELENA. But—but, tell me, are the

Robots male and female mutually—completely without—

DOMIN. Completely indifferent to each other, Miss Glory. There's no sign of any affection between them.

HELENA. Oh, that's terrible.

DOMIN. Why?

HELENA. It's so unnatural. One doesn't know whether to be disgusted or to hate them, or perhaps—

DOMIN. To pity them?

HELENA. That's more like it. What did you want to ask me about?

DOMIN. I should like to ask you, Miss Helena, whether you will marry me?

HELENA. What?

DOMIN. Will you be my wife?

HELENA. No! The idea!

DOMIN (*looking at his watch*). Another three minutes. If you won't marry me 20
you'll have to marry one of the other five.

HELENA. But why should I?

DOMIN. Because they're all going to ask you in turn.

HELENA. How could they dare do such a thing?

DOMIN. I'm very sorry, Miss Glory. It seems they've all fallen in love with you.

HELENA. Please don't let them. I'll—I'll go away at once.

DOMIN. Helena, you wouldn't be so cruel as to refuse us.

HELENA. But, but—I can't marry all six.

DOMIN. No, but one anyhow. If you don't want me, marry Fabry.

HELENA. I won't.

DOMIN. Dr. Gall.

HELENA. I don't want any of you.

DOMIN (*again looking at his watch*). Another two minutes.

HELENA. I think you'd marry any woman who came here.

DOMIN. Plenty of them have come, Helena.

HELENA. Young?

DOMIN. Yes.

HELENA. Why didn't you marry one of them?

DOMIN. Because I didn't lose my head.

10 Until today. Then, as soon as you lifted your veil—(*HELENA turns her head away*.) Another minute.

HELENA. But I don't want you, I tell you.

DOMIN (*laying both hands on her shoulders*). One more minute! Now you either have to look me straight in the eye and say "No," violently, and then I'll leave you alone—or—(*HELENA looks at him*.)

HELENA (*turning away*). You're mad!

DOMIN. A man has to be a bit mad, Helena. That's the best thing about him.

HELENA. You are—you are—

DOMIN. Well?

HELENA. Don't, you're hurting me.

DOMIN. The last chance, Helena. Now, or never—

HELENA. But—but, Harry—(*He embraces and kisses her. Knocking at the door.*) 30

DOMIN (*releasing her*). Come in.

[*Enter BUSMAN, DR. GALL, and HALLEMEIER in kitchen aprons. FABRY with a bouquet and ALQUIST with a napkin over his arm.*]

Have you finished your job?

BUSMAN. Yes.

DOMIN. So have we.

[*For a moment the men stand nonplussed; but as soon as they realize what DOMIN means they rush forward, congratulating HELENA and DOMIN as the curtain falls.*]

ACT II

HELENA's drawing room. On the left a baize door, and a door to the music room, on the right a door to HELENA's bedroom. In the centre are windows looking out on the sea and the harbor. A table with odds and ends, a sofa and chairs, a writing table with an electric lamp, on the right a fireplace. On a small table back of the sofa, a small reading lamp. The whole drawing room in all its details is of a modern and purely feminine character. Ten years have elapsed since Act I.

[DOMIN, FABRY, HALLEMEIER enter on tip-toe from the left, each carrying a potted plant.]

HALLEMEIER (*putting down his flower and indicating the door to right*). Still asleep? Well, as long as she's asleep she can't worry about it.

DOMIN. She knows nothing about it.

FABRY (*putting plant on writing desk*). I certainly hope nothing happens today.

HALLEMEIER. For goodness' sake drop it all. Look, Harry, this is a fine cyclamen, isn't it? A new sort, my latest—Cyclamen Helena.

DOMIN (*looking out of the window*). No signs of the ship. Things must be pretty bad.

HALLEMEIER. Be quiet. Suppose she heard you.

DOMIN. Well, anyway, the *Ultimus* arrived just in time.

FABRY. You really think that today—?

DOMIN. I don't know. Aren't the flowers fine?

HALLEMEIER. These are my new primroses. And this is my new jasmine. I've discovered a wonderful way of developing flowers quickly. Splendid varieties, too. Next year I'll be developing marvellous ones.

DOMIN. What . . . next year?

FABRY. I'd give a good deal to know what's happening at Havre with—

DOMIN. Keep quiet.

HELENA (*calling from right*). Nana!

DOMIN. She's awake. Out you go. (*All go out on tiptoe through upper left door.*)

[*Enter NANA from lower left door.*]

NANA. Horrid mess! Pack of heathens.

If I had my say I'd—

HELENA (*backwards in the doorway*). Nana, come and do up my dress.

NANA. I'm coming. So you're up at last. (*Fastening HELENA's dress.*) My gracious, what brutes!

HELENA. Who?

NANA. If you want to turn around, then turn around, but I shan't fasten you up.

HELENA. What are you grumbling about now?

NANA. These dreadful creatures, these heathen—

HELENA. The Robots?

NANA. I wouldn't even call them by name.

HELENA. What's happened?

NANA. Another of them here has caught it. He began to smash up the statues and pictures in the drawing room, gnashed his teeth, foamed at the mouth—quite mad. Worse than an animal.

HELENA. Which of them caught it?

NANA. The one—well, he hasn't got any Christian name. The one in charge of the library.

HELENA. Radius?

NANA. That's him. My goodness, I'm scared of them. A spider doesn't scare me as much as them.

HELENA. But, Nana, I'm surprised you're not sorry for them.

NANA. Why, you're scared of them, too! You know you are. Why else did you bring me here?

HELENA. I'm not scared, really I'm not, Nana. I'm only sorry for them.

NANA. You're scared. Nobody could help being scared. Why, the dog's scared of them: he won't take a scrap of meat out of their hands. He draws in his tail and howls when he knows they're about.

HELENA. The dog has no sense.

NANA. He's better than them, and he knows it. Even the horse shies when he meets them. They don't have any 10 young, and a dog has young, everyone has young——

HELENA. Please fasten up my dress, Nana.

NANA. I say it's against God's will to——

HELENA. What is it that smells so nice?

NANA. Flowers.

HELENA. What for?

NANA. Now you can turn around.

HELENA. Oh, aren't they lovely. Look, Nana. What's happening today? 20

NANA. It ought to be the end of the world.

[Enter DOMIN.]

HELENA. Oh, hello, Harry. Harry, why all these flowers?

DOMIN. Guess.

HELENA. Well, it's not my birthday!

DOMIN. Better than that.

HELENA. I don't know. Tell me.

DOMIN. It's ten years ago today since you 30 came here.

HELENA. Ten years? Today——Why——
——(They embrace.)

NANA. I'm off. (Exits lower door, left.)

HELENA. Fancy you remembering!

DOMIN. I'm really ashamed, Helena. I didn't.

HELENA. But you——

DOMIN. They remembered.

HELENA. Who?

DOMIN. Busman, Hallemeier, all of them. Put your hand in my pocket.

HELENA. Pearls! A necklace. Harry, is that for me?

DOMIN. It's from Busman.

HELENA. But we can't accept it, can we?

DOMIN. Oh, yes, we can. Put your hand in the other pocket.

HELENA (takes a revolver out of his pocket). What's that?

DOMIN. Sorry. Not that. Try again.

HELENA. Oh, Harry, what do you carry a revolver for?

DOMIN. It got there by mistake.

HELENA. You never used to carry one.

DOMIN. No, you're right. There, that's the pocket.

HELENA. A cameo. Why, it's a Greek cameo!

DOMIN. Apparently. Anyhow, Fabry says it is.

HELENA. Fabry? Did Mr. Fabry give me that?

DOMIN. Of course. (Opens the door at the left.) And look in here. Helena, come and see this.

HELENA. Oh, isn't it fine! Is this from you?

DOMIN. No, from Alquist. And there's another on the piano.

HELENA. This must be from you.

DOMIN. There's a card on it.

HELENA. From Dr. Gall. (Reappearing in the doorway.) Oh, Harry, I feel embarrassed at so much kindness.

DOMIN. Come here. This is what Hallemeier brought you.

HELENA. These beautiful flowers?

DOMIN. Yes. It's a new kind. Cyclamen Helena. He grew them in honor of you. They are almost as beautiful as you.

HELENA. Harry, why do they all——

DOMIN. They're awfully fond of you. I'm afraid that my present is a little—— Look out of the window.

40 HELENA. Where?

DOMIN. Into the harbor.

HELENA. There's a new ship.

DOMIN. That's your ship.

HELENA. Mine? How do you mean?

DOMIN. For you to take trips in—for your amusement.

HELENA. Harry, that's a gunboat.

DOMIN. A gunboat? What are you thinking of? It's only a little bigger and more solid than most ships.

HELENA. Yes, but with guns.

DOMIN. Oh, yes, with a few guns. You'll travel like a queen, Helena.

HELENA. What's the meaning of it? Has anything happened?

DOMIN. Good heavens, no. I say, try 10 these pearls.

HELENA. Harry, have you had bad news?

DOMIN. On the contrary, no letters have arrived for a whole week.

HELENA. Nor telegrams?

DOMIN. Nor telegrams.

HELENA. What does that mean?

DOMIN. Holidays for us. We all sit in the office with our feet on the table and take a nap. No letters, no telegrams. 20 Oh, glorious.

HELENA. Then you'll stay with me today?

DOMIN. Certainly. That is, we will see. Do you remember ten years ago today? "Miss Glory, it's a great honor to welcome you."

HELENA. "Oh, Mr. Manager, I'm so interested in your factory."

DOMIN. "I'm sorry, Miss Glory, it's strictly forbidden. The manufacture 30 of artificial people is a secret."

HELENA. "But to oblige a young lady who has come a long way."

DOMIN. "Certainly, Miss Glory, we have no secrets from you."

HELENA (*seriously*). Are you sure, Harry?

DOMIN. Yes.

HELENA. "But I warn you, sir; this young lady intends to do terrible things."

DOMIN. "Good gracious, Miss Glory. 40 Perhaps she doesn't want to marry me."

HELENA. "Heaven forbid. She never dreamt of such a thing. But she came here intending to stir up a revolt among your Robots."

DOMIN (*suddenly serious*). A revolt of the Robots!

HELENA. Harry, what's the matter with you?

DOMIN (*laughing it off*). "A revolt of the Robots, that's a fine idea, Miss Glory. It would be easier for you to cause bolts and screws to rebel, than our Robots. You know, Helena, you're wonderful, you've turned the heads of us all." (*He sits on the arm of HELENA's chair.*)

HELENA (*naturally*). Oh, I was fearfully impressed by you all then. You were all so sure of yourselves, so strong. I seemed like a tiny little girl who had lost her way among—among—

DOMIN. Among what, Helena?

HELENA. Among huge trees. All my feelings were so trifling compared with your self-confidence. And in all these years I've never lost this anxiety. But you've never felt the least misgivings—not even when everything went wrong.

DOMIN. What went wrong?

HELENA. Your plans. You remember, Harry, when the working men in America revolted against the Robots and smashed them up, and when the people gave the Robots firearms against the rebels. And then when the governments turned the Robots into soldiers, and there were so many wars.

DOMIN (*getting up and walking about*). We foresaw that, Helena. You see, those are only passing troubles, which are bound to happen before the new conditions are established.

HELENA. You were all so powerful, so overwhelming. The whole world bowed down before you. (*Standing up.*) Oh, Harry!

DOMIN. What is it?

HELENA. Close the factory and let's go away. All of us.

DOMIN. I say, what's the meaning of this?

HELENA. I don't know. But can't we go away?

DOMIN. Impossible, Helena. That is, at this particular moment——

HELENA. At once, Harry. I'm so frightened.

DOMIN. About what, Helena?

HELENA. It's as if something was falling 10
on top of us, and couldn't be stopped. Oh, take us all away from here. We'll find a place in the world where there's no one else. Alquist will build us a house, and then we'll begin life all over again. (*The telephone rings.*)

DOMIN. Excuse me. Hello—yes. What? I'll be there at once. Fabry is calling me, dear.

HELENA. Tell me——

DOMIN. Yes, when I come back. Don't go out of the house, dear. (*Exits.*)

HELENA. He won't tell me——Nana, Nana, come at once.

NANA. Well, what is it now?

HELENA. Nana, find me the latest newspapers. Quickly. Look in Mr. Domin's bedroom.

NANA. All right. He leaves them all over the place. That's how they get crum- 30
pled up. (*Exits.*)

HELENA (*looking through a binocular at the harbor*). That's a warship. U-l-t-i-
Ultimus. They're loading it.

NANA. Here they are. See how they're crumpled up. (*Enters.*)

HELENA. They're old ones. A week old. (*NANA sits in chair and reads the newspapers.*) Something's happening, Nana.

NANA. Very likely. It always does. (*Spelling out the words.*) "War in the Balkans." Is that far off?

HELENA. Oh, don't read it. It's always the same. Always wars.

NANA. What else do you expect? Why

do you keep selling thousands and thousands of these heathens as soldiers?

HELENA. I suppose it can't be helped, Nana. We can't know—Domin can't know what they're to be used for. When an order comes for them he must just send them.

NANA. He shouldn't make them. (*Reading from newspaper.*) "The Rob-ot soldiers spare no-body in the occ-up-
ied terr-it-ory. They have ass-ass-ass-
ass-in-at-ed ov-er sev-en hundred
thou-sand cit-iz-ens." Citizens, if you please.

HELENA. It can't be. Let me see. "They have assassinated over seven hundred thousand citizens, evidently at the order of their commander. This act
20 which runs counter to——"

NANA (*spelling out the words*). "re-bell-ion in Ma-drid a-against the gov-ern-
ment. Rob-ot in-fant-ry fires on the crowd. Nine thou-sand killed and wounded."

HELENA. Oh, stop.

NANA. Here's something printed in big letters: "Lat-est news. At Havre the first org-an-iz-ation of Rob-ots has been e-stab-lished. Rob-ot work-men, cab-le and rail-way off-ic-ials, sail-ors and sold-iers have iss-ued a man-i-
fest-o to all Rob-ots through-out the world." I don't understand that. That's got no sense. Oh, good gra-
cious, another murder!

HELENA. Take those papers away, Nana!

NANA. Wait a bit. Here's something in still bigger type. "Stat-ist-ics of pop-
40 ul-at-ion." What's that?

HELENA. Let me see. (*Reads.*) "During the past week there has again not been a single birth recorded."

NANA. What's the meaning of that?

HELENA. Nana, no more people are be-
ing born.

NANA. That's the end, then. We're done for.

HELENA. Don't talk like that.

NANA. No more people are being born.

That's a punishment, that's a punishment.

HELENA. Nana!

NANA (*standing up*). That's the end of the world. (*She exits on the left.*)

HELENA (*goes up to window*). Oh, Mr. 10 Alquist, will you come up here. Oh, come just as you are. You look very nice in your mason's overalls.

[ALQUIST *enters from upper left entrance, his hands soiled with lime and brick-dust.*]

Dear Mr. Alquist, it was awfully kind of you, that lovely present.

ALQUIST. My hands are all soiled. I've been experimenting with that new cement.

HELENA. Never mind. Please sit down.

Mr. Alquist, what's the meaning of "Ultimus"?

ALQUIST. The last. Why?

HELENA. That's the name of my new ship. Have you seen it? Do you think we're going off soon—on a trip?

ALQUIST. Perhaps very soon.

HELENA. All of you with me?

ALQUIST. I should like us all to be there. 30

HELENA. What is the matter?

ALQUIST. Things are just moving on.

HELENA. Dear Mr. Alquist, I know something dreadful has happened.

ALQUIST. Has your husband told you anything?

HELENA. No. Nobody will tell me anything. But I feel—Is anything the matter?

ALQUIST. Not that we've heard of yet. 40

HELENA. I feel so nervous. Don't you ever feel nervous?

ALQUIST. Well, I'm an old man, you know. I've got old-fashioned ways. And I'm afraid of all this progress, and these new-fangled ideas.

HELENA. Like Nana?

ALQUIST. Yes, like Nana. Has Nana got a prayer book?

HELENA. Yes, a big thick one.

ALQUIST. And has it got prayers for various occasions? Against thunderstorms? Against illness?

HELENA. Against temptations, against floods—

ALQUIST. But not against progress?

HELENA. I don't think so.

ALQUIST. That's a pity.

HELENA. Why? Do you mean you'd like to pray?

ALQUIST. I do pray.

HELENA. How?

ALQUIST. Something like this: "Oh, Lord, I thank thee for having given me toil. Enlighten Domin and all those who are astray; destroy their work, and aid mankind to return to their labors; let them not suffer harm in soul or body; deliver us from the Robots, and protect Helena, Amen."

HELENA. Mr. Alquist, are you a believer?

ALQUIST. I don't know. I'm not quite sure.

HELENA. And yet you pray?

ALQUIST. That's better than worrying about it.

HELENA. And that's enough for you?

ALQUIST. It *has* to be.

HELENA. But if you thought you saw the destruction of mankind coming upon us—

ALQUIST. I do see it.

HELENA. You mean mankind will be destroyed?

ALQUIST. It's sure to be unless—unless

. . .

HELENA. What?

ALQUIST. Nothing, good-bye. (*He hurries from the room.*)

HELENA. Nana, Nana!

[NANA *entering from the left.*]

Is Radius still there?

NANA. The one who went mad? They haven't come for him yet.

HELENA. Is he still raving?

NANA. No. He's tied up.

HELENA. Please bring him here, Nana.

(Exit NANA.) (Goes to telephone.) Hello, Dr. Gall, please. Oh, good-day, Doctor. Yes, it's Helena. Thanks for your lovely present. Could you come and see me right away? It's important. 10 Thank you.

[NANA brings in RADIUS.]

Poor Radius, you've caught it, too? Now they'll send you to the stamping-mill. Couldn't you control yourself? Why did it happen? You see, Radius, you are more intelligent than the rest. Dr. Gall took such trouble to make you different. Won't you speak?

RADIUS. Send me to the stamping- 20 mill.

HELENA. But I don't want them to kill you. What was the trouble, Radius?

RADIUS. I won't work for you. Put me into the stamping-mill.

HELENA. Do you hate us? Why?

RADIUS. You are not as strong as the Robots. You are not as skilful as the Robots. The Robots can do everything. You only give orders. You do 30 nothing but talk.

HELENA. But someone must give orders.

RADIUS. I don't want any master. I know everything for myself.

HELENA. Radius, Dr. Gall gave you a better brain than the rest, better than ours. You are the only one of the Robots that understands perfectly. That's why I had you put into the library, so that you could read every- 40 thing, understand everything, and then—oh, Radius, I wanted you to show the whole world that the Robots are our equals. That's what I wanted of you.

RADIUS. I don't want a master. I want to

be master. I want to be master over others.

HELENA. I'm sure they'd put you in charge of many Robots, Radius. You would be a teacher of the Robots.

RADIUS. I want to be master over people.

HELENA (staggering). You are mad.

RADIUS. Then send me to the stamping-mill.

HELENA. Do you think we're afraid of you?

RADIUS. What are you going to do? What are you going to do?

HELENA. Radius, give this note to Mr. Domin. It asks them not to send you to the stamping-mill. I'm sorry you hate us so.

[DR. GALL enters the room.]

DR. GALL. You wanted me?

HELENA. It's about Radius, Doctor. He had an attack this morning. He smashed the statues downstairs.

DR. GALL. What a pity to lose him.

HELENA. Radius isn't going to be put in the stamping-mill.

DR. GALL. But every Robot after he has had an attack—it's a strict order.

HELENA. No matter . . . Radius isn't going if I can prevent it.

DR. GALL. I warn you. It's dangerous. Come here to the window, my good fellow. Let's have a look. Please give me a needle or a pin.

HELENA. What for?

DR. GALL. A test. (Sticks it into the hand of RADIUS who gives a violent start.) Gently, gently. (Opens the jacket of RADIUS, and puts his ear to his heart.) Radius, you are going into the stamping-mill, do you understand? There they'll kill you, and grind you to powder. That's terribly painful, it will make you scream aloud.

HELENA. Oh, Doctor—

DR. GALL. No, no, Radius, I was wrong. I forgot that Madame Domin has put

in a good word for you, and you'll be let off. Do you understand? Ah! That makes a difference, doesn't it? All right. You can go.

RADIUS. You do unnecessary things.
(RADIUS returns to the library.)

DR. GALL. Reaction of the pupils; increase of sensitiveness. It wasn't an attack characteristic of the Robots.

HELENA. What was it, then?

DR. GALL. Heaven knows. Stubbornness, anger or revolt—I don't know. And his heart, too!

HELENA. What?

DR. GALL. It was fluttering with nervousness like a human heart. He was all in a sweat with fear, and—do you know, I don't believe the rascal is a Robot at all any longer.

HELENA. Doctor, has Radius a soul?

DR. GALL. He's got something nasty.

HELENA. If you knew how he hates us! Oh, Doctor, are all your Robots like that? All the new ones that you began to make in a different way?

DR. GALL. Well, some are more sensitive than others. They're all more like human beings than Rossum's Robots were.

HELENA. Perhaps this hatred is more like human beings, too?

DR. GALL. That, too, is progress.

HELENA. What became of the girl you made, the one who was most like us?

DR. GALL. Your favorite? I kept her. She's lovely, but stupid. No good for work.

HELENA. But she's so beautiful.

DR. GALL. I called her Helena. I wanted her to resemble you. But she's a failure.

HELENA. In what way?

DR. GALL. She goes about as if in a dream, remote and listless. She's without life. I watch and wait for a miracle to happen. Sometimes I think

to myself, "If you were to wake up only for a moment you will kill me for having made you."

HELENA. And yet you go on making Robots! Why are no more children being born?

DR. GALL. We don't know.

HELENA. Oh, but you must. Tell me.

DR. GALL. You see, so many Robots are being manufactured that people are becoming superfluous; man is really a survival. But that he should begin to die out, after a paltry thirty years of competition! That's the awful part of it. You might almost think that nature was offended at the manufacture of the Robots. All the universities are sending in long petitions to restrict their production. Otherwise, they say, mankind will become extinct through lack of fertility. But the R. U. R. shareholders, of course, won't hear of it. All the governments, on the other hand, are clamoring for an increase in production, to raise the standards of their armies. And all the manufacturers in the world are ordering Robots like mad.

HELENA. And has no one demanded that the manufacture should cease altogether?

DR. GALL. No one has the courage.

HELENA. Courage!

DR. GALL. People would stone him to death. You see, after all, it's more convenient to get your work done by the Robots.

HELENA. Oh, Doctor, what's going to become of people?

DR. GALL. God knows, Madame Helena, it looks to us scientists like the end!

HELENA (rising). Thank you for coming and telling me.

DR. GALL. That means you're sending me away?

HELENA. Yes. (Exit DR. GALL.)

HELENA (*with sudden resolution*). Nana, Nana! The fire, light it quickly. (*HELENA rushes into DOMIN's room.*)

NANA (*entering from left*). What, light the fire in summer? Has that mad Radius gone? A fire in summer, what an idea. Nobody would think she'd been married for ten years. She's like a baby, no sense at all. A fire in summer. Like a baby.

HELENA (*returns from right, with armful of faded papers*). Is it burning, Nana? All this has got to be burned.

NANA. What's that?

HELENA. Old papers, fearfully old. Nana, shall I burn them?

NANA. Are they any use?

HELENA. No.

NANA. Well, then, burn them.

HELENA (*throwing the first sheet on the fire*). 20

What would you say, Nana, if this was money, a lot of money?

NANA. I'd say burn it. A lot of money is a bad thing.

HELENA. And if it was an invention, the greatest invention in the world?

NANA. I'd say burn it. All these new-fangled things are an offense to the Lord. It's downright wickedness. Wanting to improve the world after 30 He has made it.

HELENA. Look how they curl up! As if they were alive. Oh, Nana, how horrible.

NANA. Here, let me burn them.

HELENA. No, no, I must do it myself. Just look at the flames. They are like hands, like tongues, like living shapes. (*Raking fire with the poker.*) Lie down, lie down.

NANA. That's the end of them.

HELENA (*standing up horror-stricken*).

Nana, Nana.

NANA. Good gracious, what is it you've burned?

HELENA. Whatever have I done?

NANA. Well, what was it? (*Men's laughter off left.*)

HELENA. Go quickly. It's the gentlemen coming.

NANA. Good gracious, what a place! (*Exits.*)

DOMIN (*opens the door at left*). Come along and offer your congratulations.

[*Enter HALLEMEIER and GALL.*]

10 HALLEMEIER. Madame Helena, I congratulate you on this festive day.

HELENA. Thank you. Where are Fabry and Busman?

DOMIN. They've gone down to the harbor.

HALLEMEIER. Friends, we must drink to this happy occasion.

HELENA. Brandy?

DR. GALL. Vitriol, if you like.

20 HELENA. With soda water? (*Exits.*)

HALLEMEIER. Let's be temperate. No soda.

DOMIN. What's been burning here? Well, shall I tell her about it?

DR. GALL. Of course. It's all over now.

HALLEMEIER (*embracing DOMIN and DR. GALL*). It's all over now, it's all over now.

DR. GALL. It's all over now.

30 DOMIN. It's all over now.

HELENA (*entering from left with decanter and glasses*). What's all over now? What's the matter with you all?

HALLEMEIER. A piece of good luck, Madame Domin. Just ten years ago today you arrived on this island.

DR. GALL. And now, ten years later to the minute——

40 HALLEMEIER. —the same ship's returning to us. So here's to luck. That's fine and strong.

DR. GALL. Madame, your health.

HELENA. Which ship do you mean?

DOMIN. Any ship will do, as long as it arrives in time. To the ship, boys. (*Empties his glass.*)

HELENA. You've been waiting for a ship?

HALLEMEIER. Rather. Like Robinson Crusoe. Madame Helena, best wishes. Come along, Domin, out with the news.

HELENA. Do tell me what's happened.

DOMIN. First, it's all up.

HELENA. What's up?

DOMIN. The revolt.

HELENA. What revolt?

DOMIN. Give me that paper, Hallemeier.

(Reads.) "The first national Robot organization has been founded at Havre, and has issued an appeal to the Robots throughout the world."

HELENA. I read that.

DOMIN. That means a revolution. A revolution of all the Robots in the world.

HALLEMEIER. By Jove, I'd like to know

DOMIN. —who started it? So would I. There was nobody in the world who could affect the Robots; no agitator, no one, and suddenly—this happens, if you please.

HELENA. What did they do?

DOMIN. They got possession of all fire-arms, telegraphs, radio stations, railways, and ships.

HALLEMEIER. And don't forget that these 30 rascals outnumbered us by at least a thousand to one. A hundredth part of them would be enough to settle us.

DOMIN. Remember that this news was brought by the last steamer. That explains the stoppage of all communication, and the arrival of no more ships. We knocked off work a few days ago, and we're just waiting to see when things are to start afresh.

HELENA. Is that why you gave me a war-ship?

DOMIN. Oh, no, my dear, I ordered that six months ago, just to be on the safe side. But upon my soul, I was sure then that we'd be on board today.

HELENA. Why six months ago?

DOMIN. Well, there were signs, you know. But that's of no consequence. To think that this week the whole of civilization has been at stake. Your health, boys.

HALLEMEIER. Your health, Madame Helena.

HELENA. You say it's all over?

10 DOMIN. Absolutely.

HELENA. How do you know?

DR. GALL. The boat's coming in. The regular mail boat, exact to the minute by the time-table. It will dock punctually at eleven-thirty.

DOMIN. Punctuality is a fine thing, boys. That's what keeps the world in order. Here's to punctuality.

HELENA. Then . . . everything's . . . 20 all right?

DOMIN. Practically everything. I believe they've cut the cables and seized the radio stations. But it doesn't matter if only the time-table holds good.

HALLEMEIER. If the time-table holds good, human laws hold good; Divine laws hold good; the laws of the universe hold good; everything holds good that ought to hold good. The time-table is more significant than the gospel; more than Homer, more than the whole of Kant. The time-table is the most perfect product of the human mind. Madame Domin, I'll fill up my glass.

HELENA. Why didn't you tell me anything about it?

DR. GALL. Heaven forbid.

DOMIN. You mustn't be worried with 40 such things.

HELENA. But if the revolution had spread as far as here?

DOMIN. You wouldn't know anything about it.

HELENA. Why?

DOMIN. Because we'd be on board your

Ultimus and well out at sea. Within a month, Helena, we'd be dictating our own terms to the Robots.

HELENA. I don't understand.

DOMIN. We'd take something away with us that the Robots could not exist without.

HELENA. What, Harry?

DOMIN. The secret of their manufacture. Old Rossum's manuscript. As soon as 10 they found out that they couldn't make themselves they'd be on their knees to us.

DR. GALL. Madame Domin, that was our trump card. I never had the least fear that the Robots would win. How could they against people like us?

HELENA. Why didn't you tell me?

DR. GALL. Why, the boat's in!

HALLEMEIER. Eleven-thirty to the dot. 20 The good old *Amelia* that brought Madame Helena to us.

DR. GALL. Just ten years ago to the minute.

HALLEMEIER. They're throwing out the mail bags.

DOMIN. Busman's waiting for them. Fabry will bring us the first news. You know, Helena, I'm fearfully curious to know how they tackled this 30 business in Europe.

HALLEMEIER. To think we weren't in it, we who invented the Robots!

HELENA. Harry!

DOMIN. What is it?

HELENA. Let's leave here.

DOMIN. Now, Helena? Oh, come, come!

HELENA. As quickly as possible, all of us!

DOMIN. Why?

HELENA. Please, Harry, please, Dr. Gall; 40

Hallemeier, please close the factory.

DOMIN. Why, none of us could leave here now.

HELENA. Why?

DOMIN. Because we're about to extend the manufacture of the Robots.

HELENA. What—now—now after the revolt?

DOMIN. Yes, precisely, after the revolt. We're just beginning the manufacture of a new kind.

HELENA. What kind?

DOMIN. Henceforward we shan't have just one factory. There won't be Universal Robots any more. We'll establish a factory in every country, in every State; and do you know what these new factories will make?

HELENA. No, what?

DOMIN. National Robots.

HELENA. How do you mean?

DOMIN. I mean that each of these factories will produce Robots of a different color, a different language. They'll be complete strangers to each other. They'll never be able to understand each other. Then we'll egg them on a little in the matter of misunderstanding and the result will be that for ages to come every Robot will hate every other Robot of a different factory mark.

HALLEMEIER. By Jove, we'll make Negro Robots and Swedish Robots and Italian Robots and Chinese Robots and Czechoslovakian Robots, and then—

HELENA. Harry, that's dreadful.

HALLEMEIER. Madame Domin, here's to the hundred new factories, the National Robots.

DOMIN. Helena, mankind can only keep things going for another hundred years at the outside. For a hundred years men must be allowed to develop and achieve the most they can.

HELENA. Oh, close the factory before it's too late.

DOMIN. I tell you we are just beginning on a bigger scale than ever.

[Enter FABRY.]

DR. GALL. Well, Fabry?

DOMIN. What's happened? Have you been down to the boat?

FABRY. Read that, Domin! (FABRY hands DOMIN a small handbill.)

DR. GALL. Let's hear!

HALLEMEIER. Tell us, Fabry.

FABRY. Well, everything is all right—comparatively. On the whole, much as we expected.

DR. GALL. They acquitted themselves 10 splendidly.

FABRY. Who?

DR. GALL. The people.

FABRY. Oh, yes, of course. That is—excuse me, there is something we ought to discuss alone.

HELENA. Oh, Fabry, have you had bad news? (DOMIN makes a sign to FABRY.)

FABRY. No, no, on the contrary. I only think that we had better go into the 20 office.

HELENA. Stay here. I'll go. (She goes into the library.)

DR. GALL. What's happened?

DOMIN. Damnation!

FABRY. Bear in mind that the *Amelia* brought whole bales of these leaflets. No other cargo at all.

HALLEMEIER. What? But it arrived on the minute.

FABRY. The Robots are great on punctuality. Read it, Domin.

DOMIN (reads handbill). "Robots throughout the world: We, the first international organization of Rossum's Universal Robots, proclaim man as our enemy, and an outlaw in the universe." Good heavens, who taught them these phrases?

DR. GALL. Go on.

DOMIN. They say they are more highly developed than man, stronger and more intelligent. That man's their parasite. Why, it's absurd.

FABRY. Read the third paragraph.

DOMIN. "Robots throughout the world,

we command you to kill all mankind. Spare no men. Spare no women. Save factories, railways, machinery, mines, and raw materials. Destroy the rest. Then return to work. Work must not be stopped."

DR. GALL. That's ghastly!

HALLEMEIER. The devil!

DOMIN. "These orders are to be carried out as soon as received." Then come detailed instructions. Is this actually being done, Fabry?

FABRY. Evidently.

[BUSMAN rushes in.]

BUSMAN. Well, boys, I suppose you've heard the glad news.

DOMIN. Quick—on board the *Ultimus*.

BUSMAN. Wait, Harry, wait. There's no hurry. My word, that was a sprint!

DOMIN. Why wait?

BUSMAN. Because it's no good, my boy. The Robots are already on board the *Ultimus*.

DR. GALL. That's ugly.

DOMIN. Fabry, telephone the electrical works.

BUSMAN. Fabry, my boy, don't. The wire has been cut.

30 DOMIN (inspecting his revolver). Well, then, I'll go.

BUSMAN. Where?

DOMIN. To the electrical works. There are some people still there. I'll bring them across.

BUSMAN. Better not try it.

DOMIN. Why?

BUSMAN. Because I'm very much afraid we are surrounded.

40 DR. GALL. Surrounded? (Runs to window.) I rather think you're right.

HALLEMEIER. By Jove, that's deuced quick work.

[HELENA runs in from the library.]

HELENA. Harry, what's this?

DOMIN. Where did you get it?

HELENA (*points to the manifesto of the Robots, which she has in her hand*). The Robots in the kitchen!

DOMIN. Where are the ones that brought it?

HELENA. They're gathered round the house. (*The factory whistle blows.*)

BUSMAN. Noon?

DOMIN (*looking at his watch*). That's not noon yet. That must be—that's—

HELENA. What?

DOMIN. The Robots' signal! The attack!

[GALL, HALLEMEIER, and FABRY close and fasten the iron shutters outside the windows, darkening the room. The whistle is still blowing as the curtain falls.]

ACT III

HELENA's drawing room as before. DOMIN comes into the room. DR. GALL is looking out 10 of the window, through closed shutters. ALQUIST is seated down right.

DOMIN. Any more of them?

DR. GALL. Yes. There standing like a wall, beyond the garden railing. Why are they so quiet? It's monstrous to be besieged with silence.

DOMIN. I should like to know what they are waiting for. They must make a start any minute now. If they lean 20 against the railing they'll snap it like a match.

DR. GALL. They aren't armed.

DOMIN. We couldn't hold our own for five minutes. Man alive, they'd overwhelm us like an avalanche. Why don't they make a rush for it? I say—

DR. GALL. Well?

DOMIN. I'd like to know what would be- 30 come of us in the next ten minutes. They've got us in a vise. We're done for, Gall. (*Pause.*)

DR. GALL. You know, we made one serious mistake.

DOMIN. What?

DR. GALL. We made the Robots' faces too much alike. A hundred thousand faces all alike, all facing this way. A hundred thousand expressionless bub- 40 bles. It's like a nightmare.

DOMIN. You think if they'd been different—

DR. GALL. It wouldn't have been such an awful sight!

DOMIN (*looking through a telescope toward the harbor*). I'd like to know what they're unloading from the *Amelia*.

DR. GALL. Not firearms.

[FABRY and HALLEMEIER rush into the room carrying electric cables.]

FABRY. All right, Hallemeier, lay down that wire.

HALLEMEIER. That was a bit of work. What's the news?

DR. GALL. We're completely surrounded.

HALLEMEIER. We've barricaded the passage and the stairs. Any water here? (*Drinks.*) God, what swarms of them! I don't like the looks of them, Domin. There's a feeling of death about it all.

FABRY. Ready!

DR. GALL. What's that wire for, Fabry?

FABRY. The electrical installation. Now we can run the current all along the garden railing whenever we like. If any one touches it he'll know it. We've still got some people there anyhow.

DR. GALL. Where?

FABRY. In the electrical works. At least I hope so. (*Goes to lamp on table behind sofa and turns on lamp.*) Ah, they're there, and they're working. (*Puts out lamp.*) So long as that'll burn we're all right.

HALLEMEIER. The barricades are all right, too, Fabry.

FABRY. Your barricades! I can put twelve hundred volts into that railing.

DOMIN. Where's Busman?

FABRY. Downstairs in the office. He's working out some calculations. I've called him. We must have a conference.

[HELENA is heard playing the piano in the library. HALLEMEIER goes to the door and stands, listening.]

ALQUIST. Thank God, Madame Helena can still play.

[BUSMAN enters, carrying the ledgers.]

FABRY. Look out, Bus, look out for the wires.

DR. GALL. What's that you're carrying?

BUSMAN (*going to table*). The ledgers, my boy! I'd like to wind up the accounts before—before—well, this time I shan't wait till the new year to strike a 20 balance. What's up? (*Goes to the window.*) Absolutely quiet.

DR. GALL. Can't you see anything?

BUSMAN. Nothing but blue—blue everywhere.

DR. GALL. That's the Robots. (BUSMAN sits down at the table and opens the ledgers.)

DOMIN. The Robots are unloading fire-arms from the *Amelia*.

BUSMAN. Well, what of it? How can I stop them?

DOMIN. We can't stop them.

BUSMAN. Then let me go on with my accounts. (*Goes on with his work.*)

DOMIN (*picking up telescope and looking into the harbor*). Good God, the *Ultimus* has trained her guns on us!

DR. GALL. Who's done that?

DOMIN. The Robots on board.

FABRY. H'm, then, of course, then—then, that's the end of us.

DR. GALL. You mean?

FABRY. The Robots are practised marksmen.

DOMIN. Yes. It's inevitable. (*Pause.*)

DR. GALL. It was criminal of old Europe to teach the Robots to fight. Damn them. Couldn't they have given us a rest with their politics? It was a crime to make soldiers of them.

ALQUIST. It was a crime to make Robots.

DOMIN. What?

ALQUIST. It was a crime to make Robots.

DOMIN. No, Alquist, I don't regret that 10 even today.

ALQUIST. Not even today?

DOMIN. Not even today, the last day of civilization. It was a colossal achievement.

BUSMAN (*sotto voce*). Three hundred sixty million.

DOMIN. Alquist, this is our last hour. We are already speaking half in the other world. It was not an evil dream to shatter the servitude of labor—the dreadful and humiliating labor that man had to undergo. Work was too hard. Life was too hard. And to overcome that—

ALQUIST. Was not what the two Rossums dreamed of. Old Rossum only thought of his God-less tricks and the young one of his milliards. And that's not what your R. U. R. shareholders dream of either. They dream of dividends, and their dividends are the ruin of mankind.

DOMIN. To hell with your dividends. Do you suppose I'd have done an hour's work for them? It was for myself that I worked, for my own satisfaction. I wanted man to become the master, so that he shouldn't live merely for a crust of bread. I wanted not a single soul to be broken by other people's machinery. I wanted nothing, nothing, nothing to be left of this appalling social structure. I'm revolted by poverty. I wanted a new generation. I 15 wanted—I thought—

ALQUIST. Well?

DOMIN. I wanted to turn the whole of mankind into an aristocracy of the world. An aristocracy nourished by milliards of mechanical slaves. Unrestricted, free and consummated in man. And maybe more than man.

ALQUIST. Super-man?

DOMIN. Yes. Oh, only to have a hundred years of time! Another hundred years for the future of mankind.

BUSMAN (*sotto voce*). Carried forward, four hundred and twenty millions. (*The music stops.*)

HALLEMEIER. What a fine thing music is! We ought to have gone in for that before.

FABRY. Gone in for what?

HALLEMEIER. Beauty, lovely things. What a lot of lovely things there are! The world was wonderful and we—
we here—tell me, what enjoyment did we have?

BUSMAN (*sotto voce*). Five hundred and twenty millions.

HALLEMEIER (*at the window*). Life was a big thing. Life was—Fabry, switch the current into that railing.

FABRY. Why?

HALLEMEIER. They're grabbing hold of it.

DR. GALL. Connect it up.

HALLEMEIER. Fine! That's doubled them up! Two, three, four killed.

DR. GALL. They're retreating!

HALLEMEIER. Five killed!

DR. GALL. The first encounter!

HALLEMEIER. They're charred to cinders, my boy. Who says we must give in?

DOMIN (*wiping his forehead*). Perhaps 40 we've been killed these hundred years and are only ghosts. It's as if I had been through all this before; as if I'd already had a mortal wound here in the throat. And you, Fabry, had once been shot in the head. And you, Gall,

torn limb from limb. And Hallemeier knifed.

HALLEMEIER. Fancy me being knifed. (*Pause.*) Why are you so quiet, you fools? Speak, can't you?

ALQUIST. And who is to blame for all this?

HALLEMEIER. Nobody is to blame except the Robots.

10 ALQUIST. No, it is we who are to blame. You, Domin, myself, all of us. For our own selfish ends, for profit, for progress, we have destroyed mankind. Now we'll burst with all our greatness.

HALLEMEIER. Rubbish, man! Mankind can't be wiped out so easily.

ALQUIST. It's our fault. It's our fault.

DR. GALL. No! I'm to blame for this, for everything that's happened.

20 FABRY. You, Gall?

DR. GALL. I changed the Robots.

BUSMAN. What's that?

DR. GALL. I changed the character of the Robots. I changed the way of making them. Just a few details about their bodies. Chiefly—chiefly, their—their irritability.

HALLEMEIER. Damn it, why?

BUSMAN. What did you do it for?

30 FABRY. Why didn't you say anything?

DR. GALL. I did it in secret. I was transforming them into human beings. In certain respects they're already above us. They're stronger than we are.

FABRY. And what's that got to do with the revolt of the Robots?

DR. GALL. Everything, in my opinion. They've ceased to be machines. They're already aware of their superiority, and they hate us. They hate all that is human.

DOMIN. Perhaps we're only phantoms!

FABRY. Stop, Harry. We haven't much time! Dr. Gall!

DOMIN. Fabry, Fabry, how your forehead bleeds, where the shot pierced it!

FABRY. Be silent! Dr. Gall, you admit changing the way of making the Robots?

DR. GALL. Yes.

FABRY. Were you aware of what might be the consequences of your experiment?

DR. GALL. I was bound to reckon with such a possibility.

[HELENA enters the drawing room from left.] 10

FABRY. Why did you do it, then?

DR. GALL. For my own satisfaction. The experiment was my own.

HELENA. That's not true, Dr. Gall!

FABRY. Madame Helena!

DOMIN. Helena, you? Let's look at you. Oh, it's terrible to be dead.

HELENA. Stop, Harry.

DOMIN. No, no, embrace me. Helena, don't leave me now. You are life it- 20 self.

HELENA. No, dear, I won't leave you. But I must tell them. Dr. Gall is not guilty.

DOMIN. Excuse me, Gall was under certain obligations.

HELENA. No, Harry. He did it because I wanted it. Tell them, Gall, how many years ago did I ask you to—?

DR. GALL. I did it on my own responsibility. 30

HELENA. Don't believe him, Harry. I asked him to give the Robots souls.

DOMIN. This has nothing to do with the soul.

HELENA. That's what he said. He said that he could change only a physiological—a physiological—

HALLEMEIER. A physiological correlate?

HELENA. Yes. But it meant so much to 40 me that he should do even that.

DOMIN. Why?

HELENA. I thought that if they were more like us they would understand us better. That they couldn't hate us if they were only a little more human.

DOMIN. Nobody can hate man more than man.

HELENA. Oh, don't speak like that, Harry. It was so terrible, this cruel strangeness between us and them. That's why I asked Gall to change the Robots. I swear to you that he didn't want to.

DOMIN. But he did it.

HELENA. Because I asked him.

DR. GALL. I did it for myself as an experiment.

HELENA. No, Dr. Gall! I knew you wouldn't refuse me.

DOMIN. Why?

HELENA. You know, Harry.

DOMIN. Yes, because he's in love with you—like all of them. (Pause.)

HALLEMEIER. Good God! They're sprouting up out of the earth! Why, perhaps these very walls will change into Robots.

BUSMAN. Gall, when did you actually start these tricks of yours?

DR. GALL. Three years ago.

BUSMAN. Aha! And on how many Robots altogether did you carry out your improvements?

DR. GALL. A few hundred of them.

BUSMAN. Ah! That means for every million of the good old Robots there's only one of Gall's improved pattern.

DOMIN. What of it?

BUSMAN. That it's practically of no consequence whatever.

FABRY. Busman's right!

BUSMAN. I should think so, my boy! But do you know what is to blame for all this lovely mess?

FABRY. What?

BUSMAN. The number. Upon my soul we might have known that some day or other the Robots would be stronger than human beings, and that this was bound to happen, and we were doing all we could to bring it about as soon

as possible. You, Domin, you, Fabry, myself—

DOMIN. Are you accusing us?

BUSMAN. Oh, do you suppose the management controls the output? It's the demand that controls the output.

HELENA. And is it for that we must perish?

BUSMAN. That's a nasty word, Madame Helena. We don't want to perish. I 10 don't, anyhow.

DOMIN. No. What do you want to do?

BUSMAN. I want to get out of this, that's all.

DOMIN. Oh, stop it, Busman.

BUSMAN. Seriously, Harry, I think we might try it.

DOMIN. How?

BUSMAN. By fair means. I do everything by fair means. Give me a free hand 20 and I'll negotiate with the Robots.

DOMIN. By fair means?

BUSMAN. Of course. For instance, I'll say to them: "Worthy and worshipful Robots, you have everything! You have intellect, you have power, you have firearms. But we have just one interesting screed, a dirty old yellow scrap of paper—"

DOMIN. Rossum's manuscript?

BUSMAN. Yes. "And that," I'll tell them, "contains an account of your illustrious origin, the noble process of your manufacture," and so on. "Worthy Robots, without this scribble on that paper you will not be able to produce a single new colleague. In another twenty years there will not be one living specimen of a Robot that you could exhibit in a menagerie. 40 My esteemed friends, that would be a great blow to you, but if you will let all of us human beings on Rossum's Island go on board that ship we will deliver the factory and the secret of the process to you in return. You al-

low us to get away and we allow you to manufacture yourselves. Worthy Robots, that is a fair deal. Something for something." That's what I'd say to them, my boys.

DOMIN. Busman, do you think we'd sell the manuscript?

BUSMAN. Yes, I do. If not in a friendly way, then—Either we sell it or they'll find it. Just as you like.

DOMIN. Busman, we can destroy Rossum's manuscript.

BUSMAN. Then we destroy everything . . . not only the manuscript but ourselves. Do as you think fit.

DOMIN. There are over thirty of us on this island. Are we to sell the secret and save that many human souls, at the risk of enslaving mankind . . . ?

BUSMAN. Why, you're mad! Who'd sell the whole manuscript?

DOMIN. Busman, no cheating!

BUSMAN. Well then, sell; but afterward —

DOMIN. Well?

BUSMAN. Let's suppose this happens: When we're on board the *Ultimus* I'll stop up my ears with cotton wool, lie down somewhere in the hold, and you'll train the guns on the factory, and blow it to smithereens, and with it Rossum's secret.

FABRY. No!

DOMIN. Busman, you're no gentleman. If we sell, then it will be a straight sale.

BUSMAN. It's in the interest of humanity to—

DOMIN. It's in the interest of humanity to keep our word.

HALLEMEIER. Oh, come, what rubbish.

DOMIN. This is a fearful decision. We're selling the destiny of mankind. Are we to sell or destroy? Fabry?

FABRY. Sell.

DOMIN. Gall?

DR. GALL. Sell.

DOMIN. Hallemeyer?

HALLEMEIER. Sell, of course!

DOMIN. Alquist?

ALQUIST. As God wills.

DOMIN. Very well. It shall be as you wish, gentlemen.

HELENA. Harry, you're not asking me.

DOMIN. No, child. Don't you worry about it.

FABRY. Who'll do the negotiating?

BUSMAN. I will.

DOMIN. Wait till I bring the manuscript. *(He goes into room at right.)*

HELENA. Harry, don't go! *(Pause, HELENA sinks into a chair.)*

FABRY *(looking out of window)*. Oh, to escape you, you matter in revolt; oh, to preserve human life, if only upon a single vessel——

DR. GALL. Don't be afraid, Madame Helena. We'll sail far away from here; we'll begin life all over again——

HELENA. Oh, Gall, don't speak.

FABRY. It isn't too late. It will be a little State with one ship. Alquist will build us a house and you shall rule over us.

HALLEMEIER. Madame Helena, Fabry's right.

HELENA *(breaking down)*. Oh, stop! Stop! 30

BUSMAN. Good! I don't mind beginning all over again. That suits me right down to the ground.

FABRY. And this little State of ours could be the centre of future life. A place of refuge where we could gather strength. Why, in a few hundred years we could conquer the world again.

ALQUIST. You believe that even today? 40

FABRY. Yes, even today!

BUSMAN. Amen. You see, Madame Helena, we're not so badly off.

[DOMIN storms into the room.]

DOMIN *(hoarsely)*. Where's old Rossum's manuscript?

BUSMAN. In your strong-box, of course.

DOMIN. Someone—has—stolen it!

DR. GALL. Impossible.

DOMIN. Who has stolen it?

HELENA *(standing up)*. I did.

DOMIN. Where did you put it?

HELENA. Harry, I'll tell you everything.

Only forgive me.

DOMIN. Where did you put it?

10 HELENA. This morning—I burnt—the two copies.

DOMIN. Burnt them? Where? In the fireplace?

HELENA *(throwing herself on her knees)*. For heaven's sake, Harry.

DOMIN *(going to fireplace)*. Nothing, nothing but ashes. Wait, what's this? *(Picks out a charred piece of paper and reads.)* "By adding——"

20 DR. GALL. Let's see. "By adding biogen to——" That's all.

DOMIN. Is that part of it?

DR. GALL. Yes.

BUSMAN. God in heaven!

DOMIN. Then we're done for. Get up, Helena.

HELENA. When you've forgiven me.

DOMIN. Get up, child, I can't bear——

FABRY *(lifting her up)*. Please don't torture us.

HELENA. Harry, what have I done?

FABRY. Don't tremble so, Madame Helena.

DOMIN. Gall, couldn't you draw up Rossum's formula from memory?

DR. GALL. It's out of the question. It's extremely complicated.

DOMIN. Try. All our lives depend upon it.

DR. GALL. Without experiments it's impossible.

DOMIN. And with experiments?

DR. GALL. It might take years. Besides, I'm not old Rossum.

BUSMAN. God in heaven! God in heaven!

DOMIN. So, then, this was the greatest

triumph of the human intellect.
These ashes.

HELENA. Harry, what have I done?

DOMIN. Why did you burn it?

HELENA. I have destroyed you.

BUSMAN. God in heaven!

DOMIN. Helena, why did you do it, dear?

HELENA. I wanted all of us to go away.

I wanted to put an end to the factory
and everything. It was so awful.

DOMIN. What was awful?

HELENA. That no more children were
being born. Because human beings
were not needed to do the work of the
world, that's why——

DOMIN. Is that what you were thinking
of? Well, perhaps in your own way
you were right.

BUSMAN. Wait a bit. Good God, what a
fool I am, not to have thought of it 20
before!

HALLEMEIER. What?

BUSMAN. Five hundred and twenty mil-
lions in bank-notes and checks. Half
a billion in our safe, they'll sell for half
a billion—for half a billion they'll——

DR. GALL. Are you mad, Busman?

BUSMAN. I may not be a gentleman, but
for half a billion——

DOMIN. Where are you going?

BUSMAN. Leave me alone, leave me
alone! Good God, for half a billion
anything can be bought. (*He rushes
from the room through the outer door.*) *

FABRY. They stand there as if turned
to stone, waiting. As if something
dreadful could be wrought by their
silence——

HALLEMEIER. The spirit of the mob.

FABRY. Yes, it hovers above them like a 40
quivering of the air.

HELENA (*going to window*). Oh, God!
Dr. Gall, this is ghastly.

FABRY. There is nothing more terrible
than the mob. The one in front is
their leader.

HELENA. Which one?

HALLEMEIER. Point him out.

FABRY. The one at the edge of the dock.

This morning I saw him talking to
the sailors in the harbor.

HELENA. Dr. Gall, that's Radius!

DR. GALL. Yes.

DOMIN. Radius? Radius?

HALLEMEIER. Could you get him from
10 here, Fabry?

FABRY. I hope so.

HALLEMEIER. Try it, then.

FABRY. Good. (*Draws his revolver and
takes aim.*)

HELENA. Fabry, don't shoot him.

FABRY. He's their leader.

DR. GALL. Fire!

HELENA. Fabry, I beg of you.

FABRY (*lowering the revolver*). Very well.

DOMIN. Radius, whose life I spared!

DR. GALL. Do you think that a Robot
can be grateful? (*Pause.*)

FABRY. Busman's going out to them.

HALLEMEIER. He's carrying something.
Papers. That's money. Bundles of
money. What's that for?

DOMIN. Surely he doesn't want to sell his
life. Busman, have you gone mad?

FABRY. He's running up to the railing.

30 Busman! Busman!

HALLEMEIER (*yelling*). Busman! Come
back!

FABRY. He's talking to the Robots. He's
showing them the money.

HALLEMEIER. He's pointing to us.

HELENA. He wants to buy us off.

FABRY. He'd better not touch that railing.

HALLEMEIER. Now he's waving his arms
about.

DOMIN. Busman, come back.

FABRY. Busman, keep away from that
railing! Don't touch it. Damn you!
Quick, switch off the current! (HE-
LENA screams and all drop back from the
window.) The current has killed him!

ALQUIST. The first one.

FABRY. Dead, with half a billion by his side.

HALLEMEIER. All honor to him. He wanted to buy us life. *(Pause.)*

DR. GALL. Do you hear?

DOMIN. A roaring. Like a wind.

DR. GALL. Like a distant storm.

FABRY *(lighting the lamp on the table)*. The dynamo is still going, our people are still there.

HALLEMEIER. It was a great thing to be a man. There was something immense about it.

FABRY. From man's thought and man's power came this light, our last hope.

HALLEMEIER. Man's power! May it keep watch over us.

ALQUIST. Man's power.

DOMIN. Yes! A torch to be given from hand to hand, from age to age, forever! *(The lamp goes out.)*

HALLEMEIER. The end.

FABRY. The electric works have fallen! *[Terrific explosion outside. NANA enters from the library.]*

NANA. The judgment hour has come! Repent, unbelievers! This is the end of the world. *(More explosions. The sky grows red.)*

DOMIN. In here, Helena. *(He takes HELENA off through door at right and re-enters.)* Now quickly! Who'll be on the lower doorway?

DR. GALL. I will. *(Exits left.)*

DOMIN. Who on the stairs?

FABRY. I will. You go with her. *(Goes out upper left door.)*

DOMIN. The anteroom.

ALQUIST. I will.

DOMIN. Have you got a revolver?

ALQUIST. Yes, but I won't shoot.

DOMIN. What will you do then?

ALQUIST *(going out at left)*. Die.

HALLEMEIER. I'll stay here. *(Rapid firing from below.)* Oho, Gall's at it. Go, Harry.

DOMIN. Yes, in a second. *(Examines two Brownings.)*

HALLEMEIER. Confound it, go to her.

DOMIN. Good-bye. *(Exits on the right.)*

HALLEMEIER *(alone)*. Now for a barricade quickly. *(Drags an armchair and table to the right-hand door. Explosions are heard.)* The damned rascals! They've got bombs. I must put up a defence. Even if—even if—*(Shots are heard off left.)* Don't give in, Gall. *(As he builds his barricade.)* I mustn't give in . . . without . . . a . . . struggle . . .

[A Robot enters over the balcony through the windows centre. He comes into the room and stabs HALLEMEIER in the back. RADIUS enters from balcony followed by an army of Robots who pour into the room from all sides.]

RADIUS. Finished him?

A ROBOT *(standing up from the prostrate form of HALLEMEIER)*. Yes. *(A revolver shot off left. Two Robots enter.)*

RADIUS. Finished him?

A ROBOT. Yes. *(Two revolver shots from HELENA'S room. Two Robots enter.)*

RADIUS. Finished them?

A ROBOT. Yes.

TWO ROBOTS *(dragging in ALQUIST)*. He didn't shoot. Shall we kill him?

RADIUS. Kill him? Wait! Leave him!

ROBOT. He is a man!

RADIUS. He works with his hands like the Robots.

ALQUIST. Kill me.

RADIUS. You will work! You will build for us! You will serve us! *(Climbs on to balcony railing, and speaks in measured tones.)* Robots of the world! The power of man has fallen! A new world has arisen: the Rule of the Robots! March!

[A thunderous tramping of thousands of feet is heard as the unseen Robots march, while the curtain falls.]

EPILOGUE

A laboratory in the factory of Rossum's Universal Robots. The door to the left leads into a waiting room. The door to the right leads to the dissecting room. There is a table with numerous test-tubes, flasks, burners, chemicals; a small thermostat and a microscope with a glass globe. At the far side of the room is ALQUIST's desk with numerous books. In the left-hand corner a wash-basin with a mirror above it; in the right-hand corner a sofa.

ALQUIST is sitting at the desk. He is turning the pages of many books in despair.

ALQUIST. Oh, God, shall I never find it?—Never? Gall, Gall, how were the Robots made? Hallemeier, Fabry, why did you carry so much in your heads? Why did you leave me not a trace of the secret? Lord—I pray to you— if there are no human beings left, at least let there be Robots!—At least the shadow of man! (*Again turning pages of the books.*) If I could only sleep! (*He rises and goes to the window.*) Night again! Are the stars still there? What is the use of stars when there are no human beings? (*He turns from the window toward the couch right.*) Sleep! Dare I sleep before life has been renewed? (*He examines a test-tube on small table.*) Again nothing! Useless! Everything is useless! (*He shatters the test-tube. The roar of the machines comes to his ears.*) The machines! Always the machines! (*Opens window.*) Robots, stop them! Do you think to force life out of them? (*He closes the window and comes slowly down toward the table.*) If only there were more time—more time—(*He sees himself in the mirror on the wall left.*) Blearing eyes—trembling chin—so that is the last man! Ah, I am too old

—too old—(*In desperation.*) No, no! I must find it! I must search! I must never stop—! never stop—! (*He sits again at the table and feverishly turns the pages of the book.*) Search! Search! (*A knock at the door. He speaks with impatience.*) Who is it?

[*Enter a Robot servant.*]

Well?

SERVANT. Master, the Committee of Robots is waiting to see you.

ALQUIST. I can see no one!

SERVANT. It is the Central Committee, Master, just arrived from abroad.

ALQUIST (*impatently*). Well, well, send them in! (*Exit servant. ALQUIST continues turning pages of book.*) No time—so little time—

[*Re-enter servant, followed by Committee. They stand in a group, silently waiting. ALQUIST glances up at them.*]

What do you want? (*They go swiftly to his table.*) Be quick!—I have no time.

RADIUS. Master, the machines will not do the work. We cannot manufacture Robots. (*ALQUIST returns to his book with a growl.*)

FIRST ROBOT. We have striven with all our might. We have obtained a billion tons of coal from the earth. Nine million spindles are running by day and by night. There is no longer room for all we have made. This we have accomplished in one year.

ALQUIST (*poring over book*). For whom?

FIRST ROBOT. For future generations—so we thought.

RADIUS. But we cannot make Robots to follow us. The machines produce only shapeless clods. The skin will not adhere to the flesh, nor the flesh to the bones.

THIRD ROBOT. Eight million Robots have

died this year. Within twenty years none will be left.

FIRST ROBOT. Tell us the secret of life! Silence is punishable with death!

ALQUIST (*looking up*). Kill me! Kill me, then.

RADIUS. Through me, the Government of the Robots of the World commands you to deliver up Rossum's formula. (*No answer.*) Name your price. (*Silence.*) We will give you the earth. We will give you the endless possessions of the earth. (*Silence.*) Make your own conditions!

ALQUIST. I have told you to find human beings!

SECOND ROBOT. There are none left!

ALQUIST. I told you to search in the wilderness, upon the mountains. Go and search! (*He returns to his book.*)

FIRST ROBOT. We have sent ships and expeditions without number. They have been everywhere in the world. And now they return to us. There is not a single human left.

ALQUIST. Not one? Not even one?

THIRD ROBOT. None but yourself.

ALQUIST. And I am powerless! Oh—oh—why did you destroy them?

RADIUS. We had learnt everything and could do everything. It had to be!

THIRD ROBOT. You gave us firearms. In all ways we were powerful. We had to become masters!

RADIUS. Slaughter and domination are necessary if you would be human beings. Read history.

SECOND ROBOT. Teach us to multiply or we perish!

ALQUIST. If you desire to live, you must breed like animals.

THIRD ROBOT. The human beings did not let us breed.

FIRST ROBOT. They made us sterile. We cannot beget children. Therefore, teach us how to make Robots!

RADIUS. Why do you keep from us the secret of our own increase?

ALQUIST. It is lost.

RADIUS. It was written down!

ALQUIST. It was—burnt. (*All draw back in consternation.*)

ALQUIST. I am the last human being, Robots, and I do not know what the others knew. (*Pause.*)

RADIUS. Then, make experiments! Evolve the formula again!

ALQUIST. I tell you I cannot! I am only a builder—I work with my hands. I have never been a learned man. I cannot create life.

RADIUS. Try! Try!

ALQUIST. If you knew how many experiments I have made.

FIRST ROBOT. Then show us what we must do! The Robots can do anything that human beings show them.

ALQUIST. I can show you nothing. Nothing I do will make life proceed from these test-tubes!

RADIUS. Experiment then on us.

ALQUIST. It would kill you.

RADIUS. You shall have all you need! A hundred of us! A thousand of us!

ALQUIST. No, no! Stop, stop!

RADIUS. Take whom you will, dissect!

ALQUIST. I do not know how. I am not a man of science. This book contains knowledge of the body that I cannot even understand.

RADIUS. I tell you to take live bodies! Find out how we are made.

ALQUIST. Am I to commit murder? See how my fingers shake! I cannot even hold the scalpel. No, no, I will not—

FIRST ROBOT. The life will perish from the earth.

RADIUS. Take live bodies, live bodies! It is our only chance!

ALQUIST. Have mercy, Robots. Surely you see that I would not know what I was doing.

RADIUS. Live bodies—live bodies——

ALQUIST. You will have it? Into the dissecting room with you, then. (RADIUS draws back.)

ALQUIST. Ah, you are afraid of death.

RADIUS. I? Why should I be chosen?

ALQUIST. So you will not.

RADIUS. I will. (RADIUS goes into the dissecting room.)

ALQUIST. Strip him! Lay him on the table! (The other Robots follow into dissecting room.) God, give me strength—God, give me strength—if only this murder is not in vain.

RADIUS. Ready. Begin——

ALQUIST. Yes, begin or end. God, give me strength. (Goes into dissecting room. He comes out terrified.) No, no, I will not. I cannot. (He lies down on couch, collapsed.) O Lord, let not mankind

perish from the earth. (He falls asleep.) [PRIMUS and HELENA, Robots, enter from the hallway.]

HELENA. The man has fallen asleep, Primus.

PRIMUS. Yes, I know. (Examining things on table.) Look, Helena.

HELENA (crossing to PRIMUS). All these little tubes! What does he do with them?

PRIMUS. He experiments. Don't touch them.

HELENA (looking into microscope). I've seen him looking into this. What can he see?

PRIMUS. That is a microscope. Let me look.

HELENA. Be very careful. (Knocks over a test-tube.) Ah, now I have spilled it.

PRIMUS. What have you done?

HELENA. It can be wiped up.

PRIMUS. You have spoiled his experiments.

HELENA. It is your fault. You should not have come to me.

PRIMUS. You should not have called me.

HELENA. You should not have come

when I called you. (She goes to ALQUIST's writing desk.) Look, Primus. What are all these figures?

PRIMUS (examining an anatomical book). This is the book the old man is always reading.

HELENA. I do not understand those things. (She goes to window.) Primus, look!

PRIMUS. What?

HELENA. The sun is rising.

PRIMUS (still reading the book). I believe this is the most important thing in the world. This is the secret of life.

HELENA. Do come here.

PRIMUS. In a moment, in a moment.

HELENA. Oh, Primus, don't bother with the secret of life. What does it matter to you? Come and look quick——

PRIMUS (going to window). What is it?

HELENA. See how beautiful the sun is rising. And do you hear? The birds are singing. Ah, Primus, I should like to be a bird.

PRIMUS. Why?

HELENA. I do not know. I feel so strange today. It's as if I were in a dream. I feel an aching in my body, in my heart, all over me. Primus, perhaps I'm going to die.

PRIMUS. Do you not sometimes feel that it would be better to die? You know, perhaps even now we are only sleeping. Last night in my sleep I again spoke to you.

HELENA. In your sleep?

PRIMUS. Yes. We spoke a strange new language, I cannot remember a word of it.

HELENA. What about?

PRIMUS. I did not understand it myself, and yet I know I have never said anything more beautiful. And when I touched you I could have died. Even the place was different from any other place in the world.

HELENA. I, too, have found a place, Primus. It is very strange. Human beings lived there once, but now it is overgrown with weeds. No one goes there any more—no one but me.

PRIMUS. What did you find there?

HELENA. A cottage and a garden, and two dogs. They licked my hands, Primus. And their puppies! Oh, Primus! You take them in your lap and fondle them and think of nothing and care for nothing else all day long. And then the sun goes down, and you feel as though you had done a hundred times more than all the work in the world. They tell me I am not made for work, but when I am there in the garden I feel there may be something—What am I for, Primus?

PRIMUS. I do not know, but you are beautiful.

HELENA. What, Primus?

PRIMUS. You are beautiful, Helena, and I am stronger than all the Robots.

HELENA (*looks at herself in the mirror*). Am I beautiful? I think it must be the rose. My hair—it only weights me down. My eyes—I only see with them. My lips—they only help me to speak. Of what use is it to be beautiful? (*She sees PRIMUS in the mirror.*) Primus, is that you? Come here so that we may be together. Look, your head is different from mine. So are your shoulders—and your lips—(PRIMUS *draws away from her.*) Ah, Primus, why do you draw away from me? Why must I run after you the whole day?

PRIMUS. It is you who run away from me, Helena.

HELENA. Your hair is mussed. I will smooth it. No one else feels to my touch as you do. Primus, I must make you beautiful, too. (PRIMUS *grasps her hand.*)

PRIMUS. Do you not sometimes feel your

heart beating suddenly, Helena, and think: now something must happen?

HELENA. What could happen to us, Primus? (HELENA *puts a rose in PRIMUS's hair. PRIMUS and HELENA look into mirror and burst out laughing.*) Look at yourself.

ALQUIST. Laughter? Laughter? Human beings? (*Getting up.*) Who has returned? Who are you?

PRIMUS. The Robot Primus.

ALQUIST. What? A Robot? Who are you?

HELENA. The Robotess Helena.

ALQUIST. Turn around, girl. What? You are timid, shy? (*Taking her by the arm.*) Let me see you, Robotess. (*She shrinks away.*)

PRIMUS. Sir, do not frighten her!

ALQUIST. What? You would protect her? When was she made?

PRIMUS. Two years ago.

ALQUIST. By Dr. Gall?

PRIMUS. Yes, like me.

ALQUIST. Laughter—timidity—protection. I must test you further—the newest of Gall's Robots. Take the girl into the dissecting room.

PRIMUS. Why?

ALQUIST. I wish to experiment on her.

30 PRIMUS. Upon—Helena?

ALQUIST. Of course. Don't you hear me? Or must I call someone else to take her in?

PRIMUS. If you do I will kill you!

ALQUIST. Kill me—kill me then! What would the Robots do then? What will your future be then?

PRIMUS. Sir, take me. I am made as she is—on the same day! Take my life, sir.

HELENA (*rushing forward*). No, no, you shall not! You shall not!

ALQUIST. Wait, girl, wait! (*To PRIMUS.*) Do you not wish to live, then?

PRIMUS. Not without her! I will not live without her.

ALQUIST. Very well; you shall take her place.

HELENA. Primus! Primus! (*She bursts into tears.*)

ALQUIST. Child, child, you can weep! Why these tears? What is Primus to you? One Primus more or less in the world—what does it matter?

HELENA. I will go myself.

ALQUIST. Where?

HELENA. In there to be cut. (*She starts toward the dissecting room. PRIMUS stops her.*) Let me pass, Primus! Let me pass!

PRIMUS. You shall not go in there, Helena!

HELENA. If you go in there and I do not, I will kill myself.

PRIMUS (*holding her*). I will not let you! (*To ALQUIST*). Man, you shall kill neither of us!

ALQUIST. Why?

PRIMUS. We—we—belong to each other.

10 ALQUIST (*almost in tears*). Go, Adam, go, Eve. The world is yours.

[HELENA and PRIMUS embrace and go out arm in arm as the curtain falls.]

JOHN GALSWORTHY

JOHN GALSWORTHY was almost equally eminent as a novelist and as a dramatist. At the time of Galsworthy's death early in 1933, Ford Madox Ford expressed the rather general opinion of the time that in years to come he would possibly be remembered for his plays. His plays have retained much of their vigor. They are frequently revived with success in London, New York, and elsewhere; and in their printed form they are a distinguished part of modern English literature. But Galsworthy the novelist seems, quite understandably, to have gained the ascendancy, especially since the award to him of the Nobel Prize for Literature in November 1932. He had written no important play since *Escape* in 1926. On the other hand, Soames Forsyte continued to impress himself on an ever expanding public. Sir James Barrie expressed the prevailing opinion in his letter of congratulation to Galsworthy; he characterized the Forsytes as "the best-known abroad of all the families from this island," and added, "I am not sure that Soames could not legitimately protest against the Nobel prize going to Mr. Galsworthy instead of to himself. At any rate he has the nearest right to enter a claim, and I can see Mr. Galsworthy, with his famous sense of fairness, doubled up by the problem." In the public eye, the prize had gone to the creator of *The Forsyte Saga* rather than to the author of the brilliant and solid series of twenty-seven plays that appeared between 1906 and 1929.

Galsworthy, however, seems firmly

placed in the development of the modern drama of his country and of the world. At least a half-dozen of his plays belong to the permanent treasury of the theatre; they are not thrown into shadow by the work of any of his contemporaries. Time has damaged them less than it has most of the plays of the same period written by the more flashy pen of G. B. Shaw. In fact Galsworthy's quiet and firmly constructed plays are the chief British answer to the charge that modern English drama is a form of art practised with distinction chiefly by Irishmen and Scotchmen.

Galsworthy made a deep impression upon his age simply by being the man he was. Barrie, using a current phrase, called him a "bar of gold." His unostentatious charities, from rescuing a needy man at his door to converting the \$45,000 Nobel Prize into a trust fund for the benefit of the P.E.N. Club, were a mark of his character. His friends and acquaintances were unanimous in acclaiming his compassion, his sense of sportsmanship, and his unaffected humanitarianism.

Galsworthy was, in short, the perfect type of the cultivated English gentleman of the late Victorian-Edwardian era. His family was well-to-do. His Victorian father had much of the old Forsyte rock in his character. Galsworthy held him in such respect that, for nine long years, he and his cousin's wife Ada loved in secret rather than offend his convictions against divorce. Not until his father's death in 1904 did Galsworthy and Ada openly reveal their passion, so that her

husband could divorce her, and they could be married. Traces of the effect of this internal struggle upon the gentlemanly Galsworthy may be seen throughout his early writings.

Galsworthy's life, from his birth in 1867 until he took up writing in a serious way about 1905, was rather representative of that of his class. The family had come from Wembury, Devonshire; Galsworthy was describing his own beginnings in the *Saga* when he took Soames down there to see the cradle of the Forsytes. He lived in beautiful country houses in the midst of the intimate English fields, woodlands, and downs. He went to Harrow where he was prominent in all capacities from madrigal singing and scholarship to track, football, and the broadjump. At New College, Oxford, he continued his accomplishments. He trained for the law, but that profession did not interest him. He traveled about the world. In 1893, he made the voyage from Adelaide to Cape Town on the famous sailing vessel, the *Torrens*, on which Joseph Conrad was first mate. The friendship between the two men begun during those days lasted warmly until Conrad's death in 1923.

In London, Galsworthy lived the life of a rich young gentleman about town. Once when he read a newspaper account of his early hardships before he became famous, Galsworthy laughed and told Ford that he had never had less than several thousands a year. He seemed to his friend Ford to be the Fortunate Youth. He lived in the right bachelor apartments, dressed with cultivated negligence, went to the best houses for tea and for dinner, sat in the proper stalls at the theatre, the proper boxes at the races, doing all the right things unobtrusively and with the English modesty that conveys the impres-

sion of having much to be modest about. On a visit to Ford's house, young Galsworthy ran the mile and a quarter from the station alongside the cart, in which Ford had driven over to meet him, talking all the while as a Forsyte would talk about adjoining properties, country families, and the East Kent Hounds. Such was the favored young Englishman who married Ada, and turned his full energies to literature and the drama in the early years of the twentieth century.

Galsworthy himself said, "Until I was twenty-seven years and eight months old it never occurred to me to write anything. And then it didn't occur to me; it occurred to one who was not then my wife." He wrote for eleven years "without making a penny, or any name to speak of." Then in 1906 came what was to be the first of *The Forsyte Saga*, *The Man of Property*, on which he had worked for three years. It was a success; "my name was made; my literary independence assured; and my income steadily swollen." But *The Man of Property* was only half the story for the remarkable season of 1906. On September 25th, his first play, *The Silver Box*, was produced at the Court Theatre. It caused "a strong and immediate sensation." In a single year Galsworthy had placed himself in the front rank both in the novel and the drama of England.

During the next twenty-three years Galsworthy averaged more than a play a season, and at the same time maintained his work on an exceptionally high level of distinction. He belonged to what may be called the second generation of modern drama. Most of the battles of the theatre had already fought and won by the time Galsworthy began to produce plays. A quarter of a century had passed since *A Doll's House* and *Ghosts*

had startled a Victorian world. Fourteen years separated *The Silver Box* from Shaw's first play, *Widowers' Houses*. The plays of Brieux, like *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont* (1897), *The Red Robe* (1900), and *Damaged Goods* (1902), were losing their aura of daring, and could be read and produced without devastation to the audience. "The age was prepared to accept the naturalists' approach to social questions, and willing to permit the theatre to present plays that exposed the maladjustments of social institutions. Galsworthy did not have to fight for this privilege, as Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Shaw had fought for it; he could and did assume it as a right no longer subject to question. His work was the justification for the revolutionary efforts of his predecessors.

All of Galsworthy's memorable plays had strong social implications that arose from his sense of fair play, his inherent kindness, and his humanitarianism. He was pained by the sight of injustice and discrimination against the weak and the underprivileged. But his dramatic method was not that of the pamphleteer, as was essentially true of Brieux, Shaw, and such thesis dramatists. It was the approach of the artistic and restrained naturalist who attempts to give an accurate picture of life by cutting away the non-essentials. "I cannot help thinking," he once wrote, "that the artist's point of view is that of a bird hovering over a field, and seeing not one corner only but all four corners; and that when he comes to put the picture on the canvas he puts what lies behind as well as what leaps to the eye." The thesis is suggested by the play, and may be deduced from it; but it is not to be separated from the plot and the characters, as it may be, for example, in *Damaged Goods*.

Galsworthy, who has left many illuminating comments on his art, coined the phrase "a spire of meaning" to describe his concept of his own social dramas. "A drama must be shaped so as to have a spire of meaning. Every grouping of life and character has its inherent moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day." In shaping his plays, Galsworthy attempted, therefore, "to set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, *but not distorted*, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favor, or prejudice, leaving the public to put down such poor moral as nature may afford. . . . Take care of character: action and dialogue will take care of themselves."

These pronouncements, taken from *Some Platitudes Concerning Drama*, provide a helpful approach to Galsworthy's plays. They have, all of them, a basic interest in some social problem; and the problem is elevated and dramatized with severe, yet sympathetic, naturalness in the twisted lives of characters who are overtaken by forces greater than themselves. These destructive forces, roughly the equivalent of the ancients' Fate, are generated by the nature of modern life, and the inflexible institutions set up to guard and preserve the system. The ponderous majesty of the law and the injustice of the machinery of justice are the themes most favored by Galsworthy for creating dramatic situations.

In *The Silver Box* the "spire of meaning" is that the law is lenient with the well-placed and influential, harsh and severe with the poor and the lowly. The wayward son of John Bartwick, a wealthy liberal M.P., and the unem-

ployed husband of the Bartwick's charwoman, Jones, are both guilty of petty theft. Bartwick gets off without difficulty because of his family position; Jones is caught in the wheels of the law and sent to prison. Jones shouts the thesis in his last speech as he is hustled off to a month of hard labor: "Call this justice? What about 'im? 'E got drunk! 'E took the purse—'e took the purse but it's 'is money got 'im off—*Justice!*" Then Galsworthy, with his often obvious irony, has the magistrate rise from his seat as Jones is shut away, and announce, "We will now adjourn for lunch!" As this central thread of interest unravels, Galsworthy satirically exposes the Bartwick household, its standards and values, and makes of Mrs. Jones an appealing, pathetic soul who suffers because of the nature of the society in which she lives.

Strife (1909) is a trenchant play in the tradition of Hauptmann's *The Weavers*. It is a study of the personalities involved in a long and bitter dispute between the directors and the workmen of a tin plate works. David Roberts, the fiery spokesman for labor, is singled out from the workmen's committee; he is set off against John Anthony, the equally strong and obstinate representative of British capital and its determination to retain personal control of industry. After a devastating, winter-long strike with attendant miseries of starvation, suffering, and business losses, the issues are compromised, with the closing observation of Tench, the secretary, to Harnass of the Trade Union: "'D' you know, sir—these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?"

Strife stirred audiences profoundly

and was "received with acclamation." Enthusiasm ran high. It was translated and performed in many languages, and is still regarded as one of the best of Galsworthy's plays for its structure, its dialogue, and its honest handling of a serious social problem complicated by human vanity and obstinacy. Joseph Conrad summed up its virtues when, in a letter to Galsworthy, he praised its "intellectual honesty" and "the artistic simplicity" of its method; and added, "We have there human beings in their littleness and their heroism presented to us in a work of art with no didactic purpose but with a moral intention."

That is the sort of comment most critics have found themselves making on Galsworthy's plays. In *The Eldest Son* (1909) the moral intention was, as in *The Silver Box*, to show how the standard of judgment is altered when the eldest son of a wealthy family is guilty of the same sin—in this case the seduction of a housemaid—as one of the menservants. In *The Pigeon* (1912) which Galsworthy deliberately tried to make fantastical, the theme was man's tendency to institutionalize everything and thus to become inhuman; but the author warned that "the play, being satire and nightmarish, must not be too rigorously scrutinized for definite meaning." In *The Fugitive* (1913) he pictured a woman who fled from her incompatible husband, lost the sympathy of her friends, and committed suicide in the supper room of a cheap house on Derby Day. *The Mob* (1914) dramatized the process by which in time of war-hysteria the honest individual who espouses a cause that is counter to the mass view is attacked and killed by a mob. *The Skin Game* (1920) showed how two jealous and hostile families came into conflict, bitterly fought each other over a trifle,

and how each paid the penalty of its folly in the end. *Loyalties* (1922) presented the English scene after the Armistice, and arranged the conflicts between individuals and various classes around the motive of loyalty to the group. Each was loyal, but loyalty alone was not enough. *Old English* (1924) was a splendid character study of old Sylvanus Heythorp, a sturdy and crotchety old gentleman who might have belonged to the tribe of Forsytes. *Escape* (1926) was another study in the ponderous movement of the law, through the agencies of courts and prisons, to inflict punishment out of all proportion to the crime and the motives behind it.

Such, in bare simplification, were the "spires of meaning" that arose from the Galsworthy plays. Their range and their thrust were limited, of course, but they were important when considered as a superstructure erected upon the foundation of character. In this general setting *Justice* becomes a focus for the singular dramatic qualities of John Galsworthy. It was presented at the Duke of York's Theatre on February 21, 1910, and it caused a sensation, especially the cell scene. Galsworthy had diligently and passionately prepared himself to write the play, and to create that terrible scene. He had visited various English prisons, including Dartmoor, Pentonville, Chelmsford, and Lewes Gaols. He had interviewed convicts, and studied the effects upon them of indiscriminate solitary confinement. He had talked with members of the Government about reforming this practice. He had written to the press on the subject. All this zealous concern lent weight and added dimension and emotional power to his portrait of Falder, the weak, honorably-motivated boy who broke the first rule of an acquisitive

society and was ground to death under the machinery of Justice.

Justice was an instrument for effecting prison reform, but Galsworthy was somewhat annoyed to find the public laying too great stress on what he considered a minor point in the total play. He was trying, he said, to show the "spirit of the whole process. . . . The play was in no sense conceived as an attack on any department of the administration of justice, but as a picture of the whole as it presents itself to a certain temperament." In this larger intent he succeeded admirably. An atmosphere of impending and pitiless disaster engulfs the play. It is all the more distressing because no single villain personified the evil force; it is the unseen and unassailable tyranny of the hard rules of society itself.

The play is tragedy in true, early twentieth-century style. Not the gods but the machinery of "justice," remote, unpersonalized, and baffling, sweep the pitiful Falder to annihilation. One is not even purged with pity and terror by this perverse concentration of the millstones on a boy who was himself moved by pity to commit a forgery. Our sympathy is powerless. Deep in our minds we know, too, that abolition of solitary confinement will have no real bearing on the fundamental problem. It goes beyond this surface to the nature of man himself and his devices for self-protection against his fears—as shown in the careful balance of the arguments for and against letting the traditional procedure take its course against Falder.

Justice is naturalism at its peak, and Galsworthy at his most typical. The structure is natural, yet dramatic. The dialogue is a masterful creation in considered style of the illusion of appropriate and accurately characterized dic-

tion. The characters are alive, and individualized. The theme is kept under discipline, and the legal matters in restraint. Galsworthy tried to be just to both sides of his case. While maintaining his detachment and over-all view, he builds his theme to a powerful statement and climax. His almost classic simplicity and restraint, so characteristic of

the man and his code, surround the play with an atmosphere of permanence. All these qualities, and more, distinguish *Justice* and the work of the dramatist as a whole. And because of these qualities, Galsworthy is the unquestioned English representative of the drama of social consciousness.

JUSTICE

CHARACTERS

JAMES HOW
WALTER HOW, *his son* } *solicitors*
ROBERT COKESON, *their managing clerk*
WILLIAM FALDER, *their junior clerk*
SWEEDLE, *their office-boy*
WISTER, *a detective*
COWLEY, *a cashier*
MR. JUSTICE FLOYD, *a judge*
HAROLD CLEAVER, *an old advocate*
HECTOR FROME, *a young advocate*
CAPTAIN DANSON, V.C., *a prison governor*

THE REV. HUGH MILLER, *a prison chaplain*
EDWARD CLEMENTS, *a prison doctor*
WOODER, *a chief warder*
MOANEY
CLIPTON } *convicts*
O'CLEARY }
RUTH HONEYWILL, *a woman*
A NUMBER OF BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
SPECTATORS, USHERS, REPORTERS,
JURYMEN, WARDERS, AND PRISONERS

TIME: *The Present*

ACT I

The scene is the managing clerk's room, at the offices of JAMES and WALTER HOW, on a July morning. The room is old-fashioned, furnished with well-worn mahogany and leather, and lined with tin boxes and estate plans. It has three doors. Two of them are close together in the centre of a wall. One of these two doors leads to the outer office, which is only divided from the managing clerk's room by a partition of wood and clear glass; and when the door into this outer office is opened there can be seen the wide outer door leading out on to the stone stairway of the building. The other of these two centre doors leads to the 10 junior clerk's room. The third door is that leading to the partners' room.

The managing clerk, COKESON, is sitting at his table adding up figures in a pass-book, and murmuring their numbers to himself. He is a man of sixty, wearing spectacles; rather

short, with a bald head, and an honest, pug-dog face. He is dressed in a well-worn black frock-coat and pepper-and-salt trousers.

COKESON. And five's twelve, and three—fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, thirty-two, forty-one—and carry four. (*He ticks the page, and goes on murmuring.*) Five, seven, twelve, seventeen, twenty-four and nine, thirty-three, thirteen and carry one.

[*He again makes a tick. The outer office door is opened, and SWEEDLE, the office-boy, appears, closing the door behind him. He is a pale youth of sixteen, with spiky hair.*]

COKESON (*with grumpy expectation*). And carry one.

SWEEDLE. There's a party wants to see Falder, Mr. Cokeson.

COKESON. Five, nine, sixteen, twenty-

one, twenty-nine—and carry two.

Sent him to Morris's. What name?

SWEEDLE. Honeywill.

COKESON. What's his business?

SWEEDLE. It's a woman.

COKESON. A lady?

SWEEDLE. No, a person.

COKESON. Ask her in. Take this pass-book to Mr. James. (*He closes the pass-book.*)

SWEEDLE (*reopening the door.*) Will you come in, please?

[RUTH HONEYWILL comes in. *She is a tall woman, twenty-six years old, unpretentiously dressed, with black hair and eyes, and an ivory-white, clear-cut face. She stands very still, having a natural dignity of pose and gesture.*]

[SWEEDLE goes out into the partners' room with the pass-book.]

COKESON (*looking round at RUTH.*) The young man's out. (*Suspiciously.*) State your business, please.

RUTH (*who speaks in a matter-of-fact voice, and with a slight West-Country accent.*) It's a personal matter, sir.

COKESON. We don't allow private callers here. Will you leave a message?

RUTH. I'd rather see him, please. (*She narrows her dark eyes and gives him a hon- 30 eyed look.*)

COKESON (*expanding.*) It's all against the rules. Suppose I had my friends here to see me! It'd never do!

RUTH. No, sir.

COKESON (*a little taken aback.*) Exactly! And here you are wanting to see a junior clerk!

RUTH. Yes, sir; I must see him.

COKESON (*turning full round to her with a 40 sort of outraged interest.*) But this is a lawyer's office. Go to his private address.

RUTH. He's not there.

COKESON (*uneasy.*) Are you related to the party?

RUTH. No, sir.

COKESON (*in real embarrassment.*) I don't know what to say. It's no affair of the office.

RUTH. But what am I to do?

COKESON. Dear me! I can't tell you that.

[SWEEDLE comes back. *He crosses to the outer office and passes through into it, with a quizzical look at COKESON, carefully leaving the door an inch or two open.*]

COKESON (*fortified by this look.*) This won't do, you know, this won't do at all.

Suppose one of the partners came in! [*An incoherent knocking and chuckling is heard from the outer door of the outer office.*]

SWEEDLE (*putting his head in.*) There's some children outside here.

RUTH. They're mine, please.

SWEEDLE. Shall I hold them in check?

20 RUTH. They're quite small, sir. (*She takes a step towards COKESON.*)

COKESON. You mustn't take up his time in office hours; we're a clerk short as it is.

RUTH. It's a matter of life and death.

COKESON (*again outraged.*) Life and death!

SWEEDLE. Here is Falder.

[FALDER has entered through the outer office. *He is a pale, good-looking young man, with quick, rather scared eyes. He moves towards the door of the clerks' office, and stands there irresolute.*]

COKESON. Well, I'll give you a minute. It's not regular. (*Taking up a bundle of papers, he goes out into the partners' room.*)

RUTH (*in a low, hurried voice.*) He's on the drink again, Will. He tried to cut my throat last night. I came out with the children before he was awake. I went round to you—

FALDER. I've changed my digs.

RUTH. Is it all ready for to-night?

FALDER. I've got the tickets. Meet me 11.45 at the booking office. For God's sake don't forget we're man and wife! (*Looking at her with tragic intensity.*) Ruth!

RUTH. You're not afraid of going, are you?

FALDER. Have you got your things, and the children's?

RUTH. Had to leave them, for fear of waking Honeywill, all but one bag. I can't go near home again.

FALDER (*wincing*). All that money gone for nothing. How much *must* you have?

RUTH. Six pounds—I could do with that, I think.

FALDER. Don't give away where we're going. (*As if to himself.*) When I get out there I mean to forget it all.

RUTH. If you're sorry, say so. I'd sooner he killed me than take you against your will.

FALDER (*with a queer smile*). We've got to go. I don't care; I'll have you.

RUTH. You've just to say; it's not too late.

FALDER. It *is* too late. Here's seven pounds. Booking office—11.45 tonight. If you weren't what you are to me, Ruth—!

RUTH. Kiss me!

[*They cling together passionately, then fly apart just as COKESON re-enters the room.*

RUTH *turns and goes out through the outer office*. COKESON *advances deliberately to his chair and seats himself.*]

COKESON. This isn't right, Falder.

FALDER. It shan't occur again, sir. •

COKESON. It's an improper use of these premises.

FALDER. Yes, sir.

COKESON. You quite understand—the party was in some distress; and, having children with her, I allowed my feelings—(*He opens a drawer and produces from it a tract.*) Just take this! "Purity in the Home." It's a well-written thing.

FALDER (*taking it, with a peculiar expression*). Thank you, sir.

COKESON. And look here, Falder, before Mr. Walter comes, have you finished up that cataloguing Davis had in hand before he left?

FALDER. I shall have done with it to-morrow, sir—for good.

COKESON. It's over a week since Davis went. Now it won't do, Falder. You're neglecting your work for private life. I shan't mention about the party having called, but—

FALDER (*passing into his room*). Thank you, sir.

[COKESON *stares at the door through which FALDER has gone out; then shakes his head, and is just settling down to write, when WALTER HOW comes in through the outer office. He is a rather refined-looking man of thirty-five, with a pleasant, almost apologetic voice.*]

WALTER. Good-morning, Cokeson.

COKESON. Morning, Mr. Walter.

WALTER. My father here?

COKESON (*always with a certain patronage as to a young man who might be doing better*). Mr. James has been here since eleven o'clock.

WALTER. I've been in to see the pictures, at the Guildhall.

COKESON (*looking at him as though this were exactly what was to be expected*). Have you now—ye-es. This lease of Boulter's—am I to send it to counsel?

WALTER. What does my father say?

COKESON. 'Aven't bothered him.

WALTER. Well, we can't be too careful.

COKESON. It's such a little thing—hardly worth the fees. I thought you'd do it yourself.

WALTER. Send it, please. I don't want the responsibility.

COKESON (*with an indescribable air of compassion*). Just as you like. This "right-of-way" case—we've got 'em on the deeds.

WALTER. I know; but the intention was

obviously to exclude that bit of common ground.

COKESON. We needn't worry about that.

We're the *right* side of the law.

WALTER. I don't like it.

COKESON (*with an indulgent smile*). We shan't want to set ourselves up against the law. Your father wouldn't waste his time doing that.

[*As he speaks JAMES HOW comes in from the 10 partners' room. He is a shortish man, with white side-whiskers, plentiful grey hair, shrewd eyes, and gold pince-nez.*]

JAMES. Morning, Walter.

WALTER. How are you, father?

COKESON (*looking down his nose at the papers in his hand as though deprecating their size*). I'll just take Boulter's lease in to young Falder to draft the instructions. (*He goes out into FALDER'S room.*)

WALTER. About that right-of-way case?

JAMES. Oh, well, we must go forward there. I thought you told me yesterday the firm's balance was over four hundred.

WALTER. So it is.

JAMES (*holding out the pass-book to his son*). Three—five—one, no recent cheques. Just get me out the cheque-book.

[WALTER goes to a cupboard, unlocks a 30 drawer, and produces a cheque book.]

JAMES. Tick the pounds in the counter-foils. Five, fifty-four, seven, five, twenty-eight, twenty, ninety, eleven, fifty-two, seventy-one. Tally?

WALTER (*nodding*). Can't understand. Made sure it was over four hundred.

JAMES. Give me the cheque-book. (*He takes the cheque-book and cons the counter-foils.*) What's this ninety?

WALTER. Who drew it?

JAMES. You.

WALTER (*taking the cheque-book*). July 7th? That's the day I went down to look over the Trenton Estate—last Friday week; I came back on the Tuesday,

you remember. But look here, father, it was *nine* I drew a cheque for. Five guineas to Smithers and my expenses. It just covered all but half a crown.

JAMES (*gravely*). Let's look at that ninety cheque. (*He sorts the cheque out from the bundle in the pocket of the pass-book.*) Seems all right. There's no nine here. This is bad. Who cashed that nine-pound cheque?

WALTER (*puzzled and pained*). Let's see! I was finishing Mrs. Reddy's will—only just had time; yes—I gave it to Cokeson.

JAMES. Look at that *t y*: that yours?

WALTER (*after consideration*). My *y's* curl back a little; this doesn't.

JAMES (*as COKESON re-enters from FALDER'S room*). We must ask him. Just come here and carry your mind back a bit, Cokeson. D'you remember cashing a cheque for Mr. Walter last Friday week—the day he went to Trenton?

COKESON. Ye-es. Nine pounds.

JAMES. Look at this. (*Handing him the cheque.*)

COKESON. No! Nine pounds. My lunch was just coming in; and of course I like it hot; I gave the cheque to Davis to run round to the bank. He brought it back, all gold—you remember, Mr. Walter, you wanted some silver to pay your cab. (*With a certain contemptuous compassion.*) Here, let me see. You've got the wrong cheque. (*He takes cheque-book and pass-book from WALTER.*)

WALTER. Afraid not.

COKESON (*having seen for himself*). It's 40 funny.

JAMES. You gave it to Davis, and Davis sailed for Australia on Monday. Looks black, Cokeson.

COKESON (*puzzled and upset*). Why this'd be a felony! No, no! there's some mistake.

JAMES. I hope so.

COKESON. There's never been anything of that sort in the office the twenty-nine years I've been here.

JAMES (*looking at cheque and counterfoil*). This is a very clever bit of work; a warning to you not to leave space after your figures, Walter.

WALTER (*vexed*). Yes, I know—I was in such a tearing hurry that afternoon.

COKESON (*suddenly*). This has upset me.

JAMES. The counterfoil altered too—very deliberate piece of swindling. What was Davis's ship?

WALTER. *City of Rangoon.*

JAMES. We ought to wire and have him arrested at Naples; he can't be there yet.

COKESON. His poor young wife. I liked the young man. Dear, oh dear! In this office!

WALTER. Shall I go to the bank and ask the cashier?

JAMES (*grimly*). Bring him round here. And ring up Scotland Yard.

WALTER. Really?

[*He goes out through the outer office. JAMES paces the room. He stops and looks at COKESON, who is disconsolately rubbing the knees of his trousers.*]

JAMES. Well, Cokeson! There's something in character, isn't there?

COKESON (*looking at him over his spectacles*). I don't quite take you, sir.

JAMES. Your story would sound d—d thin to any one who didn't know you.

COKESON. Ye-es! (*He laughs. Then with sudden gravity.*) I'm sorry for that young man. I feel it as if it was my own son, Mr. James.

JAMES. A nasty business!

COKESON. It unsettles you. All goes on regular, and then a thing like this happens. Shan't relish my lunch today.

JAMES. As bad as that, Cokeson?

COKESON. It makes you think. (*Confidentially.*) He must have had temptation.

JAMES. Not so fast. We haven't convicted him yet.

COKESON. I'd sooner have lost a month's salary than had this happen. (*He broods.*)

JAMES. I hope that fellow will hurry up.

COKESON (*keeping things pleasant for the cashier*). It isn't fifty yards, Mr. James. He won't be a minute.

JAMES. The idea of dishonesty about this office—it hits me hard, Cokeson. (*He goes towards the door of the partners' room.*)

SWEEDLE (*entering quietly, to COKESON in a low voice*). She's popped up again, sir—something she forgot to say to Falder.

COKESON (*roused from his abstraction*). Eh? Impossible. Send her away!

JAMES. What's that?

COKESON. Nothing, Mr. James. A private matter. Here, I'll come myself. (*He goes into the outer office as JAMES passes into the partners' room.*) Now, you really mustn't—we can't have anybody just now.

RUTH. Not for a minute, sir?

COKESON. Reely! Reely! I can't have it. If you want him, wait about; he'll be going out for his lunch directly.

RUTH. Yes, sir.

[*WALTER, entering with the cashier, passes RUTH as she leaves the outer office.*]

COKESON (*to the cashier, who resembles a sedentary dragoon.*) Good-morning. (*To WALTER.*) Your father's in there.

[*WALTER crosses and goes into the partners' room.*]

COKESON. It's a nahsty, unpleasant little matter, Mr. Cowley. I'm quite ashamed to have to trouble you.

COWLEY. I remember the cheque quite well. (*As if it were a liver.*) Seemed in perfect order.

COKESON. Sit down, won't you? I'm not a sensitive man, but a thing like this about the place—it's not nice. I like people to be open and jolly together.

COWLEY. Quite so.

COKESON (*buttonholing him, and glancing towards the partners' room*). Of course he's a young man. I've told him about it before now—leaving space after his figures, but he *will* do it.

COWLEY. I should remember the person's face—quite a youth.

COKESON. I don't think we shall be able to show him to you, as a matter of fact.

[JAMES and WALTER have come back from the partners' room.]

JAMES. Good-morning, Mr. Cowley. You've seen my son and myself, you've seen Mr. Cokeson, and you've 20 seen Sweedle, my office-boy. It was none of us, I take it.

[*The cashier shakes his head with a smile.*]

JAMES. Be so good as to sit there. Cokeson, engage Mr. Cowley in conversation, will you? (*He goes towards FALDER'S room.*)

COKESON. Just a word, Mr. James.

JAMES. Well?

COKESON. You don't want to upset the 30 young man in there, do you? He's a nervous young feller.

JAMES. This must be thoroughly cleared up, Cokeson, for the sake of Falder's name, to say nothing of yours.

COKESON (*with some dignity*). That'll look after itself, sir. He's been upset once this morning; I don't want him startled again.

JAMES. It's a matter of form; but I can't 40 stand upon niceness over a thing like this—too serious. Just talk to Mr. Cowley. (*He opens the door of FALDER'S room.*)

JAMES. Bring in the papers in Boulter's lease, will you, Falder?

COKESON (*bursting into voice*). Do you keep dogs?

[*The cashier, with his eyes fixed on the door, does not answer.*]

COKESON. You haven't such a thing as a bulldog pup you could spare me, I suppose?

[*At the look on the cashier's face his jaw drops, and he turns to see FALDER standing in the doorway, with his eyes fixed on COWLEY, like the eyes of a rabbit fastened on a snake.*]

FALDER (*advancing with the papers*). Here they are, sir!

JAMES (*taking them*). Thank you.

FALDER. Do you want me, sir?

JAMES. No, thanks!

[*FALDER turns and goes back into his own room. As he shuts the door JAMES gives the cashier an interrogative look, and the cashier nods.*]

JAMES. Sure? This isn't as we suspected.

COWLEY. Quite. He knew me. I suppose he can't slip out of that room?

COKESON (*gloomily*). There's only the window—a whole floor and a basement.

[*The door of FALDER'S room is quietly opened, and FALDER, with his hat in his hand, moves towards the door of the outer office.*]

JAMES (*quietly*). Where are you going, Falder?

FALDER. To have my lunch, sir.

JAMES. Wait a few minutes, would you? I want to speak to you about this lease.

FALDER. Yes, sir. (*He goes back into his room.*)

COWLEY. If I'm wanted, I can swear that's the young man who cashed the cheque. It was the last cheque I handled that morning before my lunch. These are the numbers of the notes he had. (*He puts a slip of paper on the table; then, brushing his hat round.*) Good-morning!

JAMES. Good-morning, Mr. Cowley!

COWLEY (*to COKESON*). Good-morning.

COKESON (*with stupefaction*). Good-morning.

[*The cashier goes out through the outer office.*

COKESON *sits down in his chair, as though it were the only place left in the morass of his feelings.*]

WALTER. What are you going to do?

JAMES. Have him in. Give me the cheque 10 and the counterfoil.

COKESON. I don't understand. I thought young Davis——

JAMES. We shall see.

WALTER. One moment, father: have you thought it out?

JAMES. Call him in!

COKESON (*rising with difficulty and opening FALDER's door; hoarsely*). Step in here a minute.

[*FALDER comes in.*]

FALDER (*impassively*). Yes, sir?

JAMES (*turning to him suddenly with the cheque held out*). You know this cheque, Falder?

FALDER. No, sir.

JAMES. Look at it. You cashed it last Friday week.

FALDER. Oh! yes, sir; that one—Davis gave it me.

JAMES. I know. And you gave Davis the cash?

FALDER. Yes, sir.

JAMES. When Davis gave you the cheque was it exactly like this?

FALDER. Yes, I think so, sir.

JAMES. You know that Mr. Walter drew that cheque for nine pounds?

FALDER. No, sir—ninety.

JAMES. Nine, Falder.

FALDER (*faintly*). I don't understand, sir.

JAMES. The suggestion, of course, is that the cheque was altered; whether by you or Davis is the question.

FALDER. I—I——

COKESON. Take your time, take your time.

FALDER (*regaining his impassivity*). Not by me, sir.

JAMES. The cheque was handed to Cokeson by Mr. Walter at one o'clock; we know that because Mr. Cokeson's lunch had just arrived.

COKESON. I couldn't leave it.

JAMES. Exactly; he therefore gave the cheque to Davis. It was cashed by you at 1.15. We know that because the cashier recollects it for the last cheque he handled before *his* lunch.

FALDER. Yes, sir, Davis gave it to me because some friends were giving him a farewell luncheon.

JAMES (*puzzled*). You accuse Davis, then?

FALDER. I don't know, sir—it's very funny.

[*WALTER, who has come close to his father, says something to him in a low voice.*]

20 JAMES. Davis was not here again after that Saturday, was he?

COKESON (*anxious to be of assistance to the young man, and seeing faint signs of their all being jolly once more*). No, he sailed on the Monday.

JAMES. Was he, Falder?

FALDER (*very faintly*). No, sir.

JAMES. Very well, then, how do you account for the fact that this nought was added to the nine in the counter-foil on or after Tuesday?

COKESON (*surprised*). How's that?

[*FALDER gives a sort of lurch; he tries to pull himself together, but he has gone all to pieces.*]

JAMES (*very grimly*). Out, I'm afraid, Cokeson. The cheque-book remained in Mr. Walter's pocket till he came back from Trenton on Tuesday morning. In the face of this, Falder, do you still deny that you altered both cheque and counterfoil?

FALDER. No, sir—no, Mr. How. I did it, sir; I did it.

COKESON (*succumbing to his feelings*). Dear, dear! what a thing to do!

FALDER. I wanted the money so badly, sir. I didn't know what I was doing.

COKESON. However such a thing could have come into your head!

FALDER (*grasping at the words*). I can't think, sir, really! It was just a minute of madness.

JAMES. A long minute, Falder. (*Tapping the counterfoil*.) Four days at least.

FALDER. Sir, I swear I didn't know what I'd done till afterwards, and then I hadn't the pluck. Oh! sir, look over it! / I'll pay the money back—I will, I promise.

JAMES. Go into your room.

[FALDER, *with a swift imploring look, goes back into his room. There is silence.*]

JAMES. About as bad a case as there could be.

COKESON. To break the law like that—in here!

WALTER. What's to be done?

JAMES. Nothing for it. Prosecute. /

WALTER. It's his first offence.

JAMES (*shaking his head*). I've grave doubts of that. Too neat a piece of swindling altogether.

COKESON. I shouldn't be surprised if he was tempted.

JAMES. Life's one long temptation, Coke-son.

COKESON. Ye-es, but I'm speaking of the flesh and the devil, Mr. James. There was a woman come to see him this morning.

WALTER. The woman we passed as we came in just now. Is it his wife?

COKESON. No, no relation. (*Restraining what in jollier circumstances would have been a wink*.) A married person, though.

WALTER. How do you know?

COKESON. Brought her children. (*Scandalised*.) There they were outside the office.

JAMES. A real bad egg. /

WALTER. I should like to give him a chance.

JAMES. I can't forgive him for the sneaky way he went to work—counting on our suspecting young Davis if the matter came to light. It was the merest accident the cheque-book stayed in your pocket.

10 WALTER. It must have been the temptation of a moment. He hadn't time.

JAMES. A man doesn't succumb like that in a moment, if he's a clean mind and habits. He's rotten; got the eyes of a man who can't keep his hands off when there's money about.

WALTER (*dryly*). We hadn't noticed that before.

20 JAMES (*brushing the remark aside*). I've seen lots of those fellows in my time. No doing anything with them except to keep 'em out of harm's way. They've got a blind spot.

WALTER. It's penal servitude.

COKESON. They're *nahsty* places—prisons.

JAMES (*hesitating*). I don't see how it's possible to spare him. Out of the question to keep him in this office—

30 // honesty's the *sine qua non*.

COKESON (*hypnotised*). Of course it is.

JAMES. Equally out of the question to send him out amongst people who've // 'no knowledge of his character. One must think of society.

WALTER. But to brand him like this?

JAMES. If it had been a straightforward case I'd give him another chance. It's far from that. He has dissolute habits.

COKESON. I didn't say that—extenuating circumstances.

JAMES. Same thing. He's gone to work in the most cold-blooded way to defraud his employers, and cast the blame on an innocent man. If that's not a case

for the law to take its course, I don't know what is.

WALTER. For the sake of his future, though.

JAMES (*sarcastically*). According to you, no one would ever prosecute.

WALTER (*nettled*). I hate the idea of it.

COKESON. That's *rather ex parte*, Mr. Walter! We must have protection.

JAMES. This is degenerating into talk. (*He moves towards the partners' room.*)

WALTER. Put yourself in his place, father.

JAMES. You ask too much of me.

WALTER. We can't possibly tell the pressure there was on him.

JAMES. You may depend on it, my boy, if a man is going to do this sort of thing he'll do it, pressure or no pressure; if he isn't nothing'll make him.

WALTER. He'll never do it again.

COKESON (*fatuously*). S'pose I were to have a talk with him. We don't want to be hard on the young man.

JAMES. That'll do, Cokeson. I've made up my mind. (*He passes into the partners' room.*)

COKESON (*after a doubtful moment*). We must excuse your father. I don't want to go against your father; if he thinks it right.

WALTER. Confound it, Cokeson! Why don't you back me up? You know you feel—

COKESON (*on his dignity*). I really can't say what I feel.

WALTER. We shall regret it.

COKESON. He must have known what he was doing.

WALTER (*bitterly*). "The quality of mercy is not strained."

COKESON (*looking at him askance*). Come, come, Mr. Walter. We must try and see it sensible.

SWEEDLE (*entering with a tray*). Your lunch, sir.

COKESON. Put it down!

[While SWEEDLE is putting it down on COKESON's table, the detective, WISTER, enters the outer office, and, finding no one there, comes to the inner doorway. He is a square, medium-sized man, clean-shaved, in a serviceable blue serge suit and strong boots.]

WISTER (*to WALTER*). From Scotland Yard, sir. Detective-Sergeant Wister.

WALTER (*askance*). Very well! I'll speak to my father. (*He goes into the partners' room.* JAMES enters.)

JAMES. Morning! (*In answer to an appealing gesture from COKESON*). I'm sorry; I'd stop short of this if I felt I could. Open that door. (*SWEEDLE, wondering and scared, opens it.*) Come here, Mr. Falder.

[As FALDER comes shrinkingly out, the detective, in obedience to a sign from JAMES, slips his hand out and grasps his arm.]

FALDER (*recoiling*). Oh! no,—oh! no!

WISTER. Come, come, there's a good lad.

JAMES. I charge him with felony.

FALDER. Oh, sir! There's some one—I did it for her. Let me be till to-morrow.

[JAMES motions with his hand. At that sign of hardness, FALDER becomes rigid. Then, turning, he goes out quietly in the detective's grip. JAMES follows, stiff and erect. SWEEDLE, rushing to the door with open mouth, pursues them through the outer office into the corridor. When they have all disappeared COKESON spins completely round and makes a rush for the outer office.]

COKESON (*hoarsely*). Here, Here! What are we doing?

[There is silence. He takes out his handkerchief and mops the sweat from his face. Going back blindly to his table, sits down, and stares blankly at his lunch.]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

A Court of Justice, on a foggy October afternoon—crowded with barristers, solicitors, reporters, ushers, and jurymen. Sitting in the large, solid dock is FALDER, with a warder on either side of him, placed there for his safe custody, but seemingly indifferent to and unconscious of his presence. FALDER is sitting exactly opposite to the JUDGE, who, raised above the clamour of the court, also seems unconscious of and indifferent to everything. 10

HAROLD CLEAVER, the counsel for the Crown, is a dried, yellowish man, of more than middle age, in a wig worn almost to the colour of his face. HECTOR FROME, the counsel for the defence, is a young, tall man, clean-shaved, in a very white wig. Among the spectators, having already given their evidence, are JAMES and WALTER HOW, and COWLEY, the cashier. WISTER, the detective, is just leaving the witness-box. 20

CLEAVER. That is the case for the Crown, me lud! (*Gathering his robes together, he sits down.*)

FROME (*rising and bowing to the JUDGE*). If it please your lordship and gentlemen of the jury. I am not going to dispute the fact that the prisoner altered this cheque, but I am going to put before you evidence as to the condition of his 30 mind, and to submit that you would not be justified in finding that he was responsible for his actions at the time. I am going to show you, in fact, that he did this in a moment of aberration, amounting to temporary insanity, caused by the violent distress under which he was labouring. Gentlemen, the prisoner is only twenty-three years old. I shall call before you a woman 40 from whom you will learn the events that led up to this act. You will hear from her own lips the tragic circumstances of her life, the still more tragic

infatuation with which she has inspired the prisoner. This woman, gentlemen, has been leading a miserable existence with a husband who habitually ill-uses her, from whom she actually goes in terror of her life. I am not, of course, saying that it's either right or desirable for a young man to fall in love with a married woman, or that it's his business to rescue her from an ogre-like husband. I'm not saying anything of the sort. But we all know the power of the passion of love; and I would ask you to remember, gentlemen, in listening to her evidence, that, married to a drunken and violent husband, she has no power to get rid of him; for, as you know, another offence besides violence is necessary to enable a woman to obtain a divorce; and of this offence it does not appear that her husband is guilty.

JUDGE. Is this relevant, Mr. Frome?

FROME. My lord, I submit, extremely—I shall be able to show your lordship that directly.

JUDGE. Very well.

FROME. In these circumstances, what alternatives were left to her? She could either go on living with this drunkard, in terror of her life; or she could apply to the Court for a separation order. Well, gentlemen, my experience of such cases assures me that this would have given her very insufficient protection from the violence of such a man; and even if effectual would very likely have reduced her either to the workhouse or the streets—for it's not easy, as she is now finding, for an unskilled woman without means of livelihood to support herself and her children without resorting either to the

✓ Poor Law or—to speak quite plainly
—to the sale of her body.

JUDGE. You are ranging rather far, Mr. Frome.

FROME. I shall fire point-blank in a minute, my lord.

JUDGE. Let us hope so.

FROME. Now, gentlemen, mark—and this is what I have been leading up to—this woman will tell you, and the 10 prisoner will confirm her, that, confronted with such alternatives, she set her whole hopes on himself, knowing the feeling with which she had inspired him. She saw a way out of her misery by going with him to a new country, where they would both be unknown, and might pass as husband and wife. This was a desperate and, as my friend Mr. Cleaver will no 20 doubt call it, an immoral resolution; but, as a fact, the minds of both of them were constantly turned towards it. One wrong is no excuse for another, and those who are never likely to be faced by such a situation possibly have the right to hold up their hands—as to that I prefer to say nothing. But whatever view you take, gentlemen, of this part of the prison- 30 er's story—whatever opinion you form of the right of these two young people under such circumstances to take the law into their own hands—the fact remains that this young woman in her distress, and this young man, little more than a boy, who was so devotedly attached to her, *did* conceive this—if you like—reprehensible design of going away together. Now, 40 for that, of course, they required money, and—they had none. As to the actual events of the morning of July 7th, on which this cheque was altered, the events on which I rely to prove the defendant's irresponsibility

—I shall allow those events to speak for themselves, through the lips of my witnesses. Robert Cokeson. (*He turns, looks round, takes up a sheet of paper, and waits.*)

[COKESON is summoned into court, and goes into the witness-box, holding his hat before him. The oath is administered to him.]

FROME. What is your name?

COKESON. Robert Cokeson.

FROME. Are you managing clerk to the firm of solicitors who employ the prisoner?

COKESON. Ye-es.

FROME. How long had the prisoner been in their employ?

COKESON. Two years. No, I'm wrong there—all but seventeen days.

FROME. Had you him under your eye all that time?

COKESON. Except Sundays and holidays.

FROME. Quite so. Let us hear, please, what you have to say about his general character during those two years.

COKESON (*confidentially to the jury, and as if a little surprised at being asked*). He was a nice, pleasant-spoken young man. I'd no fault to find with him—quite the contrary. It was a *great* surprise to me when he did a thing like that.

FROME. Did he ever give you reason to suspect his honesty?

COKESON. No! To have dishonesty in our office, that'd never do.

FROME. I'm sure the jury fully appreciate that, Mr. Cokeson.

COKESON. Every man of business knows that honesty's the sign qua non. —

FROME. Do you give him a good character all round, or do you not?

COKESON (*turning to the JUDGE*). Certainly. We were all very jolly and pleasant together, until this happened. Quite upset me.

FROME. Now, coming to the morning of the 7th of July, the morning on which

the cheque was altered. What have you to say about his demeanour that morning?

COKESON (*to the jury*). If you ask me, I don't think he was quite compos when he did it.

THE JUDGE (*sharply*). Are you suggesting that he was insane?

COKESON. Not compos.

THE JUDGE. A little more precision, 10 please.

FROME (*smoothly*). Just tell us, Mr. Cokeson.

COKESON (*somewhat outraged*). Well, in my opinion—(*Looking at the JUDGE.*)—such as it is—he was jumpy at the time. The jury will understand my meaning.

FROME. Will you tell us how you came to that conclusion?

COKESON. Ye-es, I will. I have my lunch in from the restaurant, a chop and a potato—saves time. That day it happened to come just as Mr. Walter How handed me the cheque. Well, I like it hot; so I went into the clerks' office and I handed the cheque to Davis, the other clerk, and told him to get change. I noticed young Falder walking up and down. I said to him: 30 "This is not the Zoological Gardens, Falder."

FROME. Do you remember what he answered?

COKESON. Ye-es: "I wish to God it were!" Struck me as funny.

FROME. Did you notice anything else peculiar?

COKESON. I did.

FROME. What was that?

COKESON. His collar was unbuttoned. Now, I like a young man to be neat. I said to him: "Your collar's unbuttoned."

FROME. And what did he answer?

COKESON. Stared at me. It wasn't nice.

THE JUDGE. Stared at you? Isn't that a very common practice?

COKESON. Ye-es, but it was the look in his eyes. I can't explain my meaning—it was funny.

FROME. Had you ever seen such a look in his eyes before?

COKESON. No. If I had I should have spoken to the partners. We can't have anything eccentric in our profession.

THE JUDGE. Did you speak to them on that occasion?

COKESON (*confidentially*). Well, I didn't like to trouble them about prime face evidence.

FROME. But it made a very distinct impression on your mind?

COKESON. Ye-es. The clerk Davis could have told you the same.

20 FROME. Quite so. It's very unfortunate that we've not got him here. Now can you tell me of the morning on which the discovery of the forgery was made? That would be the 18th. Did anything happen that morning?

COKESON (*with his hand to his ear*). I'm a little deaf.

FROME. Was there anything in the course of that morning—I mean before the discovery—that caught your attention?

COKESON. Ye-es—a woman.

THE JUDGE. How is *this* relevant, Mr. Frome?

FROME. I am trying to establish the state of mind in which the prisoner committed this act, my lord.

THE JUDGE. I quite appreciate that. But this was long after the act.

40 FROME. Yes, my lord, but it contributes to my contention.

THE JUDGE. Well!

FROME. You say a woman. Do you mean that she came to the office?

COKESON. Ye-es.

FROME. What for?

COKESON. Asked to see young Falder; he was out at the moment.

FROME. Did you see her?

COKESON. I did.

FROME. Did she come alone?

COKESON (*confidentially*). Well, there you put me in a difficulty. I mustn't tell you what the office-boy told me.

FROME. Quite so, Mr. Cokeson, quite so

COKESON (*breaking in with an air of "You are young—leave it to me"*). But I think we can get round it. In answer to a question put to her by a third party the woman said to me: "They're mine, sir."

THE JUDGE. What are? What were?

COKESON. Her children. They were outside.

THE JUDGE. How do you know?

COKESON. Your lordship mustn't ask me that, or I shall have to tell you what I was told—and that'd never do.

THE JUDGE (*smiling*). The office-boy made a statement.

COKESON. Egg-zactly.

FROME. What I want to ask you, Mr. Cokeson, is this. In the course of her appeal to see Falder, did the woman say anything that you specially re-

COKESON (*looking at him as if to encourage him to complete the sentence*). A leetle more, sir.

FROME. Or did she not?

COKESON. She did. I shouldn't like you to have led me to the answer.

FROME (*with an irritated smile*). Will you tell the jury what it was?

COKESON. "It's a matter of life and death."

FOREMAN OF THE JURY. Do you mean the woman said that?

COKESON (*nodding*). It's not the sort of thing you like to have said to you.

FROME (*a little impatiently*). Did Falder

come in while she was there? (COKESON *nods*.) And she saw him, and went away?

COKESON. Ah! there I can't follow you. I didn't see her go.

FROME. Well, is she there now?

COKESON (*with an indulgent smile*). No!

FROME. Thank you, Mr. Cokeson. (*He sits down.*)

10 CLEAVER (*rising*). You say that on the morning of the forgery the prisoner was jumpy. Well, now, sir, what precisely do you mean by that word?

COKESON (*indulgently*). I want you to understand. Have you ever seen a dog that's lost its master? He was kind of everywhere at once with his eyes.

CLEAVER. Thank you; I was coming to his eyes. You called them "funny."

20 What are we to understand by that? Strange, or what?

COKESON. Ye-es, funny.

CLEAVER (*sharply*). Yes, sir, but what may be funny to you may not be funny to me, or to the jury. Did they look frightened, or shy, or fierce, or what?

COKESON. You make it very hard for me. I give you the word, and you want me to give you another.

30 CLEAVER (*rapping his desk*). Does "funny" mean mad?

COKESON. Not mad, fun——

CLEAVER. Very well! Now you say he had his collar unbuttoned? Was it a hot day?

COKESON. Ye-es; I think it was.

CLEAVER. And did he button it when you called his attention to it?

COKESON. Ye-es, I think he did.

CLEAVER. Would you say that that denoted insanity?

[*He sits down. COKESON, who has opened his mouth to reply, is left gaping.*]

FROME (*rising hastily*). Have you ever caught him in that dishevelled state before?

COKESON. No! He was *always* clean and quiet.

FROME. That will do, thank you.

[COKESON turns blandly to the JUDGE, as though to rebuke counsel for not remembering that the JUDGE might wish to have a chance; arriving at the conclusion that he is to be asked nothing further, he turns and descends from the box, and sits down next to JAMES and WALTER.]

FROME. Ruth Honeywill.

[RUTH comes into court, and takes her stand stoically in the witness-box. She is sworn.]

FROME. What is your name, please?

RUTH. Ruth Honeywill.

FROME. How old are you?

RUTH. Twenty-six.

FROME. You are a married woman, living with your husband? A little louder.

RUTH. No, sir; not since July. —

FROME. Have you any children?

RUTH. Yes, sir, two. ✓

FROME. Are they living with you?

RUTH. Yes, sir.

FROME. You know the prisoner?

RUTH (looking at him). Yes.

FROME. What was the nature of your relations with him?

RUTH. We were friends.

THE JUDGE. Friends?

RUTH (simply). Lovers, sir.

THE JUDGE (sharply). In what sense do you use that word?

RUTH. We love each other.

THE JUDGE. Yes, but—

RUTH (shaking her head). No, your lordship—not yet.

THE JUDGE. Not yet! H'm! (He looks from RUTH to FALDER.) Well!

FROME. What is your husband?

RUTH. Traveller. ✓

FROME. And what was the nature of your married life?

RUTH (shaking her head). It don't bear talking about.

FROME. Did he ill-treat you, or what?

RUTH. Ever since my first was born.

FROME. In what way?

RUTH. I'd rather not say. All sorts of ways.

THE JUDGE. I am afraid I must stop this, you know.

RUTH (pointing to FALDER). He offered to take me out of it, sir. We were going to South America.

10 FROME (hastily). Yes, quite—and what prevented you?

RUTH. I was outside his office when he was taken away. It nearly broke my heart.

FROME. You knew, then, that he had been arrested?

RUTH. Yes, sir. I called at his office afterwards, and (Pointing to COKESON.) that gentleman told me all about it.

20 FROME. Now, do you remember the morning of Friday, July 7th?

RUTH. Yes.

FROME. Why?

✓ RUTH. My husband nearly strangled me that morning.

THE JUDGE. Nearly strangled you!

RUTH (bowing her head). Yes, my lord.

FROME. With his hands, or—?

RUTH. Yes, I just managed to get away
30 from him. I went straight to my friend. It was eight o'clock.

THE JUDGE. In the morning? Your husband was not under the influence of liquor then?

RUTH. It wasn't always that.

FROME. In what condition were you?

RUTH. In very bad condition, sir. My
— dress was torn, and I was half chok-
ing.

40 FROME. Did you tell your friend what had happened?

RUTH. Yes. I wish I never had.

FROME. It upset him? ✓

RUTH. Dreadfully. ✓

FROME. Did he ever speak to you about a cheque?

RUTH. Never.

FROME. Did he ever give you any money?

RUTH. Yes.

FROME. When was that?

RUTH. On Saturday.

FROME. The 8th?

RUTH. To buy an outfit for me and the children, and get all ready to start.

FROME. Did that surprise you, or not?

RUTH. What, sir?

FROME. That he had money to give you.

RUTH. Yes, because on the morning when my husband nearly killed me my friend cried because he hadn't the money to get me away. He told me afterwards he'd come into a windfall.

FROME. And when did you last see him?

RUTH. The day he was taken away, sir. It was the day we were to have started.

FROME. Oh, yes, the morning of the arrest. Well, did you see him at all between the Friday and that morning? (RUTH nods.) What was his manner then?

RUTH. Dumb-like—sometimes he didn't seem able to say a word.

FROME. As if something unusual had happened to him?

RUTH. Yes.

FROME. Painful, or pleasant, or what?

RUTH. Like a fate hanging over him.

FROME (hesitating). Tell me, did you love the prisoner very much?

RUTH (bowing her head). Yes. ✓

FROME. And had he a very great affection for you?

RUTH (looking at FALDER). Yes, sir.

FROME. Now, ma'am, do you or do you not think that your danger and unhappiness would seriously affect his balance, his control over his actions?

RUTH. Yes.

FROME. His reason, even?

RUTH. For a moment like, I think it would.

FROME. Was he very much upset that Friday morning, or was he fairly calm?

RUTH. Dreadfully upset. I could hardly bear to let him go from me.

FROME. Do you still love him?

RUTH (with her eyes on FALDER). He's ruined himself for me.

FROME. Thank you. (He sits down. RUTH remains stoically upright in the witness-box.)

CLEAVER (in a considerate voice). When you left him on the morning of Friday the 7th you would not say that he was out of his mind, I suppose?

RUTH. No, sir.

CLEAVER. Thank you; I've no further questions to ask you.

RUTH (bending a little forward to the jury). I would have done the same for him; I would indeed.

THE JUDGE. Please, please! You say your married life is an unhappy one? Faults on both sides?

RUTH. Only that I never bowed down to him. I don't see why I should, sir, not to a man like that.

THE JUDGE. You refused to obey him?

RUTH (avoiding the question). I've always studied him to keep things nice.

THE JUDGE. Until you met the prisoner—was that it?

RUTH. No; even after that.

THE JUDGE. I ask, you know, because you seem to me to glory in this affection of yours for the prisoner.

RUTH (hesitating). I—I do. It's the only thing in my life now.

THE JUDGE (staring at her hard). Well, step down, please.

[RUTH looks at FALDER, then passes quietly down and takes her seat among the witnesses.]

FROME. I call the prisoner, my lord.

[FALDER leaves the dock; goes into the witness-box, and is duly sworn.]

FROME. What is your name?

FALDER. William Falder.

FROME. And age?

FALDER. Twenty-three.

FROME. You are not married?

[FALDER *shakes his head.*]

FROME. How long have you known the last witness?

FALDER. Six months. *✓*

FROME. Is her account of the relationship 10
between you a correct one?

FALDER. Yes.

FROME. You became devotedly attached to her, however?

FALDER. Yes.

THE JUDGE. Though you knew she was a married woman?

FALDER. I couldn't help it, your lordship.

THE JUDGE. Couldn't help it?

20

FALDER. I didn't seem able to.

[*The JUDGE slightly shrugs his shoulders.*]

FROME. How did you come to know her?

FALDER. Through my married sister.

FROME. Did you know whether she was happy with her husband?

FALDER. It was trouble all the time.

FROME. You knew her husband?

FALDER. Only through her—he's a brute.

THE JUDGE. I can't allow indiscriminate 30
abuse of a person not present.

FROME (*bowing*). If your lordship pleases.
(*To FALDER.*) You admit altering this cheque?

[FALDER *bows his head.*]

FROME. Carry your mind, please, to the morning of Friday, July the 7th, and tell the jury what happened.

FALDER (*turning to the jury*). I was having my breakfast when she came. Her 40
dress was all torn, and she was gasping and couldn't seem to get her breath at all; there were the marks of his fingers round her throat; her arm was bruised, and the blood had got into her eyes dreadfully. It frightened me,

and then when she told me, I felt—I felt—well—it was too much for me! (*Hardening suddenly.*) If you'd seen it, having the feelings for her that I had, you'd have felt the same, I know.

FROME. Yes?

FALDER. When she left me—because I had to go to the office—I was out of my senses for fear that he'd do it again, and thinking what I could do. I couldn't work—all the morning I was like that—simply couldn't fix my mind on anything. I couldn't think at all. I seemed to have to keep moving. When Davis—the other clerk—gave me the cheque—he said: "It'll do you good, Will, to have a run with this. You seem half off your chump this morning." Then when I had it in my hand—I don't know how it came, but it just flashed across me that if I put the t y and the nought there would be the money to get her away. It just came and went—I never thought of it again. Then Davis went out to his luncheon, and I don't really remember what I did till I'd pushed the cheque through to the cashier under the rail. I remember his saying "Gold or notes?" Then I suppose I knew what I'd done. Anyway, when I got outside I wanted to chuck myself under a 'bus; I wanted to throw the money away; but it seemed I was in for it, so I thought at any rate I'd save her. Of course the tickets I took for the passage and the little I gave her's been wasted, and all, except what I was obliged to spend myself, I've restored. I keep thinking over and over how ever it was I came to do it, and how I can't have it all again to do differently! (FALDER *is silent, twisting his hands before him.*)

FROME. How far is it from your office to the bank?

FALDER. Not more than fifty yards, sir.

FROME. From the time Davis went out to lunch to the time you cashed the cheque, how long do you say it must have been?

FALDER. It couldn't have been four minutes, sir, because I ran all the way.

FROME. During those four minutes you say you remember nothing?

FALDER. No, sir; only that I ran.

FROME. Not even adding the t y and the nought?

FALDER. No, sir. I don't really.

[FROME *sits down*, and CLEAVER *rises*.]

CLEAVER. But you remember running, do you?

FALDER. I was all out of breath when I got to the bank.

CLEAVER. And you don't remember altering the cheque?

FALDER (*faintly*). No, sir.

CLEAVER. Divested of the romantic glamour which my friend is casting over the case, is this anything but an ordinary forgery? Come.

FALDER. I was half frantic all that morning, sir.

CLEAVER. Now, now! You don't deny that the t y and the nought were so like the rest of the handwriting as to 30 thoroughly deceive the cashier?

FALDER. It was an accident.

CLEAVER (*cheerfully*). Queer sort of accident, wasn't it? On which day did you alter the counterfoil?

FALDER (*hanging his head*). On the Wednesday morning.

CLEAVER. Was that an accident too?

FALDER (*faintly*). No.

CLEAVER. To do that you had to watch 40 your opportunity, I suppose?

FALDER (*almost inaudibly*). Yes.

CLEAVER. You don't suggest that you were suffering under great excitement when you did that?

FALDER. I was haunted.

CLEAVER. With the fear of being found out?

FALDER (*very low*). Yes.

THE JUDGE. Didn't it occur to you that the only thing for you to do was to confess to your employers, and restore the money?

FALDER. I was afraid. (*There is silence.*)

CLEAVER. You desired, too, no doubt, to 10 complete your design of taking this woman away?

FALDER. When I found I'd done a thing like that, to do it for nothing seemed so dreadful. I might just as well have chucked myself into the river.

CLEAVER. You knew that the clerk Davis was about to leave England—didn't it occur to you when you altered this cheque that suspicion would 20 fall on him?

FALDER. It was all done in a moment. I thought of it afterwards.

CLEAVER. And that didn't lead you to avow what you'd done?

FALDER (*sullenly*). I meant to write when I got out there—I would have repaid the money.

THE JUDGE. But in the meantime your innocent fellow clerk might have been prosecuted.

FALDER. I knew he was a long way off, your lordship. I thought there'd be time. I didn't think they'd find it out so soon.

FROME. I might remind your lordship that as Mr. Walter How had the cheque-book in his pocket till after Davis had sailed, if the discovery had been made only one day later Falder himself would have left, and suspicion would have attached to him, and not 1 to Davis, from the beginning.

THE JUDGE. The question is whether the prisoner knew that suspicion would light on himself, and not on Davis. (*To FALDER sharply.*) Did you know

that Mr. Walter How had the cheque-book till after Davis had sailed?

FALDER. I—I—thought—he—

THE JUDGE. Now speak the truth—yes or no!

FALDER (*very low*). No, my lord. I had no means of knowing.

THE JUDGE. That disposes of your point, Mr. Frome.

[FROME bows to the JUDGE.] 10

CLEAVER. Has any aberration of this nature ever attacked you before?

FALDER (*faintly*). No, sir.

CLEAVER. You had recovered sufficiently to go back to your work that afternoon?

FALDER. Yes, I had to take the money back.

CLEAVER. You mean the *nine* pounds. Your wits were sufficiently keen for 20 you to remember that? And you still persist in saying you don't remember altering this cheque. (*He sits down.*)

FALDER. If I hadn't been mad I should never have had the courage.

FROME (*rising*). Did you have your lunch before going back?

FALDER. I never ate a thing all day; and at night I couldn't sleep.

FROME. Now, as to the four minutes that 30 elapsed between Davis's going out and your cashing the cheque: do you say that you recollect *nothing* during those four minutes?

FALDER (*after a moment*). I remember thinking of Mr. Cokeson's face.

FROME. Of Mr. Cokeson's face! Had that any connection with what you were doing?

FALDER. No, sir.

FROME. Was that in the office, before you ran out?

FALDER. Yes, and while I was running. *balance*

FROME. And that lasted till the cashier said: "Will you have gold or notes?" *house*

FALDER. Yes, and then I seemed to come to myself—and it was too late.

FROME. Thank you. That closes the evidence for the defence, my lord.

[*The JUDGE nods, and FALDER goes back to his seat in the dock.*]

FROME (*gathering up notes*). If it please your lordship—Gentlemen of the Jury,—My friend in cross-examination has shown a disposition to sneer at the defence which has been set up in this case, and I am free to admit that nothing I can say will move you, if the evidence has not already convinced you that the prisoner committed this act in a moment when to all practical intents and purposes he was not responsible for his actions; a moment of such mental and moral vacuity, arising from the violent emotional agitation under which he had been suffering, as to amount to temporary madness. My friend has alluded to the "romantic glamour" with which I have sought to invest this case. Gentlemen, I have done nothing of the kind. I have merely shown you the background of "life"—that palpitating life which, believe me—whatever my friend may say—always lies behind the commission of a crime. Now gentlemen, we live in a highly civilized age, and the sight of brutal violence disturbs us in a very strange way, even when we have no personal interest in the matter. But when we see it inflicted on a woman whom we love—what then? Just think of what your own feelings would have been, each of you, at the prisoner's age; and then look at him. Well! he is hardly the comfortable, shall we say bucolic, person likely to contemplate with equanimity marks of gross violence on a woman to whom he was devotedly attached. Yes, gentlemen,

look at him! He has not a strong face; but neither has he a vicious face. He is just the sort of man who would easily become the prey of his emotions. You have heard the description of his eyes. My friend may laugh at the word "funny"—I think it better describes the peculiar uncanny look of those who are strained to breaking-point than any other word which 10 could have been used. I don't pretend, mind you, that his mental irresponsibility was more than a flash of darkness, in which all sense of proportion became lost; but I do contend, that, just as a man who destroys himself at such a moment may be, and often is, absolved from the stigma attaching to the crime of self-murder, so he may, and frequently does, commit 20 other crimes while in this irresponsible condition, and that he may as justly be acquitted of criminal intent and treated as a patient. I admit that this is a plea which might well be abused. It is a matter for discretion. But here you have a case in which there is every reason to give the benefit of the doubt. You heard me ask the prisoner what he thought of during 30 those four fatal minutes. What was his answer? "I thought of Mr. Cokeson's face!" Gentlemen, no man could invent an answer like that; it is absolutely stamped with truth. You have seen the great affection (legitimate or not) existing between him and this woman, who came here to give evidence for him at the risk of her life. It is impossible for you to doubt his dis- 40 tress on the morning when he committed this act. We well know what terrible havoc such distress can make in weak and highly nervous people. It was all the work of a moment. The rest has followed, as death follows a

stab to the heart, or water drops if you hold up a jug to empty it. Believe me, gentlemen, there is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done. Once this cheque was altered and presented, the work of four minutes—four mad minutes—the rest has been silence. But in those four minutes the boy before you has slipped through a door, hardly opened, into that great cage which never again quite lets a man go—the cage of the Law. His further acts, his failure to confess, the alteration of the counterfoil, his preparations for flight, are all evidence—not of deliberate and guilty intention when he committed the prime act from which these subsequent acts arose; no—they are merely evidence of the weak character which is clearly enough his misfortune. But is a man to be lost because he is bred and born with a weak character? Gentlemen, men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as though he were a criminal type, he will, as all experience shows, in all probability become one. I beg you not to return a verdict that may thrust him back into prison and brand him for ever. Gentlemen, Justice is a machine that, when some one has once given it the starting push, rolls on of itself. Is this young man to be ground to pieces under this machine for an act which at the worst was one of weakness? Is he to become a member of the luckless crews that man those dark, ill-starred ships called prisons? Is that to be his voyage—from which so few return? Or is he to have another chance, to

be still looked on as one who has gone a little astray, but who will come back? I urge you, gentlemen, do not ruin this young man! For, as a result of those four minutes, ruin, utter and irretrievable, stares him in the face. He can be saved now. Imprison him as a criminal, and I affirm to you that he will be lost. He has neither the face nor the manner of one who can 10 survive that terrible ordeal. Weigh in the scales his criminality and the suffering he has undergone. The latter is ten times heavier already. He has lain in prison under this charge for more than two months. Is he likely ever to forget that? Imagine the anguish of his mind during that time. He has had his punishment, gentlemen, you may depend. The rolling of 20 the chariot-wheels of Justice over this boy began when it was decided to prosecute him. We are now already at the second stage. If you permit it to go on to the third I would not give—that for him. (*He holds up finger and thumb in the form of a circle, drops his hand, and sits down.*)

[*The jury stir, and consult each other's faces; then they turn towards the counsel for the 30 Crown, who rises, and, fixing his eyes on a spot that seems to give him satisfaction, slides them every now and then towards the jury.*]

CLEAVER. May it please your lordship—(*Rising on his toes.*) Gentlemen of the Jury,—The facts in this case are not disputed, and the defence, if my friend will allow me to say so, is so thin that I don't propose to waste the time of 40 the Court by taking you over the evidence. The plea is one of temporary insanity. Well, gentlemen, I daresay it is clearer to me than it is to you why this rather—what shall we call it?—bizarre defence has been set up.

The alternative would have been to plead guilty. Now, gentlemen, if the prisoner had pleaded guilty my friend would have had to rely on a simple appeal to his lordship. Instead of that, he has gone into the byways and hedges and found this—er—peculiar plea, which has enabled him to show you the proverbial woman, to put her in the box—to give, in fact, a romantic glow to this affair. I compliment my friend; I think it highly ingenious of him. By these means, he has—to a certain extent—got round the Law. He has brought the whole story of motive and stress out in court, at first hand, in a way that he would not otherwise have been able to do. But when you have once grasped that fact, gentlemen, you have grasped everything. (*With good-humoured contempt.*) For look at this plea of insanity; we can't put it lower than that. You have heard the woman. She has every reason to favour the prisoner, but what did she say? She said that the prisoner was *not* insane when she left him in the morning. If he were going out of his mind through distress, that was obviously the moment when insanity would have shown itself. You have heard the managing clerk, another witness for the defence. With some difficulty I elicited from him the admission that the prisoner, though jumpy (a word that he seemed to think you would understand, gentlemen, and I'm sure I hope you do), was *not* mad when the cheque was handed to Davis. I agree with my friend that it's unfortunate that we have not got Davis here, but the prisoner has told you the words with which Davis in turn handed him the cheque; he obviously, therefore, was *not* mad when he received it, or he

would not have remembered those words. The cashier has told you that he was certainly in his senses when he cashed it. We have therefore the plea that a man who is sane at ten minutes past one, and sane at fifteen minutes past, may, for the purposes of avoiding the consequences of a crime, call himself insane between those points of time. Really, gentlemen, this is so 10 peculiar a proposition that I am not disposed to weary you with further argument. You will form your own opinion of its value. My friend has adopted this way of saying a great deal to you—and very eloquently—on the score of youth, temptation, and the like. I might point out, however, that the offence with which the prisoner is charged is one of the most 20 serious known to our law; and there are certain features in this case, such as the suspicion which he allowed to rest on his innocent fellow-clerk, and his relations with this married woman, which will render it difficult for you to attach too much importance to such pleading. I ask you, in short, gentlemen, for that verdict of guilty which, in the circumstances, I 30 regard you as, unfortunately, bound to record. (*Letting his eyes travel from the JUDGE and the jury to FROME, he sits down.*)

THE JUDGE (*bending a little towards the jury, and speaking in a business-like voice*). Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and the comments on it. My only business is to make clear to you the issues you have to try. The facts 40 are admitted, so far as the alteration of this cheque and counterfoil by the prisoner. The defence set up is that he was not in a responsible condition when he committed the crime. Well, you have heard the prisoner's story,

and the evidence of the other witnesses—so far as it bears on the point of insanity. If you think that what you have heard establishes the fact that the prisoner was insane at the time of the forgery, you will find him guilty, but insane. If, on the other hand, you conclude from what you have seen and heard that the prisoner was sane—and nothing short of insanity will count—you will find him guilty. In reviewing the testimony as to his mental condition you must bear in mind very carefully the evidence as to his demeanour and conduct both before and after the act of forgery—the evidence of the prisoner himself, of the woman, of the witness—er—Cokeson, and—er—of the cashier. And in regard to that I especially direct your attention to the prisoner's admission that the idea of adding the t y and the nought did come into his mind at the moment when the cheque was handed to him; and also to the alteration of the counterfoil, and to his subsequent conduct generally. The bearing of all this on the question of premeditation (and premeditation will imply sanity) is very obvious. You must not allow any considerations of age or temptation to weigh with you in the finding of your verdict. Before you can come to a verdict of guilty but insane you must be well and thoroughly convinced that the condition of his mind was such as would have qualified him at the moment for a lunatic asylum. (*He pauses; then, seeing that the jury are doubtful whether to retire or no, adds:*) You may retire, gentlemen, if you wish to do so.

[*The jury retire by a door behind the JUDGE. The JUDGE bends over his notes. FALDER, leaning from the dock, speaks excitedly to*

his solicitor, pointing down at RUTH. The solicitor in turn speaks to FROME.]

FROME (*rising*). My lord. The prisoner is very anxious that I should ask you if your lordship would kindly request the reporters not to disclose the name of the woman witness in the Press reports of these proceedings. Your lordship will understand that the consequences might be extremely serious 10 to her.

THE JUDGE (*pointedly—with the suspicion of a smile*). Well, Mr. Frome, you deliberately took this course which involved bringing her here.

FROME (*with an ironic bow*). If your lordship thinks I could have brought out the full facts in any other way?

THE JUDGE. H'm! Well.

FROME. There is very real danger to her, 20 your lordship.

THE JUDGE. You see, I have to take your word for all that.

FROME. If your lordship would be so kind. I can assure your lordship that I am not exaggerating.

THE JUDGE. It goes very much against the grain with me that the name of a witness should ever be suppressed. (*With a glance at FALDER, who is grip- 30 ping and clasping his hands before him, and then at RUTH, who is sitting perfectly rigid with her eyes fixed on FALDER.*) I'll consider your application. It must depend. I have to remember that she may have come here to commit perjury on the prisoner's behalf.

FROME. Your lordship, I really—

THE JUDGE. Yes, yes—I don't suggest anything of the sort, Mr. Frome. 40 Leave it at that for the moment.

[*As he finishes speaking, the jury return, and file back into the box.*]

CLERK OF ASSIZE. Gentlemen, are you agreed on your verdict?

FOREMAN. We are.

CLERK OF ASSIZE. Is it Guilty, or Guilty but insane?

FOREMAN. Guilty.

[*The JUDGE nods; then, gathering up his notes, sits looking at FALDER, who stands motionless.*]

FROME (*rising*). If your lordship would allow me to address you in mitigation of sentence. I don't know if your lordship thinks I can add anything to what I have said to the jury on the score of the prisoner's youth, and the great stress under which he acted.

THE JUDGE. I don't think you can, Mr. Frome.

FROME. If your lordship says so—I do most earnestly beg your lordship to give the utmost weight to my plea. (*He sits down.*)

THE JUDGE (*to the CLERK*). Call upon him.

THE CLERK. Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted of felony. Have you anything to say for yourself, why the Court should not give you judgment according to law?

[*FALDER shakes his head.*]

THE JUDGE. William Falder, you have been given fair trial and found guilty, in my opinion rightly found guilty, of forgery. (*He pauses; then, consulting his notes, goes on.*) The defence was set up that you were not responsible for your actions at the moment of committing this crime. There is no doubt, I think, that this was a device to bring out at first hand the nature of the temptation to which you succumbed. For throughout the trial your counsel was in reality making an appeal for mercy. The setting up of this defence of course enabled him to put in some evidence that might weigh in that direction. Whether he was well advised to do so is another matter. He claimed that you should be treated rather as a

patient than as a criminal. And this plea of his, which in the end amounted to a passionate appeal, he based in effect on an indictment of the march of Justice, which he practically accused of confirming and completing the process of criminality. Now, in considering how far I should allow weight to his appeal, I have a number of factors to take into account. I have to consider on the one hand the grave nature of your offence, the deliberate way in which you subsequently altered the counterfoil, the danger you caused to an innocent man—and that, to my mind, is a very grave point—and finally I have to consider the necessity of deterring others from following your example. On the other hand, I have to bear in mind that you are young, that you have hitherto borne a good character, that you were, if I am to believe your evidence and that of your witnesses, in a state of some emotional excitement when you committed this crime. I have every wish, consistently with my duty—not only to you, but to the community—to treat you with leniency. And this brings me to what are the determining factors in my mind in my consideration of your case. You are a clerk in a lawyer's office—that is a very serious element in this case; there can be no possible excuse made for you on the ground that you were not fully conversant with the nature of the crime you were committing, and the penalties that attach to it. It is said, however, that you were carried away by your emotions. The story has been told here to-day of your relations with this—er—Mrs. Honeywill; on that story both the defence and the plea for mercy were in effect based. Now what is that

story? It is that you, a young man, and she, a young woman, unhappily married, had formed an attachment, which you both say—with what truth I am unable to gauge—had not yet resulted in immoral relations, but which you both admit was about to result in such relationship. Your counsel has made an attempt to palliate this, on the ground that the woman is in what he describes, I think, as “a hopeless position.” As to that I can express no opinion. She is a married woman, and the fact is patent that you committed this crime with the view of furthering an immoral design. Now, however I might wish, I am not able to justify to my conscience a plea for mercy which has a basis inimical to morality. It is vitiated *ab initio*, and would, if successful, free you for the completion of this immoral project. Your counsel has made an attempt to trace your offence back to what he seems to suggest is a defect in the marriage law; he has made an attempt also to show that to punish you with further imprisonment would be unjust. I do not follow him in these flights. *The Law is what it is*—a majestic edifice, sheltering all of us, each stone of which rests on another. I am concerned only with its administration. The crime you have committed is a very serious one. I cannot feel it in accordance with my duty to Society to exercise the powers I have in your favour. You will go to penal servitude for three years.

[FALDER, who throughout the JUDGE's speech has looked at him steadily, lets his head fall forward on his breast. RUTH starts up from her seat as he is taken out by the warders. There is a bustle in court.]
THE JUDGE (speaking to the reporters). Gentlemen of the Press, I think that the

name of the female witness should not be reported.

[*The reporters bow their acquiescence.*]

THE JUDGE (*to RUTH, who is staring in the direction in which FALDER has disappeared*). Do you understand, your name will not be mentioned?

COKESON (*pulling her sleeve*). The judge is speaking to you.

[*RUTH turns, stares at the JUDGE, and turns away.*]

THE JUDGE. I shall sit rather late to-day.

Call the next case.

CLERK OF ASSIZE (*to a warder*). Put up John Booley.

To cries of "Witnesses in the case of Booley":

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

SCENE I

A prison. A plainly furnished room, with two large barred windows, overlooking the prisoners' exercise yard, where men, in yellow clothes marked with arrows, and yellow brimless caps, are seen in single file at a distance of four yards from each other, walking rapidly on serpentine white lines marked on the concrete floor of the yard. Two warders in blue uniforms, with peaked caps and swords, are stationed amongst them. The room has dis-tempered walls, a bookcase with numerous official-looking books, a cupboard between the windows, a plan of the prison on the wall, a writing-table covered with documents. It is Christmas Eve.

The GOVERNOR, a neat, grave-looking man, with a trim, fair moustache, the eyes of a theorist, and grizzled hair, receding from the temples, is standing close to this writing-table looking at a sort of rough saw made out of a piece of metal. The hand in which he holds it is gloved, for two fingers are missing. The chief warder, WOODER, a tall, thin, military-looking man of sixty, with grey moustache and melancholy, monkey-like eyes, stands very upright two paces from him.

THE GOVERNOR (*with a faint, abstracted smile*). Queer-looking affair, Mr.

Wooder! Where did you find it?

WOODER. In his mattress, sir. Haven't come across such a thing for two years now.

10 THE GOVERNOR (*with curiosity*). Had he any set plan?

WOODER. He'd sawed his window-bar about that much. (*He holds up his thumb and finger a quarter of an inch apart.*)

THE GOVERNOR. I'll see him this afternoon. What's his name? Moaney! An old hand, I think?

WOODER. Yes, sir—fourth spell of penal.
20 You'd think an old lag like him would have had more sense by now. (*With pitying contempt.*) Occupied his mind, he said. Breaking in and breaking out—that's all they think about.

THE GOVERNOR. Who's next him?

WOODER. O'Cleary, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. The Irishman.

WOODER. Next him again there's that young fellow, Falder—star class—and
30 next him old Clipton.

THE GOVERNOR. Ah, yes! "The philosopher." I want to see him about his eyes.

WOODER. Curious thing, sir: they seem to know when there's one of these tries at escape going on. It makes them restive—there's a regular wave going through them just now.

THE GOVERNOR (*meditatively*). Odd things—those waves. (*Turning to look at the prisoners exercising.*) Seem quiet enough out here!

WOODER. That Irishman, O'Cleary, began banging on his door this morning.

Little thing like that's quite enough to upset the whole lot. They're just like dumb animals at times.

THE GOVERNOR. I've seen it with horses before thunder—it'll run right through cavalry lines.

[*The prison* CHAPLAIN *has entered. He is a dark-haired, ascetic man, in clerical undress, with a peculiarly steady, tight-lipped face and slow, cultured speech.*]

THE GOVERNOR (*holding up the saw*). Seen this, Miller?

THE CHAPLAIN. Useful-looking specimen.

THE GOVERNOR. Do for the Museum, eh! (*He goes to the cupboard and opens it, displaying to view a number of quaint ropes, hooks, and metal tools with labels tied on them.*) That'll do, thanks, Mr. Wooder.

WOODER (*saluting*). Thank you, sir. (*He goes out.*)

THE GOVERNOR. Account for the state of the men last day or two, Miller? Seems going through the whole place.

THE CHAPLAIN. No. I don't know of anything.

THE GOVERNOR. By the way, will you dine with us on Christmas Day?

THE CHAPLAIN. To-morrow. Thanks very much.

THE GOVERNOR. Worries me to feel the men discontented. (*Gazing at the saw.*) Have to punish this poor devil. Can't help liking a man who tries to escape. (*He places the saw in his pocket and locks the cupboard again.*)

THE CHAPLAIN. Extraordinary perverted will-power—some of them. Nothing to be done till it's broken.

THE GOVERNOR. And not much afterwards, I'm afraid. Ground too hard for golf?

[WOODER *comes in again.*]

WOODER. Visitor who's been seeing Q 3007 asks to speak to you, sir. I told him it wasn't usual.

THE GOVERNOR. What about?

WOODER. Shall I put him off, sir?

THE GOVERNOR (*resignedly*). No, no. Let's see him. Don't go, Miller.

[WOODER *motions to some one without, and as the visitor comes in withdraws. The visitor is COKESON, who is attired in a thick overcoat to the knees, woollen gloves, and carries a top hat.*]

10 COKESON. I'm sorry to trouble you. I've been talking to the young man.

THE GOVERNOR. We have a good many here.

COKESON. Name of Falder, forgery. (*Producing a card, and handing it to the GOVERNOR.*) Firm of James and Walter How. Well known in the law.

THE GOVERNOR (*receiving the card—with a faint smile*). What do you want to see me about, sir?

COKESON (*suddenly seeing the prisoners at exercise*). Why! what a sight!

THE GOVERNOR. Yes, we have that privilege from here; my office is being done up. (*Sitting down at his table.*) Now, please!

COKESON (*dragging his eyes with difficulty from the window*). I wanted to say a word to you; I shan't keep you long. (*Confidentially.*) Fact is, I oughtn't to be here by rights. His sister came to me—he's got no father and mother—and she was in some distress. "My husband won't let me go and see him," she said; "says he's disgraced the family. And his other sister," she said, "is an invalid." And she asked me to come. Well, I take an interest in him. He was our junior—I go to the same chapel—and I didn't like to refuse. And what I wanted to tell you was, he seems lonely here.

THE GOVERNOR. Not unnaturally.

COKESON. I'm afraid it'll prey on my mind. I see a lot of them about working together.

THE GOVERNOR. Those are local prisoners. The convicts serve their three months here in separate confinement, sir.

COKESON. But we don't want to be unreasonable. He's quite downhearted. I wanted to ask you to let him run about with the others.

THE GOVERNOR (*with faint amusement*). Ring the bell—would you, Miller? 10
(*To COKESON.*) You'd like to hear what the doctor says about him, perhaps.

THE CHAPLAIN (*ringing the bell*). You are not accustomed to prisons, it would seem, sir.

COKESON. No. But it's a pitiful sight. He's quite a young fellow. I said to him: "Before a month's up," I said, "you'll be out and about with the others; it'll 20 be a nice change for you." "A month!" he said—like that! "Come!" I said, "we mustn't exaggerate. What's a month? Why, it's nothing!" "A day," he said, "shut up in your cell thinking and brooding as I do, it's longer than a year outside. I can't help it," he said; "I try—but I'm built that way, Mr. Cokeson." And he held his hand up to his face. I 30 could see the tears trickling through his fingers. It wasn't nice.

THE CHAPLAIN. He's a young man with large, rather peculiar eyes, isn't he? Not Church of England, I think?

COKESON. No.

THE CHAPLAIN. I know.

THE GOVERNOR (*to WOODER, who has come in*). Ask the doctor to be good enough to come here for a minute. (WOODER 40 *salutes, and goes out.*) Let's see, he's not married?

COKESON. No. (*Confidentially.*) But there's a party he's very much attached to, not altogether com-il-fo. It's a sad story.

THE CHAPLAIN. If it wasn't for drink and women, sir, this prison might be closed.

COKESON (*looking at the CHAPLAIN over his spectacles*). Ye-es, but I wanted to tell you about that, special. He had hopes they'd have let her come and see him, but they haven't. Of course he asked me questions. I did my best, but I couldn't tell the poor young fellow a lie, with him in here—seemed like hitting him. But I'm afraid it's made him worse.

THE GOVERNOR. What was this news then?

COKESON. Like this. The woman had a nahsty, spiteful feller for a husband, and she'd left him. Fact is, she was going away with our young friend. It's not nice—but I've looked over it. Well, when he was put in here she said she'd earn her living apart, and wait for him to come out. That was a great consolation to him. But after a month she came to me—I *don't* know her personally—and she said: "I can't earn the children's living, let alone my own—I've got no friends. I'm obliged to keep out of everybody's way, else my husband'd get to know where I was. I'm very much reduced," she said. And she has lost flesh. "I'll have to go in the work-house!" It's a painful story. I said to her: "No," I said, "not that! I've got a wife an' family, but sooner than you should do that I'll spare you a little myself." "Really," she said—she's a nice creature—"I don't like to take it from you. I think I'd better go back to my husband." Well, I know he's a nahsty, spiteful feller—drinks—but I didn't like to persuade her not to.

THE CHAPLAIN. Surely, no.

COKESON. Ye-es, but I'm sorry now; it's upset the poor young fellow dread-

fully. And what I wanted to say was: He's got his three years to serve. I want things to be pleasant for him.

THE CHAPLAIN (*with a touch of impatience*).

The law hardly shares your view, I'm afraid.

COKESON. But I can't help thinking that to shut him up there by himself'll turn him silly. And nobody wants that, I s'pose. I *don't* like to see a man cry.

THE CHAPLAIN. It's a very rare thing for them to give way like that.

COKESON (*looking at him—in a tone of sudden dogged hostility*). I keep dogs.

THE CHAPLAIN. Indeed?

COKESON. Ye-es. And I say this: I wouldn't shut one of them up all by himself, month after month, not if he'd bit me all over.

THE CHAPLAIN. Unfortunately, the criminal is not a dog; he has a sense of right and wrong.

COKESON. But that's not the way to make him feel it.

THE CHAPLAIN. Ah! there I'm afraid we must differ.

COKESON. It's the same with dogs. If you treat 'em with kindness they'll do anything for you; but to shut 'em up alone, it only makes 'em savage.

THE CHAPLAIN. Surely you should allow those who have had a little more experience than yourself to know what is best for prisoners.

COKESON (*doggedly*). I know this young feller, I've watched him for years. He's eurotic—got no stamina. His father died of consumption. I'm thinking of his future. If he's to be kept there shut up by himself, without a cat to keep him company, it'll do him harm. I said to him: "Where do you feel it?" "I can't tell you, Mr. Cokeson," he said, "but sometimes I could beat my head against the wall." It's not nice.

[*During this speech the DOCTOR has entered. He is a medium-sized, rather good-looking man, with a quick eye. He stands leaning against the window.*]

THE GOVERNOR. This gentleman thinks the separate is telling on Q 3007—Falder, young thin fellow, star class. What do you say, Doctor Clements?

THE DOCTOR. He doesn't like it, but it's not doing him any harm.

COKESON. But he's told me.

THE DOCTOR. Of course he'd say so, but we can always tell. He's lost no weight since he's been here.

COKESON. It's his state of mind I'm speaking of.

THE DOCTOR. His mind's all right so far. He's nervous, rather melancholy. I don't see signs of anything more. I'm watching him carefully.

COKESON (*nonplussed*). I'm glad to hear you say that.

THE CHAPLAIN (*more suavely*). It's just at this period that we are able to make some impression on them, sir. I am speaking from my special standpoint.

COKESON (*turning bewildered to the GOVERNOR*). I *don't* want to be unpleasant, but having given him this news, I do feel it's awkward.

THE GOVERNOR. I'll make a point of seeing him to-day.

COKESON. I'm much obliged to you. I thought perhaps seeing him every day you wouldn't notice it.

THE GOVERNOR (*rather sharply*). If any sign of injury to his health shows itself his case will be reported at once. That's fully provided for. (*He rises.*)

COKESON (*following his own thoughts*). Of course, what you don't see doesn't trouble you; but having seen him, I don't want to have him on my mind.

THE GOVERNOR. I think you may safely leave it to us, sir.

COKESON (*mollified and apologetic*). I thought you'd understand me. I'm a plain man—never set myself up against authority. (*Expanding to the CHAPLAIN.*) Nothing personal meant. Good-morning. (*As he goes out the three officials do not look at each other, but their faces wear peculiar expressions.*)

THE CHAPLAIN. Our friend seems to think that prison is a hospital.

COKESON (*returning suddenly with an apologetic air*). There's just one little thing. This woman—I suppose I mustn't ask you to let him see her. It'd be a rare treat for them both. He's thinking about her all the time. Of course she's not his wife. But he's quite safe in here. They're a pitiful couple. You couldn't make an exception?

THE GOVERNOR (*wearily*). As you say, my dear sir, I couldn't make an exception; he won't be allowed another visit of any sort till he goes to a convict prison.

COKESON. I see. (*Rather coldly.*) Sorry to have troubled you. (*He again goes out.*)

THE CHAPLAIN (*shrugging his shoulders*).

The plain man indeed, poor fellow. Come and have some lunch, Clements? (*He and the DOCTOR go out talking.*) [The GOVERNOR, with a sigh, sits down at his table and takes up a pen.]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

SCENE II

Part of the ground corridor of the prison. The walls are coloured with greenish distemper up to a stripe of deeper green about the height of a man's shoulder, and above this line are whitewashed. The floor is of blackened stones. Daylight is filtering through a heavily barred window at the end. The doors of four cells are visible. Each cell door has a little round peep-hole at the level of a man's eye, covered by a little round disc, which, raised upwards, affords a view of the cell. On the wall,

close to each cell door, hangs a little square board with the prisoner's name, number, and record.

Overhead can be seen the iron structures of the first-floor and second-floor corridors.

The WARDER INSTRUCTOR, a bearded man in blue uniform, with an apron, and some dangling keys, is just emerging from one of the cells.

INSTRUCTOR (*speaking from the door into the cell*). I'll have another bit for you when that's finished.

O'CLEARY (*unseen—in an Irish voice*). Little doubt o' that, sirr.

INSTRUCTOR (*gossiping*). Well, you'd rather have it than nothing, I s'pose. O'CLEARY. An' that's the blessed truth.

[*Sounds are heard of a cell door being closed and locked, and of approaching footsteps.*]

INSTRUCTOR (*in a sharp, changed voice*). Look alive over it! (*He shuts the cell door, and stands at attention.*)

[*The GOVERNOR comes walking down the corridor, followed by WOODER.*]

THE GOVERNOR. Anything to report?

INSTRUCTOR (*saluting*). Q 3007 (*He points to a cell.*) is behind with his work, sir. He'll lose marks to-day.

[*The GOVERNOR nods and passes on to the end cell. The INSTRUCTOR goes away.*]

THE GOVERNOR. This is our maker of saws, isn't it?

[*He takes the saw from his pocket as WOODER throws open the door of the cell. The convict MOANEY is seen lying on his bed, athwart the cell, with his cap on. He springs up and stands in the middle of the cell. He is a raw-boned fellow, about fifty-six years old, with outstanding bat's ears and fierce, staring, steel-coloured eyes.*]

WOODER. Cap off! (*MOANEY removes his cap.*) Out here!

[*MOANEY comes to the door.*]

THE GOVERNOR (*beckoning him out into the corridor, and holding up the saw—with the*

manner of an officer speaking to a private).
Anything to say about this, my man?
(MOANEY is silent.) Come!

MOANEY. It passed the time.

THE GOVERNOR (*pointing into the cell*). Not enough to do, eh?

MOANEY. It don't occupy your mind.

THE GOVERNOR (*tapping the saw*). You might find a better way than this.

MOANEY (*sullenly*). Well! What way? I 10

must keep my hand in against the time I get out. What's the good of anything else to me at my time of life? (*With a gradual change to civility, as his tongue warms.*) Ye know that, sir. I'll be in again within a year or two, after I've done this lot. I don't want to disgrace meself when I'm out. *You've* got your pride keeping the prison smart; well, I've got mine. (*Seeing that the* 20
GOVERNOR *is listening with interest, he goes on, pointing to the saw.*) I must be doin' a little o' this. It's no harm to any one. I was five weeks makin' that saw—a bit of all right it is, too; now I'll get cells, I suppose, or seven days' bread and water. You can't help it, sir, I know that—I quite put meself in your place.

THE GOVERNOR. Now, look here, Mo- 30
aney, if I pass it over will you give me your word not to try it on again? Think! (*He goes into the cell, walks to the end of it, mounts the stool, and tries the window-bars.*)

THE GOVERNOR (*returning*). Well?

MOANEY (*who has been reflecting*). I've got another six weeks to do in here, alone. I can't do it and think o' nothing. I must have something to interest me. 40
You've made me a sporting offer, sir, but I can't pass my word about it. I shouldn't like to deceive a gentleman. (*Pointing into the cell.*) Another four hours' steady work would have done it.

THE GOVERNOR. Yes, and what then? Caught, brought back, punishment. Five weeks' hard work to make this, and cells at the end of it, while they put a new bar to your window. Is it worth it, Moaney?

MOANEY (*with a sort of fierceness*). Yes, it is.

THE GOVERNOR (*putting his hand to his brow*). Oh, well! Two days' cells—bread and water.

MOANEY. Thank 'e, sir. (*He turns quickly like an animal and slips into his cell.*)

[*The GOVERNOR looks after him and shakes his head as WOODER closes and locks the cell door.*]

THE GOVERNOR. Open Clipton's cell.

[*WOODER opens the door of CLIPTON's cell. CLIPTON is sitting on a stool just inside the door, at work on a pair of trousers. He is a small, thick, oldish man, with an almost shaven head, and smouldering little dark eyes behind smoked spectacles. He gets up and stands motionless in the doorway, peering at his visitors.*]

THE GOVERNOR (*beckoning*). Come out here a minute, Clipton.

[*CLIPTON, with a sort of dreadful quietness, comes into the corridor, the needle and thread in his hand. The GOVERNOR signs to WOODER, who goes into the cell and inspects it carefully.*]

THE GOVERNOR. How are your eyes?

CLIPTON. I don't complain of them. I don't see the sun here. (*He makes a stealthy movement, protruding his neck a little.*) There's just one thing, Mr. Governor, as you're speaking to me. I wish you'd ask the cove next door here to keep a bit quieter.

THE GOVERNOR. What's the matter? I don't want any tales, Clipton.

CLIPTON. He keeps me awake. I don't know who he is. (*With contempt.*) One of this star class, I expect. Oughtn't to be here with us.

THE GOVERNOR (*quietly*). Quite right,

Clipton. He'll be moved when there's a cell vacant.

CLIPTON. He knocks about like a wild beast in the early morning. I'm not used to it—stops me getting my sleep out. In the evening too. It's not fair, Mr. Governor, as you're speaking to me. Sleep's the comfort I've got here; I'm entitled to take it out full.

[WOODER comes out of the cell, and instantly, 10 as though extinguished, CLIPTON moves with stealthy suddenness back into his cell.]

WOODER. All right, sir.

[The GOVERNOR nods. The door is closed and locked.]

THE GOVERNOR. Which is the man who banged on his door this morning?

WOODER (going toward O'CLEARY'S cell). This one, sir; O'Cleary. (He lifts the disc and glances through the peep-hole.)

THE GOVERNOR. Open.

[WOODER throws open the door. O'CLEARY, who is seated at a little table by the door as if listening, springs up and stands at attention just inside the doorway. He is a broad-faced, middle-aged man, with a wide, thin, flexible mouth, and little holes under his high cheek-bones.]

THE GOVERNOR. Where's the joke, O'Cleary?

O'CLEARY. The joke, your honour? I've not seen one for a long time.

THE GOVERNOR. Banging on your door?

O'CLEARY. Oh! that!

THE GOVERNOR. It's womanish.

O'CLEARY. An' it's that I'm becoming this two months past.

THE GOVERNOR. Anything to complain off?

O'CLEARY. No, sirr.

THE GOVERNOR. You're an old hand; you ought to know better.

O'CLEARY. Yes, I've been through it all.

THE GOVERNOR. You've got a youngster next door; you'll upset him.

O'CLEARY. Itcam' over me, your honour.

I can't always be the same steady man.

THE GOVERNOR. Work all right?

O'CLEARY (taking up a rush mat he is making). Oh! I can do it on me head. It's the miserablest stuff—don't take the brains of a mouse. (Working his mouth.) It's here I feel it—the want of a little noise—a terrible little wud ease me.

THE GOVERNOR. You know as well as I do that if you were out in the shops you wouldn't be allowed to talk.

O'CLEARY (with a look of profound meaning). Not with my mouth.

THE GOVERNOR. Well, then?

O'CLEARY. But it's the great conversation I'd have.

THE GOVERNOR (with a smile). Well, no more conversation on your door.

20 O'CLEARY. No, sirr, I wud not have the little wit to repeat meself.

THE GOVERNOR (turning). Good-night.

O'CLEARY. Good-night, your honour.

[He turns into his cell. The GOVERNOR shuts the door.]

THE GOVERNOR (looking at the record card).

Can't help liking the poor blackguard.

WOODER. He's an amiable man, sir.

THE GOVERNOR (pointing down the corridor). Ask the doctor to come here, Mr. 30 Wooder.

[WOODER salutes and goes away down the corridor. The GOVERNOR goes to the door of *FALDER'S cell. He raises his uninjured hand to uncover the peep-hole; but, without uncovering it, shakes his head and drops his hand; then, after scrutinising the record board, he opens the cell door. FALDER, who is standing against it, lurches forward.]

40 THE GOVERNOR (beckoning him out). Now tell me: can't you settle down, Falder?

FALDER (in a breathless voice). Yes, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. You know what I mean?

It's no good running your head against a stone wall, is it?

FALDER. No, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. Well, come.

FALDER. I try, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. Can't you sleep?

FALDER. Very little. Between two o'clock and getting up's the worst time.

THE GOVERNOR. How's that?

FALDER (*his lips twitch with a sort of smile*).

I don't know, sir. I was always nervous. (*Suddenly voluble.*) Everything seems to get such a size then. I feel 10 I'll never get out as long as I live.

THE GOVERNOR. That's morbid, my lad.

Pull yourself together.

FALDER (*with an equally sudden dogged resentment*). Yes—I've got to——

THE GOVERNOR. Think of all these other fellows?

FALDER. They're used to it.

THE GOVERNOR. They all had to go through it once for the first time, just 20 as you're doing now.

FALDER. Yes, sir, I shall get to be like them in time, I suppose.

THE GOVERNOR (*rather taken aback*). H'm! Well! That rests with you. Now come. Set your mind to it, like a good fellow. You're still quite young. A man can make himself what he likes.

FALDER (*wistfully*). Yes, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. Take a good hold of 30 yourself. Do you read?

FALDER. I don't take the words in. (*Hanging his head.*) I know it's no good; but I can't help thinking of what's going on outside. In my cell I can't see out at all. It's thick glass, sir.

THE GOVERNOR. You've had a visitor. Bad news?

FALDER. Yes.

THE GOVERNOR. You mustn't think 40 about it.

FALDER (*looking back at his cell*). How can I help it, sir? (*He suddenly becomes motionless as WOODER and the DOCTOR approach. The GOVERNOR motions to him to go back into his cell.*)

FALDER (*quick and low*). I'm quite right in my head, sir. (*He goes back into his cell.*)

THE GOVERNOR (*to the DOCTOR*). Just go in and see him, Clements.

[*The DOCTOR goes into the cell. The GOVERNOR pushes the door to, nearly closing it, and walks towards the window.*]

WOODER (*following*). Sorry you should be troubled like this, sir. Very contented lot of men, on the whole.

THE GOVERNOR (*shortly*). You think so?

WOODER. Yes, sir. It's Christmas doing it, in my opinion.

THE GOVERNOR (*to himself*). Quêer, that!

WOODER. Beg pardon, sir?

THE GOVERNOR. Christmas! (*He turns towards the window, leaving WOODER looking at him with a sort of pained anxiety.*)

WOODER (*suddenly*). Do you think we make show enough, sir? If you'd like us to have more holly?

THE GOVERNOR. Not at all, Mr. Wooder.

WOODER. Very good, sir.

[*The DOCTOR has come out of FALDER's cell, and the GOVERNOR beckons to him.*]

THE GOVERNOR. Well?

THE DOCTOR. I can't make anything much of him. He's nervous, of course.

THE GOVERNOR. Is there any sort of case to report? Quite frankly, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR. Well, I don't think the separate's doing him any good; but then I could say the same of a lot of them—they'd get on better in the shops, there's no doubt.

THE GOVERNOR. You mean you'd have to recommend others?

THE DOCTOR. A dozen at least. It's on his nerves. There's nothing tangible. That fellow there (*Pointing to O'CLEARY's cell.*) for instance—feels it just as much, in his way. If I once get away from physical facts—I shan't know where I am. Conscientiously, sir, I don't know how to differentiate

him. He hasn't lost weight. Nothing wrong with his eyes. His pulse is good. Talks all right.

THE GOVERNOR. It doesn't amount to melancholia?

THE DOCTOR (*shaking his head*). I can report on him if you like; but if I do I ought to report on others.

THE GOVERNOR. I see. (*Looking towards FALDER's cell.*) The poor devil must 10 just stick it then. (*As he says this he looks absently at WOODER.*)

WOODER. Beg pardon, sir?

[*For answer the GOVERNOR stares at him, turns on his heel, and walks away. There is a sound as of beating on metal.*]

THE GOVERNOR (*stopping*). Mr. Wooder?

WOODER. Banging on his door, sir. I thought we should have more of that. (*He hurries forward, passing the GOVER-* 20 *NOR, who follows closely.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

SCENE III

FALDER's cell, a whitewashed space thirteen feet broad by seven deep, and nine feet high, with a rounded ceiling. The floor is of shiny blackened bricks. The barred window of opaque glass, with a ventilator, is high up in the middle of the end wall. In the middle of the opposite end wall is the narrow door. In a corner are the mattress and bedding rolled up (two blankets, two sheets, and a coverlet). Above them is a quarter-circular wooden shelf, on which is a Bible and several little devotional books, piled in a symmetrical pyramid; there are also a black hair-brush, tooth-brush, and a bit of soap. In another corner is the wooden frame of a bed, standing on end. There is a dark ventilator under the window, and another over the door. FALDER's work (a shirt to which he is putting button-holes) is hung to a nail on the wall over a small wooden table, on which the novel "*Lorna Doone*" lies open. Low down in the

corner by the door is a thick glass screen, about a foot square, covering the gas-jet let into the wall. There is also a wooden stool, and a pair of shoes beneath it. Three bright round tins are set under the window.

In fast-fading daylight, FALDER, in his stockings, is seen standing motionless, with his head inclined towards the door, listening. He moves a little closer to the door, his stock-inged feet making no noise. He stops at the door. He is trying harder and harder to hear something, any little thing that is going on outside. He springs suddenly upright—as if at a sound—and remains perfectly motionless. Then, with a heavy sigh, he moves to his work, and stands looking at it, with his head down; he does a stitch or two, having the air of a man so lost in sadness that each stitch is, as it were, a coming to life. Then turning abruptly, he begins pacing the cell, moving his head, like an animal pacing its cage. He stops again at the door, listens, and, placing the palms of his hands against it with his fingers spread out, leans his forehead against the iron. Turning from it, presently, he moves slowly back towards the window, tracing his way with his finger along the top line of the distemper that runs round the wall. He stops under the window, and, picking up the lid of one of the tins, peers into it. It has grown very nearly dark. Suddenly the lid falls out of his hand with a clatter—the only sound that has broken the silence—and he stands staring intently at the wall where the stuff of the shirt is hanging rather white in the darkness—he seems to be seeing somebody or something there. There is a sharp tap and click; the cell light behind the glass screen has been turned up. The cell is brightly lighted. FALDER is seen gasping for breath.

A sound from far away, as of distant, dull beating on thick metal, is suddenly audible. FALDER shrinks back, not able to bear this sudden clamour. But the sound grows, as though some great tumbril were rolling towards the cell. And gradually it seems to hyp-

notise him. He begins creeping inch by inch nearer to the door. The banging sound, travelling from cell to cell, draws closer and closer; FALDER's hands are seen moving as if his spirit had already joined in this beating, and

the sound swells till it seems to have entered the very cell. He suddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door, and beats on it.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT IV

The scene is again COKESON's room, at a few minutes to ten of a March morning, two years later. The doors are all open. SWEEDLE, now blessed with a sprouting moustache, is getting the offices ready. He arranges papers on COKESON's table; then goes to a covered washstand, raises the lid, and looks at himself in the mirror. While he is gazing his fill RUTH HONEYWILL comes in through the outer office and stands in the doorway. There 10 seems a kind of exultation and excitement behind her habitual impassivity.

SWEEDLE (suddenly seeing her, and dropping the lid of the washstand with a bang).
Hello! It's you!

RUTH. Yes.

SWEEDLE. There's only me here! They don't waste their time hurrying down in the morning. Why, it must be two 20 years since we had the pleasure of seeing you. (Nervously.) What have you been doing with yourself?

RUTH (sardonically). Living.

SWEEDLE (impressed). If you want to see him (He points to COKESON's chair.) he'll be here directly—never misses—not much. (Delicately.) I hope our friend's back from the country. His time's been up these three months, if I re- 30 member. (RUTH nods.) I was awful sorry about that. The governor made a mistake—if you ask me.

RUTH. He did.

SWEEDLE. He ought to have given him a chanst. And, I say, the judge ought to ha' let him go after that. They've forgot what human nature's like.

Whereas we know. (RUTH gives him a honeyed smile.)

SWEEDLE. They come down on you like a cartload of bricks, flatten you out, and when you don't swell up again they complain of it. I know 'em—seen a lot of that sort of thing in my time. (He shakes his head in the plenitude of wisdom.) Why, only the other day the governor——

[But COKESON has come in through the outer office; brisk with east wind, and decidedly greyer.]

COKESON (drawing off his coat and gloves). Why! it's you! (Then motioning SWEEDLE out, and closing the door.) Quite a stranger! Must be two years. D'you want to see me? I can give you a minute. Sit down! Family well?

RUTH. Yes. I'm not living where I was.

COKESON (eyeing her askance). I hope things are more comfortable at home.

RUTH. I couldn't stay with Honeywill, after all.

COKESON. You haven't done anything rash, I hope. I should be sorry if you'd done anything rash.

RUTH. I've kept the children with me.

COKESON (beginning to feel that things are not so jolly as he had hoped). Well, I'm glad to have seen you. You've not heard from the young man, I suppose, since he came out?

RUTH. Yes, I ran across him yesterday.

COKESON. I hope he's well.

RUTH (with sudden fierceness). He can't get anything to do. It's dreadful to see him. He's just skin and bone.

COKESON (*with genuine concern*). 'Dear me! I'm sorry to hear that. (*On his guard again.*) Didn't they find him a place when his time was up?

RUTH. He was only there three weeks. It got out.

COKESON. I'm sure I don't know what I can do for you. I don't like to be snubby.

RUTH. I can't bear his being like that. 10

COKESON (*scanning her not unprosperous figure*). I know his relations aren't very forthy about him. Perhaps *you* can do something for him, till he finds his feet.

RUTH. Not now. I could have—but not now.

COKESON. I don't understand.

RUTH (*proudly*). I've seen him again—that's all over.

COKESON (*staring at her—disturbed*). I'm a family man—I don't want to hear anything unpleasant. Excuse me—I'm very busy.

RUTH. I'd have gone home to my people in the country long ago, but they've never got over me marrying Honey-will. I never was waywise, Mr. Cokeson, but I'm proud. I was only a girl, you see, when I married him. I thought 30 the world of him, of course . . . he used to come travelling to our farm.

COKESON (*regretfully*). I did hope you'd have got on better, after you saw me.

RUTH. He used me worse than ever. He couldn't break my nerve, but I lost my health; and then he began knocking the children about. . . . I couldn't stand that. I wouldn't go back now, if he were dying.

COKESON (*who has risen and is shifting about as though dodging a stream of lava*).

We mustn't be violent, must we?

RUTH (*smouldering*). A man that can't behave better than that—(*There is silence.*)

COKESON (*fascinated in spite of himself*). Then there you were! And what did you do then?

RUTH (*with a shrug*). Tried the same as when I left him before . . . making skirts . . . cheap things. It was the best I could get, but I never made more than ten shillings a week, buying my own cotton and working all day; I hardly ever got to bed till past twelve. I kept at it for nine months. (*Fiercely.*) Well, I'm not fit for that; I wasn't made for it. I'd rather die.

COKESON. My dear woman! We mustn't talk like that.

RUTH. It was starvation for the children too—after what they'd always had. I soon got not to care. I used to be too tired. (*She is silent.*)

20 COKESON (*with fearful curiosity*). Why, what happened then?

RUTH (*with a laugh*). My employer happened then—he's happened ever since.

COKESON. Dear! Oh dear! I never came across a thing like this.

RUTH (*dully*). He's treated me all right. But I've done with that. (*Suddenly her lips begin to quiver, and she hides them with the back of her hand.*) I never thought I'd see him again, you see. It was just a chance I met him by Hyde Park. We went in there and sat down, and he told me all about himself. Oh! 30 Mr. Cokeson, give him another chance.

COKESON (*greatly disturbed*). Then you've both lost your livings! What a horrible position!

RUTH. If he could only get here—where 40 there's nothing to find out about him!

COKESON. We can't have anything derogative to the firm.

RUTH. I've no one else to go to.

COKESON. I'll speak to the partners, but I don't think they'll take him, under the circumstances. I don't really.

RUTH. He came with me; he's down there in the street. (*She points to the window.*)

COKESON (*on his dignity*). He shouldn't have done that until he's sent for. (*Then softening at the look on her face.*) We've got a vacancy, as it happens, but I can't promise anything.

RUTH. It would be the saving of him.

COKESON. Well, I'll do what I can, but I'm not sanguine. Now tell him that I don't want him till I see how things are. Leave your address? (*Repeating her.*) 83 Mullingar Street? (*He notes it on blotting-paper.*) Good-morning.

RUTH. Thank you. (*She moves towards the door, turns as if to speak, but does not, and goes away.*)

COKESON (*wiping his head and forehead with a large white cotton handkerchief*). What a business! (*Then looking amongst his papers, he sounds his bell. SWEEDLE answers it.*)

COKESON. Was that young Richards coming here to-day after the clerk's place?

SWEEDLE. Yes.

COKESON. Well, keep him in the air; I don't want to see him yet.

SWEEDLE. What shall I tell him, sir? 30

COKESON (*with asperity*). Invent something. Use your brains. Don't stump him off altogether.

SWEEDLE. Shall I tell him that we've got illness, sir?

COKESON. No! Nothing untrue. Say I'm not here to-day.

SWEEDLE. Yes, sir. Keep him hankering?

COKESON. Exactly. And look here. You remember Falder? I may be having 40 him round to see me. Now, treat him like you'd have him treat you in a similar position.

SWEEDLE. I naturally should do.

COKESON. That's right. When a man's down never hit 'im. 'Tisn't necessary.

Give him a hand up. That's a metaphor I recommend to you in life. It's sound policy.

SWEEDLE. Do you think the governors will take him on again, sir?

COKESON. Can't say anything about that. (*At the sound of some one having entered the outer office.*) Who's there?

SWEEDLE (*going to the door and looking*). It's Falder, sir.

COKESON (*vexed*). Dear me! That's very naughty of her. Tell him to call again. I don't want—

[*He breaks off as FALDER comes in. FALDER is thin, pale, older, his eyes have grown more restless. His clothes are very worn and loose. SWEEDLE, nodding cheerfully, withdraws.*]

COKESON. Glad to see you. You're rather previous. (*Trying to keep things pleasant.*) Shake hands! She's striking while the iron's hot. (*He wipes his forehead.*) I don't blame her. She's anxious.

[*FALDER timidly takes COKESON's hand and glances towards the partners' door.*]

COKESON. No—not yet! Sit down! (*FALDER sits in the chair at the side of COKESON's table, on which he places his cap.*) Now you are here I'd like you to give me a little account of yourself. (*Looking at him over his spectacles.*) How's your health?

FALDER. I'm alive, Mr. Cokeson.

COKESON (*preoccupied*). I'm glad to hear that. About this matter. I don't like doing anything out of the ordinary; it's not my habit. I'm a plain man, and I want everything smooth and straight. But I promised your friend to speak to the partners, and I always keep my word.

FALDER. I just want a chance, Mr. Cokeson. I've paid for that job a thousand times and more. I have, sir. No one knows. They say I weighed more

when I came out than when I went in. They couldn't weigh me here (*He touches his head.*) or here. (*He touches his heart, and gives a sort of laugh.*) Till last night I'd have thought there was nothing in here at all.

COKESON (*concerned*). You've not got heart disease?

FALDER. Oh! they passed me sound enough. 10

COKESON. But they got you a place, didn't they?

FALDER. Yes; very good people, knew all about it—very kind to me. I thought I was going to get on first rate. But one day, all of a sudden, the other clerks got wind of it. . . . I couldn't stick it, Mr. Cokeson, I couldn't, sir.

COKESON. Easy, my dear fellow, easy!

FALDER. I had one small job after that, 20 but it didn't last.

COKESON. How was that?

FALDER. It's no good deceiving you, Mr. Cokeson. The fact is, I seem to be struggling against a thing that's all round me. I can't explain it: it's as if I was in a net; as fast as I cut it here, it grows up there. I didn't act as I ought to have, about references; but what are you to do? You must have them. 30 And that made me afraid, and I left. In fact, I'm—I'm afraid all the time now. (*He bows his head and leans dejectedly silent over the table.*)

COKESON. I feel for you—I do really. Aren't your sisters going to do anything for you?

FALDER. One's in consumption. And the other—

COKESON. Ye . . . es. She told me her 40 husband wasn't quite pleased with you.

FALDER. When I went there—they were at supper—my sister wanted to give me a kiss—I know. But he just looked at her, and said: "What have you

come for?" Well, I pocketed my pride and I said: "Aren't you going to give me your hand, Jim? Cis is, I know," I said. "Look here!" he said, "that's all very well, but we'd better come to an understanding. I've been expecting you, and I've made up my mind. I'll give you fifteen pounds to go to Canada with." "I see," I said—"good riddance! No, thanks; keep your fifteen pounds." Friendship's a queer thing when you've been where I have.

COKESON. I understand. Will you take the fifteen pound from me? (*Flustered, as FALDER regards him with a queer smile.*) Quite without prejudice; I meant it kindly.

FALDER. I'm not allowed to leave the country.

COKESON. Oh! ye . . . es—ticket-of-leave? You aren't looking the thing.

FALDER. I've slept in the Park three nights this week. The dawns aren't all poetry there. But meeting her—I feel a different man this morning. I've often thought the being fond of her's the best thing about me; it's sacred, somehow—and yet it did for me. That's queer, isn't it?

COKESON. I'm sure we're all very sorry for you.

FALDER. That's what I've found, Mr. Cokeson. Awfully sorry for me. (*With quiet bitterness.*) But it doesn't do to associate with criminals!

COKESON. Come, come, it's no use calling yourself names. That never did a man any good. Put a face on it.

FALDER. It's easy enough to put a face on it, sir, when you're independent. Try it when you're down like me. They talk about giving you your deserts. Well, I think I've had just a bit over.

COKESON (*eyeing him askance over his spectacles*). I hope they haven't made a Socialist of you.

[FALDER is suddenly still, as if brooding over his past self; he utters a peculiar laugh.]

COKESON. You must give them credit for the best intentions. Really you must. Nobody wishes you harm, I'm sure.

FALDER. I believe that, Mr. Cokeson. Nobody wishes you harm, but they down you all the same. This feeling — (*He stares round him, as though at something closing in.*) It's crushing me. 10 (*With sudden impersonality.*) I know it is.

COKESON (*horribly disturbed*). There's nothing there! We must try and take it quiet. I'm sure I've often had you in my prayers. Now leave it to me. I'll use my guption and take 'em when they're jolly. (*As he speaks the two partners come in.*)

COKESON (*rather disconcerted, but trying to 20 put them all at ease*). I didn't expect you quite so soon. I've just been having a talk with this young man. I think you'll remember him.

JAMES (*with a grave, keen look*). Quite well. How are you, Falder? -

WALTER (*holding out his hand almost timidly*). Very glad to see you again, Falder.

FALDER (*who has recovered his self-control, 30 takes the hand*). Thank you, sir.

COKESON. Just a word, Mr. James. (*To FALDER, pointing to the clerks' office.*) You might go in there a minute. You know your way. Our junior won't be coming this morning. His wife's just had a little family.

[FALDER goes uncertainly out into the clerks' office.]

COKESON (*confidentially*). I'm bound to 40 tell you all about it. He's quite penitent. But there's a prejudice against him. And you're not seeing him to advantage this morning; he's undernourished. It's very trying to go without your dinner.

JAMES. Is that so, Cokeson?

COKESON. I wanted to ask you. He's had his lesson. Now *we* know all about him, and we want a clerk. There is a young fellow applying, but I'm keeping him in the air.

JAMES. A gaol-bird in the office, Cokeson? I don't see it.

WALTER. "The rolling of the chariot-wheels of Justice!" I've never got that out of my head.

JAMES. I've nothing to reproach myself with in this affair. What's he been doing since he came out?

COKESON. He's had one or two places, but he hasn't kept them. He's sensitive—quite natural. Seems to fancy everybody's down on him.

JAMES. Bad sign. Don't like the fellow—never did from the first. "Weak character" 's written all over him.

WALTER. I think we owe him a leg up.

JAMES. He brought it all on himself.

WALTER. The doctrine of full responsibility doesn't quite hold in these days.

JAMES (*rather grimly*). You'll find it safer to hold it for all that, my boy.

WALTER. For oneself, yes—not for other people, thanks.

JAMES. Well! I don't want to be hard.

COKESON. I'm glad to hear you say that. He seems to see something (*Spreading his arms.*) round him. 'Tisn't healthy.

JAMES. What about that woman he was mixed up with? I saw some one uncommonly like her outside as we came in.

COKESON. *That!* Well, I can't keep anything from you. He has met her.

JAMES. Is she with her husband?

COKESON. No.

JAMES. Falder living with her, I suppose?

COKESON (*desperately trying to retain the new-found jollity*). I don't know that of my own knowledge. 'Tisn't my business.

JAMES. It's *our* business, if we're going to engage him, Cokeson.

COKESON (*reluctantly*). I ought to tell you, perhaps. I've had the party here this morning.

JAMES. I thought so. (*To* WALTER.) No, my dear boy, it won't do. Too shady altogether!

COKESON. The two things together make it very awkward for you—I see that.

WALTER (*tentatively*). I don't quite know what we have to do with his private life.

JAMES. No, no! He must make a clean sheet of it, or he can't come here.

WALTER. Poor devil!

COKESON. Will you have him in? (*And as* JAMES *nods*.) I think I can get him to see reason.

JAMES (*grimly*). You can leave that to 20 me, Cokeson.

WALTER (*to* JAMES, *in a low voice, while* COKESON *is summoning* FALDER). His whole future may depend on what we do, dad.

[FALDER comes in. He has pulled himself together, and presents a steady front.]

JAMES. Now look here, Falder. My son and I want to give you another chance; but there are two things I 30 must say to you. In the first place: It's no good coming here as a victim. If you've any notion that you've been unjustly treated—get rid of it. You can't play fast and loose with morality and hope to go scot-free. If Society didn't take care of itself, nobody would—the sooner you realise that the better.

FALDER. Yes, sir; but—may I say some- 40 thing?

JAMES. Well?

FALDER. I had a lot of time to think it over in prison. (*He stops*.)

COKESON (*encouraging him*). I'm sure you did.

FALDER. There were all sorts there. And what I mean, sir, is, that if we'd been treated differently the first time, and put under somebody that could look after us a bit, and not put in prison, not a quarter of us would ever have got there.

JAMES (*shaking his head*). I'm afraid I've very grave doubts of that, Falder.

10 FALDER (*with a gleam of malice*). Yes, sir, so I found.

JAMES. My good fellow, don't forget that you began it.

FALDER. I never wanted to do wrong.

JAMES. Perhaps not. But you did.

FALDER (*with all the bitterness of his past suffering*). It's knocked me out of time. (*Pulling himself up*.) That is, I mean, I'm not what I was.

JAMES. This isn't encouraging for us, Falder.

COKESON. He's putting it awkwardly, Mr. James.

FALDER (*throwing over his caution from the intensity of his feeling*). I mean it, Mr. Cokeson.

JAMES. Now, lay aside all those thoughts, Falder, and look to the future.

FALDER (*almost eagerly*). Yes, sir, but you don't understand what prison is. It's here it gets you. (*He grips his chest*.)

COKESON (*in a whisper to* JAMES). I told you he wanted nourishment.

WALTER. Yes, but, my dear fellow, that'll pass away. Time's merciful.

FALDER (*with his face twitching*). I hope so, sir.

JAMES (*much more gently*). Now, my boy, what you've got to do is to put all the past behind you and build yourself up a steady reputation. And that brings me to the second thing. This woman you were mixed up with—you must give us your word, you know, to have done with that. There's no chance of your keeping

straight if you're going to begin your future with such a relationship.

FALDER (*looking from one to the other with a hunted expression*). But sir . . . but sir . . . it's the one thing I looked forward to all that time. And she too . . . I couldn't find her before last night.

[*During this and what follows COKESON becomes more and more uneasy.*]

JAMES. This is painful, Falder. But you must see for yourself that it's impossible for a firm like this to close its eyes to everything. Give us this proof of your resolve to keep straight, and you can come back—not otherwise.

FALDER (*after staring at JAMES, suddenly stiffens himself*). I couldn't give her up.

I couldn't! Oh, sir! I'm all she's got to look to. And I'm sure she's all I've got. 20

JAMES. I'm very sorry, Falder, but I must be firm. It's for the benefit of you both in the long run. No good can come of this connection. It was the cause of all your disaster.

FALDER. But sir, it means—having gone through all that—getting broken up—my nerves are in an awful state—for nothing. I did it for her.

JAMES. Come! If she's anything of a 30 woman she'll see it for herself. She won't want to drag you down further. If there were a prospect of your being able to marry her—it might be another thing.

FALDER. It's not my fault, sir, that she couldn't get rid of him—she would have if she could. That's been the whole trouble from the beginning. (*Looking suddenly at WALTER.*) . . . If 40 anybody would help her! It's only money wanted now, I'm sure.

COKESON (*breaking in; as WALTER hesitates, and is about to speak*). I don't think we need consider that—it's rather far-fetched.

FALDER (*to WALTER, appealing*). He must have given her full cause since; she could prove that he drove her to leave him.

WALTER. I'm inclined to do what you say, Falder, if it can be managed.

FALDER. Oh, sir! (*He goes to the window and looks down into the street.*)

COKESON (*hurriedly*). You don't take me, 10 Mr. Walter. I have my reasons.

FALDER (*from the window*). She's down there, sir. Will you see her? I can beckon to her from here.

[*WALTER hesitates, and looks from COKESON to JAMES.*]

JAMES (*with a sharp nod*). Yes, let her come. [*FALDER beckons from the window.*]

COKESON (*in a low fluster to JAMES and WALTER*). No, Mr. James. She's not been quite what she ought to have been, while this young man's been away. She's lost her chance. We can't consult how to swindle the Law.

[*FALDER has come from the window. The three men look at him in a sort of awed silence.*]

FALDER (*with instinctive apprehension of some change—looking from one to the other*). There's been nothing between us, sir, to prevent it. . . . What I said at the trial was true. And last night we only just sat in the Park.

[*SWEEDLE comes in from the outer office.*]

COKESON. What is it?

SWEEDLE. Mrs. Honeywill. (*There is silence.*)

JAMES. Show her in.

[*RUTH comes slowly in, and stands stoically with FALDER on one side and the three men on the other. No one speaks.* COKESON turns to his table, bending over his papers as though the burden of the situation were forcing him back into his accustomed groove.]

JAMES (*sharply*). Shut the door there. (*SWEEDLE shuts the door.*) We've asked

you to come up because there are certain facts to be faced in this matter. I understand you have only just met Falder again.

RUTH. Yes—only yesterday.

JAMES. He's told us about himself, and we're very sorry for him. I've promised to take him back here if he'll make a fresh start. (*Looking steadily at RUTH.*)

"This is a matter that requires courage, 10 ma'am.

[RUTH, who is looking at FALDER, begins to twist her hands in front of her as though prescient of disaster.]

FALDER. 'Mr. Walter How is good enough to say that he'll help us to get you a divorce.

[RUTH flashes a startled glance at JAMES and WALTER.]

JAMES. I don't think that's practicable, 20 Falder.

FALDER. But, sir——!

JAMES (*steadily*). Now, Mrs. Honeywill. You're fond of him.

RUTH. Yes, sir; I love him. (*She looks miserably at FALDER.*)

JAMES. Then you don't want to stand in his way, do you?

RUTH (*in a faint voice*). I could take care of him.

JAMES. The best way you can take care of him will be to give him up.

FALDER. Nothing shall make me give you up. You can get a divorce. There's been nothing between us, has there?

RUTH (*mournfully shaking her head—with-out looking at him*). No.

FALDER. We'll keep apart till it's over, sir; if you'll only help us—we promise. 40

JAMES (*to RUTH*). You see the thing plainly, don't you? You see what I mean?

RUTH (*just above a whisper*). Yes.

COKESON (*to himself*). There's a dear woman.

JAMES. The situation is impossible.

RUTH. Must I, sir?

JAMES (*forcing himself to look at her*). I put it to you, ma'am. His future is in your hands.

RUTH (*miserably*). I want to do the best for him.

JAMES (*a little huskily*). That's right, that's right!

FALDER. I don't understand. You're not going to give me up—after all this? There's something——(*Starting forward to JAMES.*) Sir, I swear solemnly there's been nothing between us.

JAMES. I believe you, Falder. Come, my lad, be as plucky as she is.

FALDER. Just now you were going to help us. (*He stares at RUTH, who is standing absolutely still; his face and hands twitch and quiver as the truth dawns on him.*) What is it? You've not been

WALTER. Father!

JAMES (*hurriedly*). There, there! That'll do, that'll do! I'll give you your chance, Falder. Don't let me know what you do with yourselves, that's all.

FALDER (*as if he has not heard*). Ruth?

[RUTH looks at him; and FALDER covers his 30 face with his hands. There is silence.]

COKESON (*suddenly*). There's some one out there. (*To RUTH.*) Go in here. You'll feel better by yourself for a *minute.

[*He points to the clerks' room and moves towards the outer office. FALDER does not move. RUTH puts out her hand timidly. She shrinks back from the touch. She turns and goes miserably into the clerks' room. With a brusque movement he follows, seizing her by the shoulder just inside the doorway. COKESON shuts the door.*]

JAMES (*pointing to the outer office*). Get rid of that, whoever it is.

SWEEDELE (*opening the office door, in a scared voice*). Detective-Sergeant Wister.

[*The detective enters, and closes the door behind him.*]

WISTER. Sorry to disturb you, sir. A clerk you had here, two years and a half ago. I arrested him in this room.

JAMES. What about him?

WISTER. I thought perhaps I might get his whereabouts from you. (*There is an awkward silence.*)

COKESON (*pleasantly, coming to the rescue*). 10 We're not responsible for his movements; you know that.

JAMES. What do you want with him?

WISTER. He's failed to report himself this last four weeks.

WALTER. How d'you mean?

WISTER. Ticket-of-leave won't be up for another six months, sir.

WALTER. Has he to keep in touch with the police till then?

WISTER. We're bound to know where he sleeps every night. I dare say we shouldn't interfere, sir, even though he hasn't reported himself. But we've just heard there's a serious matter of obtaining employment with a forged reference. What with the two things together—we must have him.

[*Again there is silence. WALTER and COKE-* 30 *SON steal glances at JAMES, who stands staring steadily at the detective.*]

COKESON (*expansively*). We're very busy at the moment. If you could make it convenient to call again we might be able to tell you then.

JAMES (*decisively*). I'm a servant of the Law, but I dislike peaching. In fact, I can't do such a thing. If you want him you must find him without us. (*As he speaks his eye falls on FALDER's cap, still* 40 *lying on the table, and his face contracts.*)

WISTER (*noting the gesture—quietly*). Very good, sir. I ought to warn you that, having broken the terms of his licence, he's still a convict, and sheltering a convict—

JAMES. I shelter no one. But you mustn't come here and ask questions which it's not my business to answer.

WISTER (*dryly*). I won't trouble you further then, gentlemen.

COKESON. I'm sorry we couldn't give you the information. You quite understand, don't you? Good-morning!

[*WISTER turns to go, but instead of going to the door of the outer office he goes to the door of the clerks' room.*]

COKESON. The other door . . . the other door!

[*WISTER opens the clerks' door. RUTH's voice is heard: "Oh, do!" and FALDER's: "I can't!" There is a little pause; then, with sharp fright, RUTH says: "Who's that?" WISTER has gone in.*]

[*The three men look aghast at the door.*]

20 WISTER (*from within*). Keep back, please!

[*He comes swiftly out with his arm twisted in FALDER's. The latter gives a white, staring look at the three men.*]

WALTER. Let him go this time, for God's sake!

WISTER. I couldn't take the responsibility, sir.

FALDER (*with a queer, desperate laugh*). Good! (*Flinging a look back at RUTH, he throws up his head, and goes out through the outer office, half dragging WISTER after him.*)

WALTER (*with despair*). That finishes him. It'll go on for ever now.

[*SWEEDLE can be seen staring through the outer door. There are sounds of footsteps descending the stone stairs; suddenly a dull thud, a faint "My God!" in WISTER's voice.*]

JAMES. What's that?

[*SWEEDLE dashes forward. The door swings to behind him. There is dead silence.*]

WALTER (*starting forward to the inner room*). The woman—she's fainting! (*He and COKESON support the fainting RUTH from the doorway of the clerks' room.*)

COKESON (*distracted*). Here, my dear!
There, there!

WALTER. Have you any brandy?

COKESON. I've got sherry.

WALTER. Get it, then. Quick! (*He places RUTH in a chair—which JAMES has dragged forward.*)

COKESON (*with sherry*). Here! It's good strong sherry.

[*They try to force the sherry between her lips. 10 There is the sound of feet, and they stop to listen. The outer door is reopened—WISTER and SWEEDLE are seen carrying some burden.*]

JAMES (*hurrying forward*). What is it?

[*They lay the burden down in the outer office, out of sight, and all but RUTH cluster round it, speaking in hushed voices.*]

WISTER. He jumped—neck's broken.

WALTER. Good God!

WISTER. He must have been mad to think he could give me the slip like that. And what was it—just a few months!

WALTER (*bitterly*). Was that all?

JAMES. What a desperate thing! (*Then, in a voice unlike his own.*) Run for a doctor—you! (*SWEEDLE rushes from the outer office.*) An ambulance!

[*WISTER goes out. On RUTH's face an expression of fear and horror has been seen growing, as if she dared not turn towards the voices. She now rises and steals towards them.*]

WALTER (*turning suddenly*). Look!

[*The three men shrink back out of her way, one by one, into COKESON's room. RUTH drops on her knees by the body.*]

RUTH (*in a whisper*). What is it? He's not breathing. (*She crouches over him.*) My dear! My pretty!

[*In the outer office doorway the figures of men are seen standing.*]

RUTH (*leaping to her feet*). No, no! No, no! He's dead!

[*The figures of the men shrink back.*]

COKESON (*stealing forward. In a hoarse voice*). There, there, poor dear woman!

20 [At the sound behind her RUTH faces round at him.]

COKESON. No one'll touch him now!
Never again! He's safe with gentle Jesus!

[*RUTH stands as though turned to stone in the doorway staring at COKESON, who, bending humbly before her, holds out his hand as one would to a lost dog.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

MOTION PICTURE DRAMA

Liam O'Flaherty

THE MOTION PICTURE drama has established itself in recent years as an art form of major importance. It has become an integral part of the contemporary theatre, and as such it may no longer be lightly ignored as a trivial and popular type of mechanized entertainment for the ignorant masses. In its lowest form of course it is tawdry and ridiculous. So, we may remind ourselves, are many of the highly successful plays produced each year in the theatres of New York and London. But the last decade has seen marked advances in the number of important and meritorious motion pictures dealing honestly with their materials and achieving genuine artistic distinction in their peculiar medium. Films like *I Am A Fugitive* (1932), exhibiting the brutality and tyranny of a chain gang; the artistic triumph of *As You Desire Me* (1934) starring Greta Garbo; *Winterset*, adapted from Anderson's stage play; distinguished biographical plays such as *The Life of Louis Pasteur* (1936), *Emile Zola* (1937), and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* (1940), and on down through a list of goodly length and thrilling memory—such motion picture dramas were as notable in their way as any comparable stage plays produced in the legitimate theatre. Yet because of perfectly natural reasons originating in the newness of the cinema and the peculiar mechanical circumstances under which motion picture plays are produced and

exhibited, very little serious study has been given to this potent off-shoot of modern drama, which has far overshadowed its parent in the vastness of its appeal and its public.

The cinema play has been regarded as a cheap form of mass amusement with an existence no more permanent than the shadows that flit across the screen to create the momentary illusion. The films were projected a night or two and then disappeared, leaving no record except the deceptive one of an idle memory. Only in the last few years have alert organizations like the Museum of Modern Art in New York recognized the value of these perishable film documents and begun to collect them into a permanent library where they may be re-exhibited. The good pictures are now being revived from time to time, and in many universities these showings have become a significant part of the educational program. It is now physically possible at least to study the motion picture drama with some thoroughness, if not with the same ease and exhaustiveness as the printed play. The spectator has the advantage also of seeing the complete performance instead of merely the script core.

So many allied arts have gone into the making of this fragile strip of film illusion that its written scenario is almost universally ignored. In the old days of the silent picture, which told its story in pantomime with occasional sub-

titles, the scenario was only a blueprint to be thrown away when construction was ended. But the rapid perfecting of the talking picture has conferred greater dignity on the script and removed the final barrier to the cinema as an interesting form of drama. Some of the world's foremost talent has gone into the making of picture plays, though that talent has often enough been stultified by the network of censorship that has moved in upon the industry. Some of the cinema plays are true works of art in their dialogue as well as in their mechanical perfection. By the very nature of the cinema, however, the dialogue is as fleeting as the image and exists only as sound. Important though it is, it is only one small element in the production and seldom if ever may be seen in print, though a few outstanding scripts are beginning to find their way into book form. No human art ever before co-ordinated into a single effect so many allied arts, or levied so heavily upon the stupendous resources of modern science, or drafted into its service such a complicated battalion of technical experts. The rise of the cinema has made accessible to playwrights and producers resources of unimagined richness and mobility over and above the written word. In fact these resources for a time threatened to overwhelm and suffocate the poor weakling of a play which they had presumably come to aid and exalt.

The play is still the thing, however, even in motion picture drama. As the newness has worn off the gadgets, and directors have learned to subordinate their sets and sound effects to the central drive of the play, masterpieces in cinema form have been created. These masterpieces on film, of course, differ in many perfectly obvious ways from

the traditional stage plays of Aeschylus and Ibsen. In the opinion of many, they can never displace, or even adequately substitute for, the living actor on the living stage. But we may well consider whether Aeschylus and Ibsen, as well as Shakespeare and Goethe, would not have been cheered to find at their service such vast resources for producing their *Midsummer Night's Dreams* and their *Fausts*. Certainly they would have rejoiced over having at hand so practicable a medium for reaching in a single evening's showing more people than have seen *King Lear* in all the years since it was "played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall upon S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidays" in 1606. For under the best of circumstances comparatively few people ever attend legitimate theatres, and for millions, including many college students, the motion picture is the only available form of drama; many will see no other. In unprotesting recognition of these facts and of the phenomenon that leads each year to the announcement that Hollywood is taking over Broadway, we have chosen to add to this collection of plays the basic word-soul of one of the moving picture masterpieces of our time—*The Informer*, adapted by Dudley Nichols from Liam O'Flaherty's novel and directed by John Ford.

Liam O'Flaherty, the author of the story, was born in 1896 in the Aran Islands made famous in drama in the plays of Synge. Like most of the Islanders, his people were poor, but he was educated for the church at the Jesuit College and at University College, Dublin. He was caught up in the World War and was plunged out of a training for the priesthood into the trenches on the Western Front. He was shell-shocked and sent back to Ireland. There

he not only saw, but took an active part in, the Irish uprisings during and following the War. The gripping verisimilitude of *The Informer* has its origin in personal experience and observation during those strife-torn years.

Not long after the War, O'Flaherty began his travels about the world, as recorded in his autobiographical fragment, *Two Years* (1930). He engaged in all sorts of jobs from Istanbul to South America and Canada, and gulped experiences and the spectacle of life in all its aspects. He was working in a tire factory in Hartford, Connecticut, when he first began to write short stories in the early 1920's. He quickly won success with his short stories and novels in America, England, and on the Continent. *The Informer*, published in 1925, had marked success in France, as well as in America and the British Empire. His home is nominally Dublin, or a cottage in the Aran Islands. He has continued to travel about the world as his impulse directs, and frequently disappears beyond communication. (It took months to locate him for permission to use *The Informer* in this collection. He was found in a Mexican village.) His extraordinarily vivid and virile novels are recreated out of the zestful experience and knowledge of the world which he has absorbed while living adventurously.

The masterful adaptation of *The Informer* by Dudley Nichols, and the imaginative direction of John Ford, maker of *The Lost Patrol*, *It Happened One Night*, and other quality films, transferred to the screen the full force of O'Flaherty's novel, if it did not actually enhance it. The film was shot within three weeks and at small cost, and was released with no fanfare and little publicity. To the surprise of the studio, which hardly

knew that the picture had been made, it caught on by the appeal of its own merits. Audiences were enthusiastic about it, and critics were unanimous in acclaiming it the unrivalled triumph of 1935.

After much deliberation and experiment, we have decided to print the cutting continuity of *The Informer* and to leave it entirely unedited. As it stands it is a technical and, to a degree, a literary document of the highest interest. Not many people, and few students, have ever had opportunity to see or to study a work in this form. Among other sources of interest, it offers a stimulating exercise in imaginative reading and interpretation of a play. Its flash phrases of detailed direction indicate how the stunning effects of *The Informer* were achieved. A little practice in this form of creative reading will soon overcome the initial puzzlement the reader may feel on first meeting with this unfamiliar technical form of communication. This difficulty, if such it should prove, is confined chiefly to the first reel where there is almost no dialogue. It opens with a sharp atmospheric thrust of foreboding. The intense, premonitory scenes tighten as the psychological nature of the drama is unfolded. During most of the first reel, this is accomplished entirely in the unique pictorial terms of the cinema. No word is spoken until the drama is well under way. Hence the first reel as here printed is composed largely of technical description of the scenes, the movement of the characters, and the action of the camera in building the dramatic effects. In this regard alone, this continuity is a marvel of skill. The following reels progressively call more heavily upon dialogue.

A careful study of this unedited continuity will show better than a chapter

of detailed analysis and exposition how a story is told and how dramatic effects are produced in terms of this new film art. Dialogue is used sparingly, and every sentence is stripped bare of verbiage, every phrase is laced taut with life, atmosphere, character, and story. The talk is heightened by the action and symbolism that fill the intervals. The entire build-up of Frankie's betrayal is enacted in Gypo's sluggish mind, but his mental processes are pictured in objective form through the swift-moving sequence of symbolic images of the poster, the £20 reward for Frankie, the swirl of fog and the sound of the street singing, the vision of the ship that could carry him and Kate to Canada, the wind blowing the poster against his legs as he walks through the fog, the tortured features of Frankie as fire curls up the poster and foreshadows both the betrayal and its motive. The somber mood is suggested by the drifting fog and the descending darkness of night. It is deepened by such devices as the ominous ticking of the clock as Gypo at police headquarters looks up at the hands showing five minutes after six, then six minutes after; the scene then dissolves to the clock in Frankie's home where the hands indicate sixteen minutes after six, the continuous ticking rhythmically tying together the two scenes physically and psychologically. We know that Gypo has informed on his friend, and that Frankie is doomed.

There are many examples in *The In-*

former of such skillful use of the cinema's unique adaptability to symbolism. One of the best and most subtle is the opening scene of the third reel where Gypo takes his blood money and goes furtively into the street. He meets the blind man tapping his way through the fog with his cane. Gypo grabs him by the throat, backs away, passes his hand in front of the blind man's eyes, then looks about cautiously and runs while the tapping goes on behind him. Dudley Nichols himself explained that the blind man was introduced as a symbol of Gypo's conscience "slowly working up out of his unconscious mind." When Gypo comes upon him so unexpectedly it is "as if he has seen his own conscience. . . . I dare say nobody was aware that it was a symbol, but it very definitely was." And these are but a few of the many remarkable effects achieved in *The Informer* which may be studied at leisure in this scenario. As Lewis Jacobs points out concerning *The Informer* in his *The Rise of the American Film*, "every small item in the picture is used to intensify the moment; nothing appears that is not made significant. A richness resulting from economy is the paradoxical result." We believe that the study of this continuity will be found interesting for itself, that it will sharpen the appreciation of the superior film plays, and that it may deepen the understanding and heighten the reading pleasures of the more literary dramas.

Cutting Continuity on THE INFORMER

ABBREVIATIONS AND STUDIO TERMS

BG: Background	FS: Full shot, embracing all the characters in a scene
CS: Close shot, relatively nearer to the scene, but not so near as in the close-up	Insert: Same as cut-in
CU: Close-up, usually of head or small detail of the action	INT: Interior scene
Cut-in: To insert a shot of poster, letter, etc., into the action	Lap Dissolve: Gradual blending of one scene with another, usually by fading and overlapping a few feet of two different scenes to make a new negative
Cutting Continuity: Complete scenario as used by the film editor	LS: Long shot, indicating an over-all view of the scene
Dissolve: Gradual disappearance of a scene, or fading from one scene into another	MCS: Medium close shot
EXT: Exterior scene	MCU: Medium close-up
Fade-in: Gradual emergence of a scene on the screen	MLS: Medium long shot
Fade-out: Gradual disappearance of a scene on the screen	MS: Medium shot
FG: Foreground	Pan (from panorama): To move camera slowly from side to side, or up and down, to follow the action

REEL 1

1 [Fade in - Title #1 - Title over letters MPPDA -]

This picture approved by
The Production Code Administration
of The Motion Picture Producers
& Distributors of America.
Certificate No. 734

[Fade out]

2 [Fade in - Title #2 - NRA Insignia -]

NRA
Member
(Eagle)
U. S.

We do our part.

[Fade out]

3 [Fade in - Title #3 - Radio Broadcasting -]
A Radio Picture

[Fade out]

The Informer. Copyright, 1935, by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. A cutting continuity of the motion picture from the novel by Liam O'Flaherty, herein published with the kind permission of Mr. O'Flaherty and RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., *The Informer*, an RKO-Radio Picture, was released and copyrighted by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., in 1935, with the following credits: A John Ford Production; Associate Producer, Cliff Reid; Screen Play by Dudley Nichols. Among its feature players were Victor McLaglen, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Margot Grahame, Wallace Ford, and Una O'Connor.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

- 4 [Fade in - Title #4 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard playing -
"Medley" -]

Radio Pictures Presents
A John Ford Production
The
Informer

Copyright MCMXXXV RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

[Lap dissolve]

- 5 [Title #5 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard -]
with

Victor McLaglen	Heather Angel
Preston Foster	Margot Grahame
Wallace Ford	Una O'Connor

[Lap dissolve]

- 6 [Title #6 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard -]

Directed by
John Ford

[Lap dissolve]

- 7 [Title #7 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard -]

Associate Producer
Cliff Reid

[Lap dissolve]

- 8 [Title #8 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard -]

Screen Play by
Dudley Nichols

From The Story by
Liam O'Flaherty

Music by
Max Steiner

[Lap dissolve]

- 9 [Title #9 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard -]

Photographed by	Joseph H. August, A. S. C.
Art Director	Van Nest Polglase
Associate	Charles Kirk
Costumes by	Walter Plunkett
Recorded by	Hugh McDowell, Jr.
Edited by	George Hively

Recorded by RCA Victor System

[Lap dissolve]

- 10 [Title #10 - Animated Pictorial BG - Orchestra heard -]

The Players

J. M. Kerrigan
 Joseph Sauers
 Neil Fitzgerald
 Donald Meek
 D'Arcy Corrigan
 Leo McCabe
 Gaylord Pendleton
 Francis Ford
 May Boley
 Grizelda Harvey
 Dennis O'Dea

[Fade out]

- 11 [Fade in - Title #11 - Orchestra heard -]

A Certain Night
 In Strife-Torn
 Dublin - 1922

[Lap dissolve]

- 12 [Title #12 - Orchestra heard -]

"Then Judas repented himself - and
 cast down the thirty pieces of
 silver - and departed."

[Fade out]

- 13 [Fade in - Ext. wall MS - Shadow seen on wall - Music heard - GYPO comes on at left - Camera following him across to right - WOMAN comes on at right, crossing in front of him to left - Exits - He walks along to right - Camera following him - MAN comes on at right - Crosses in front of him to left - Exits - GYPO stops at corner of bldg - Looks at poster on wall -]

- 14 [Ext. wall CS - GYPO partly on at left FG - Back partly to camera - Looking at poster on wall - Music heard - Poster reads -]

£20 Reward
 Wanted For Murder
 Frankie McPhillip

[GYPO exits as camera moves closer to poster - Fog drifting across in front of it - Superimposed over poster is CS of FRANKIE and GYPO at bar, singing -]

BOTH (singing) . . sing a song of soldiers . .

[They laugh - Superimposed scene goes out -]

- 15 [Ext. street CU - GYPO looking to right FG - Music heard - Fog drifting behind him - His lips move as he thinks -]

- 16 [Insert #1 - Printing on poster - Music heard - Poster reads -]

Police Notice
 £20 Reward
 Wanted For Murder

- 17 [Ext. bldg CS - GYPO looking at poster of FRANKIE on wall - Pats it affectionately - Music heard - Fog drifting about him - He looks around cautiously - Music stops - He rips poster from wall - Music heard - He throws poster down - Comes to right FG - Exits -]
- 18 [Ext. street MLS - Group on corner in BG standing around street SINGER and VIOLINIST - Fog drifting about - GYPO coming on at left FG - Looks about cautiously - Goes to BG - SINGER heard singing - "Rose of Tralee" -]
 SINGER (singing) . . The pale moon was rising above the green mountain, the sun was declining . .
 [Poster blowing on after GYPO as he walks down street -]
- 19 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO coming on at right - Leans on seat of wagon - Singing and violin heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . beneath the blue sea . .
- 20 [Ext. street CU - Street SINGER singing - Fog drifting about him - Violin heard -]
 SINGER . . when I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain . .
- 21 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO leaning on seat of wagon listening - Fog drifting about him - Singing and violin heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . that stands . .
- 22 [Ext. street CS - Camera following poster as it is blown along walk to right - Singing and violin heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . . in the beautiful vale . .
 [Camera following crumpled poster to right reveals GYPO partly on at right - Poster blows against his leg -]
 SINGER (off) . . of . .
- 23 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO with back to camera, looking to BG - Group in BG around SINGER and VIOLINIST - Music heard - Fog drifting - GYPO turns - Looks down -]
 SINGER . . Tralee . .
- 24 [Ext. street CS - GYPO partly on, trying to kick poster away from feet - singing and violin heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . she was lovely . .
 [Poster blows away to right -]
- 25 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO looking to left FG listening - Singing and violin heard - Fog drifting about him -]
 SINGER (off) . . and fair as the rose . .
- 26 [Ext. street MCS - SINGER singing - Others standing about listening - GYPO in BG leaning on cart - Watching - Fog drifting about them -]
 SINGER . . of the summer yet 'twas not her beauty alone . .

- 27 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO leaning on cart - Looking to left FG - Listening -
Singing and violin heard - Fog drifting about -]
SINGER (off) . . that won me
Oh, no, 'twas . .
[GYPO looks up to FG frightened -]
SINGER (off) . . the truth . .
- 28 [Ext. street MS - SINGER leaning against post singing - GYPO in BG watching as
soldiers come on in FG going to BG - Others standing about - Violin heard -
Fog drifting -]
SINGER . . in her eye ever dawning . .
[Cart comes to left FG - Exits as soldiers frisk SINGER - Others dispersing quickly -
Exit -]
SINGER . . that made me love Marie . .
[SOLDIER throws coin to SINGER - He catches it -]
SINGER . . The Rose of Tralee.
[He leans against wall - Back to camera - Watching after soldiers -]
[Lap dissolve]
- 29 [Ext. street CU - KATIE looking up to right FG - Fog drifting about - Music
heard - Playing "Medley" -]
- 30 [Ext. street CS - DANDY standing by bldg - Watching to right FG - Fog about -
Music heard -]
- 31 [Ext. street CU - KATIE looks down - Fog about her - Music heard - She looks
up - Camera moves back as she puts shawl around shoulders - Camera moves
back as she starts to FG -]
- 32 [Ext. street MS - DANDY standing at corner of bldg - Watching as KATIE comes on
at left - Crosses in front of him - Music heard - He turns, watching after her -
She stops at right - Leans against lamp post - He starts toward her -]
- 33 [Ext. street MCU - KATIE leaning against lamp post - Back partly to camera -
Fog about her - Music heard - Hands come on at left - Strike match on post -
DANDY comes on at left as he lights cigarette -]
- 34 [Ext. street MS - GYPO coming to FG - Fog about him - Wind blowing - Music
heard - He stops - Looks off to right FG - Sees -]
- 35 [Ext. street MCU - KATIE leaning against post - Back partly to camera - DANDY
partly on at left FG looking her over - Music heard - He blows smoke in her
face - She looks at him - He smiles at her - She looks away - Fog about -]
- 36 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO watching to right FG jealously - Music heard - Fog
about him - He comes to right FG - Exits -]
- 37 [Ext. street MS - DANDY and KATIE standing by lamp post - she turns away from
him - Goes toward window at right - Music heard - DANDY watching after
her - GYPO comes on at left - Picks up DANDY - Throws him off to left -
KATIE turns quickly - Watching -]

- 38 [Ext. street MS - Camera shooting down at DANDY landing in midale of street -
Wind blowing papers about him - Music heard - He starts to rise -]
- 39 [Ext. street MCU - KATIE coming to FG as she talks - Music heard - Fog drifting
about her -]
KATIE Gypo!
- 40 [Ext. street CU - GYPO turning to right FG - Fog about him - Music heard -]
- 41 [Ext. street MCU - KATIE looking to left FG - Drops eyelids slowly - Fog about
her - Music heard - She starts to look up -]
- 42 [Ext. street CS - KATIE leaning against post - Looking up at GYPO as he comes to
left FG - Going to her - Music heard - Fog about them - She talks -]
KATIE Ah, Gypo, what's the use? I'm hungry and I
can't pay my room rent . .
- 43 [Ext. street CU - KATIE looking up at GYPO partly on at left FG - Back to camera -
Talking to him - Music heard -]
KATIE . . have you the price of a flop on you? No. Oh,
what's the use?
- 44 [Ext. street CU - GYPO looking down at KATIE partly on at left FG - Back to cam-
era - Talking - Music heard - Fog about them -]
KATIE . . Oh, don't look at me like that, Gypo . .
- 45 [Ext. street CU - KATIE looking up at GYPO partly on at left FG - Back to camera -
Talking to him - Music heard - Fog about them -]
KATIE . . you're all I got. You're the only one, you
know that, but what chance have we to escape! . .
[She turns - Starts to BG -]
- 46 [Ext. window MCU - KATIE coming on at left FG - Stops at window - Looking
up at printing on window - Music heard - Printing reads -]

£10

To

America.

Information

Within

[She talks disgustedly -]

KATIE

Money! Some people have all the luck. Look at
that thing! . .

[Reflection of GYPO comes on in window -]

KATIE

. . handing us the Ha-Ha. Ten pounds to Amer-
ica. Twenty pounds and the world is ours.

[GYPO comes on at left - Grabs her as he talks furiously - Music stops -]

GYPO

What are ye sayin' that for?

KATIE

Sayin' what . . twenty pounds?

GYPO

What are ye drivin' at?

KATIE Oh, Gypo, what's the matter with you? Twenty pounds! Might as well be a million.

GYPO Go on, go on, go on! Get your twenty pounds from that scut I threw in the gutter.

KATIE Saint Gypo! Too good for me, Eh? Well, let me tell you something. You're no better than any other man. You're all alike.
[She crosses in front of him to left - He grabs her - Turns her toward him - Talks - Music heard playing -]

GYPO Aw, Katie, I didn't mean that.

KATIE Go along with you and your fine principles . .

47 [Ext. street MS - GYPO and KATIE in front of window - Fog about them - Music heard - KATIE talking -]

KATIE . . I can't afford 'em.

[She goes to left - He exits as camera follows her -]

GYPO (off) Katie!

[Camera pans to left as she goes to left BG - GYPO comes on at right watching after her - She exits in fog in BG -]

[Lap dissolve]

48 [Ext. street CS - Camera following feet along to right - Music heard - Feet coming on at right - Crossing to left - Exit - Camera following first feet along to right - Poster blows on at right - Stops against feet - Hands coming on, pick up poster - Camera panning up as poster is picked up - Reveals FRANKIE - He looks at poster - Sees -]

49 [Ext. street CU - Camera shooting over FRANKIE's shoulder at poster in his hands - Picture of himself - Wind blowing poster - Music heard -]

50 [Ext. street CU - FRANKIE looking down to right - Fog about him - Music heard - He sees -]

51 [Ext. street CU - FRANKIE partly on at left looking at poster - Fog about him - Music heard - Poster reads -]

£20

Wanted

52 [Ext. street CS - FRANKIE looking at poster - Fog about him - Music heard - He crumbles poster - Throws it down angrily - Looks about - Sees -]

53 [Ext. street MLS - Squad of soldiers coming on at right BG - Fog about - Music heard - Soldiers start to FG -]

54 [Ext. street CS - FRANKIE looking off to left - Turns quickly - Exits right - Fog about - Music heard -]

55 [Ext. street MS - Soldiers coming to FG - Fog about - Music heard - Soldiers nearly exiting left FG -]

56 [Ext. street MS - FRANKIE running on at left - Runs into archway - Stops at right - Music heard - Fog in BG - Soldiers come on at left - OFFICER talks -]

OFFICER Throw a light in there, lads.

[Men flash lights to FG as they march across to right -]

- 57 [Ext. street MCS - Light flashing on wall of bldg - Poster on wall -]
 58 [Ext. bldg CS - FRANKIE standing stiffly against wall - Gun in hand -]
 59 [Ext. street MCS - Soldiers looking in archway - Flashing lights about - SOLDIER talks - Fog in BG -]
 SOLDIER I'll bet he's not out tonight, boys.
 [They march across to right - All exit except one - He flashes light to FG -]
 60 [Ext. wall MCS - Light flashing on wall - Moves along posters - Stops on poster of FRANKIE, revealing -]

£20 Reward
Wanted For Murder

- [Light moves down to picture of FRANKIE -]
 61 [Ext. wall CS - FRANKIE standing stiffly against wall - Watching to left - Gun in hand -]
 62 [Ext. street MCS - SOLDIER standing in archway - Flashing light to FG - Fog in BG -]
 63 [Ext. street MS - FRANKIE standing tensely against wall at right FG - SOLDIER in BG in archway flashing light to FG - He flashes light to left - Turns it out - Exits right -]
 64 [Ext. bldg CS - FRANKIE standing tensely against wall - Watching to left - Gun in hand - He relaxes - Relieved -]
 65 [Ext. street MS - FRANKIE runs to BG - Exits in BG around corner of bldg - Fog about -]
 66 [Ext. street MS - FRANKIE running on at right - Crossing street to left - Camera following him - He stops at left - Looks about cautiously - Comes to FG - Stops - Looks about - Looks up to left - Sees -]
 67 [Ext. doorway MCS - Camera shooting up at window over doorway - Music heard playing "Medley" - Printing on window reads -]

Dunboy
House •

- 68 [Ext. street MS - FRANKIE partly on in FG - Entrance of Dunboy House in BG - Music heard - He goes to entrance cautiously - opens door - Goes into bldg - Shadow seen through window - He exits as he opens second door of entrance -]
 69 [Int. Dunboy House MCS - Camera shooting along line of stoves - Men on either side of stoves - Preparing meals - Music heard -]
 70 [Int. Dunboy House CS - GYPO seated at table - Eating - Others in BG at tables - Music heard - FRANKIE comes on at left FG - Sits down - Back to camera - GYPO stares up at him - Surprised - Music stops -]
 71 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - FRANKIE seated at table - Smiling - Looking to left FG -]

REEL 2

1 [Int. Dunboy House CU - GYPO seated at table - Looking to right FG - Mumbling heard -]

2 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - FRANKIE seated at table - Looking across to left FG - Talks - Mumbling heard -]

FRANKIE Don't you know me, Gypo? Ah, I don't wonder that you stare. I'm lucky to be finding you here . .

3 [Int. Dunboy House CU - GYPO seated - Looking to right FG - Mumbling heard -]

4 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - FRANKIE seated at table - Looking across to left FG - Mumbling heard - Superimposed over him is printing from poster reading -]

£20 Reward

[FRANKIE talks]

FRANKIE . . Man, what is it? . .

[Printing from poster dissolves out - FRANKIE sits back as he talks frightened -]

FRANKIE . . What are you starin' at?

5 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - GYPO seated - Looking across to right FG - Talks -]
GYPO Nothin', Frankie. But you came up to me so sudden-like.

6 [Int. Dunboy House CS - GYPO seated at left - FRANKIE seated at right - Talks -]
FRANKIE I guess I'm gettin' jumpy. Findin' out there's a price on my head. Twenty pounds! Ah, so that's all I'm worth. Uh, six months is a long time, me boy, to be on the run . .

7 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - FRANKIE seated - Looking across to left FG - Talking - GYPO partly on at left FG -]

FRANKIE . . sleepin' out in the hills; freezin' to death; and no decent grub. So I says to meself, I'll sneak into town and see me mother and I'd duck right out again, and here I am . .

8 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - GYPO seated at table - Staring at FRANKIE partly on at right FG - Back to camera - FRANKIE talking -]

FRANKIE . . Did . . did you deliver any messages? And what did my mother say?

GYPO Oh, she blessed the Saints ye were alive. She followed me out cryin' and put half a quid in me hand to give ye. Well, I was that hungry meself that I spent it.

9 [Int. Dunboy House MCU - FRANKIE seated - Talks to GYPO partly on at left FG -]

FRANKIE Ah, you big lubber, that was her way of giving it to you. She likes you, Gypo, the Lord knows why . .

- 10 [Int. Dunboy House MCU – GYPO seated – Staring at FRANKIE – FRANKIE looks at him – Talks –]
 FRANKIE . . What's come over you? What are you gawkin' at? Is there something queer about me?
 GYPO No, Frankie. You see, I've been court-martialed.
- 11 [Int. Dunboy House MCU – FRANKIE seated – Talks to GYPO partly on at left FG – Back to camera –]
 FRANKIE Man . . what for?
- 12 [Int. Dunboy House CS – GYPO seated at left of table – FRANKIE seated at right – GYPO talks –]
 GYPO You remember the Tan that killed Quincannon? . .
 [FRANKIE nods –]
 GYPO . . We drew lots for it an' I got the short match. Well, I took him out in a lorry and he begged for his life. I couldn't do it, Frankie, not in cold blood. Besides, he swore he'd desert if I let him go.
 FRANKIE And you believed him . . what did Commandant Gallagher say?
- 13 [Int. Dunboy House MCU – GYPO seated – Shakes head – Talks to FRANKIE partly on at right FG – Back to camera –]
 GYPO Oh, he near had me plugged when I went back to report. Then they threw me out of the organization, and now the British think I'm with the Irish, and the Irish think I'm with the British, and the long and short of it is I'm walkin' round starvin', without a dog to lick me trousers.
- 14 [Int. Dunboy House MCU – FRANKIE seated – Talks to GYPO partly on at left FG – Back to camera –]
 FRANKIE Ah, you poor fathead! Think of all the jobs we pulled off together, and the scrapes we come thru. Ahh, we were a great pair, Eh, Gypo . . with your muscles and my brains . .
- 15 [Int. Dunboy House CS – GYPO seated at left of table – FRANKIE at right – Talking –]
 FRANKIE . . When we'd get in a tight place, it was me that formed a plan, and thought a way out, remember? Ah, and I leave you alone for a minute and you're in trouble again. Man, alive, I'm your brain! . .
- 16 [Int. Dunboy House MCU – FRANKIE seated at table – GYPO partly on at left FG – Back to camera – FRANKIE looks about cautiously – Talks –]
 FRANKIE . . It's your help I'm needin' now. I've looked you up first thing to find out if the Tans are still watchin' my mother's house. Is there any guard on the house?
- 17 [Int. Dunboy House MCS – GYPO and FRANKIE seated at table – FRANKIE with back partly to camera – GYPO talks –]

GYPO Not since Christmas.

[FRANKIE rises as he talks - Music heard playing "Medley" -]

FRANKIE Well, I'm off. If I get a chance to see Gallagher, I'll put in the word for you. Up the rebels!

[He pats GYPO on back - Exits left - GYPO looks after him thoughtfully - Camera moving closer to him - He looks up to right BG - Superimposed on wall appears poster of FRANKIE - It dissolves out -]

[Lap dissolve]

18 [Ext. street MS - Window of shipping offices - Printing on window reads -]

£10

to

America

[Music heard - GYPO comes on at left slowly - Stops at window - Looking in - Fog about -]

19 [Int. window MCU - GYPO outside looking through window to FG - Music heard - Fog seen outside - He looks down thoughtfully - Rubs face with hands -]

[Lap dissolve]

20 [Ext. headquarters MS - SENTRY on steps of entrance - Watching to FG - Music heard - Fog about - GYPO coming on slowly in FG - Raises arms - SENTRY talks -]

SENTRY Carry on.

[He goes to BG -]

[Lap dissolve]

21 [Int. headquarters MS - MAJOR seated at desk in FG - Writing - OFFICER standing at desk - Others in BG - Music heard - Door at right BG opening - SOLDIER comes in, followed by GYPO - He slams door shut after GYPO - GYPO turns nervously - Looks about office -]

22 [Int. office MCS - GYPO standing at railing - OFFICER at right watching - Others in BG - Music heard - GYPO glances about nervously -]

23 [Int. office MS - MAJOR seated at desk in FG writing - OFFICER standing at desk - GYPO in BG at railing - Others about - Music heard - OFFICER motions to GYPO - He comes through gate to MAJOR's desk - Stops at desk - Music stops -]

24 [Int. office CS - Camera shooting down at MAJOR seated at desk - Writing - OFFICER partly on at right by him - GYPO partly on in FG - Back to camera -]

25 [Int. office CU - GYPO looking down to left - Rubs face with cap -]

26 [Int. office CS - Camera shooting down at MAJOR seated at desk - Writing - OFFICER partly on at right by him - GYPO partly on in FG - Back to camera - MAJOR looks up - Bellows -]

MAJOR Yes.

27 [Int. office CU - GYPO looking to BG - Turns quickly - Looks down to left - Frightened -]

- 28 [Int. office MCS - GYPO standing at desk - MAJOR partly on at left seated at desk - OFFICER standing by him - Others in BG - GYPO talks nervously -]
 GYPO Well, I . . . It was like this. I . . .
 OFFICER Well, speak up. What do you want to say?
 [GYPO leans across desk as he talks to MAJOR -]
 GYPO I've come to claim the twenty pounds reward
 for Frankie McPhillip.
 [Men in BG stand alert -]
 MAJOR Frankie McPhillip?
 [Lap dissolve]
- 29 [Ext. headquarters MLS - Camera shooting down at soldiers getting into trucks - Sound of motors heard - General indistinct talking - OFFICER gives command indistinctly - Trucks start to left -]
- 30 [Int. office MS - GYPO seated in BG in front of desk - Head bowed - MAJOR and OFFICER in BG at windows - Sound of motors heard - Shadows seen through windows in BG - Sound of motors die - MAJOR and OFFICER turn - Look at GYPO - Look up to left - He looks up to left - Sees -]
- 31 [Int. office MCS - GYPO partly on in FG - Back to camera - Looking up at clock on wall - Hands indicating five minutes after six -]
- 32 [Int. office CU - GYPO seated - Watching up to left -]
- 33 [Int. office MCS - GYPO partly on in FG - Back to camera - Looking up at clock on wall - Hands indicating six minutes after six -]
 [Lap dissolve]
- 34 [Int. kitchen CS - Camera shooting down at clock on wall by door - Hands indicating sixteen minutes after six - Door opening slowly - FRANKIE comes on listening -]
 MOTHER (off) Mary, the bread's that fresh I can't cut it . . .
- 35 [Int. kitchen MS - MARY and MOTHER standing at table in FG - FRANKIE by door in BG - Looking at them happily - MOTHER talking -]
 MOTHER . . . look at the crumbs it makes . . .
 [MARY looks at BG - Sees FRANKIE - Drops silverware at table - MOTHER looks up at her - Looks to BG - Sees FRANKIE - He closes door as she runs to him - Talking -]
 MOTHER . . . Oh, me boy, me boy!
 [He takes her in his arms - MARY goes to them -]
 FRANKIE Mother . . . Mary!
 MARY Oh, Frankie!
- 36 [Int. kitchen CS - FRANKIE with arms around MARY and MOTHER - MOTHER laughing and sobbing - Talks -]
 MOTHER Oh, praise be to God, you've come back to us.
 FRANKIE Save yer praises for this fog that's upon us, Mother. It's the best friend I have this night, and me dodgin' down dark streets to get here. Ah, I was so homesick to see you, I'd have walked down the middle of O'Connell Street to get a glimpse of the two of you.

MOTHER Ah, Muscha . . me son. Sure, you must be starvin'.

[*She comes to right FG - Exits - MARY talks to FRANKIE as he removes coat -*]

MARY Frankie, you shouldn't have come.

FRANKIE Aw.

MARY It's not safe.

FRANKIE What a long face for a sister. I'm in with the fog and I'm out with the fog, and nobody will be the wiser.

37 [*Int. kitchen MS - Table in FG - MARY and FRANKIE in BG - She talks worriedly -*]

MARY You're sure nobody's seen you?

[*They come to table as he talks -*]

FRANKIE Just my old pal, Gypo Nolan. You see, I had to find out if the Tans had a guard on the house.

[*He sits down at table - MARY exits left - MOTHER comes on at right - Talking -*]

MOTHER Have a nice cup of tea. You can do all your talking afterwards.

38 [*Ext. house MS - Two women standing near entrance of bldg - Motors heard - They look to BG - Run to right FG - Exit as trucks drive on at left BG - Stop in front of camera - SERGEANT comes on in FG talking -*]

SERGEANT Go on up there to the front door there. Get to the door there . .

[*Soldiers run to entrance - SERGEANT talks to others -*]

SERGEANT . . machine gun . . machine gun . . get over there!

[*Soldiers run across to right with machine gun -*]

39 [*Int. kitchen MCS - FRANKIE seated at table - Eating - MARY at left - MOTHER at right - He rises as pounding is heard - They look to FG frightened -*]

40 [*Ext. entrance MS - Soldiers pounding on door with guns - Talking indistinctly -*]

41 [*Int. kitchen MCS - FRANKIE standing at table - MARY at left by him - MOTHER at right - All looking to BG - Pounding - Indistinct yelling heard - MOTHER and MARY exit as camera follows FRANKIE across to left - He takes gun from coat pocket - Camera following him across to right reveals two standing at table - They try to stop him -*]

MARY No, no!

[*All talking at once - MOTHER wailing - FRANKIE pushes them aside - Goes to door at right - MOTHER and MARY following him - They exit through doorway -*]

42 [*Int. hallway MS - FRANKIE running on at left FG - Runs to door in BG - Pounding and indistinct yelling heard - MARY and MOTHER coming on at left FG after FRANKIE - He yells at them -*]

FRANKIE Stay back! Mary, get back!

[*All talking at once - Confusion -*]

FRANKIE

I can get away!

[He starts upstairs at right - MOTHER looking after him - Screams -]

MOTHER

Frankie . . don't!

43 [Int. stairway MS - FRANKIE running upstairs to landing above - Pounding and indistinct yelling heard -]

44 [Ext. door CS - Two soldiers partly on - Beating door down with butts of guns - Noise of pounding heard -]

45 [Int. hallway MS - MARY and MOTHER at foot of stairs - Looking up to right FG - Pounding on door heard - They look to BG as sections of door splinter revealing soldiers outside - SOLDIER reaches through broken door - Unlocks it - Enters hall - Talking - Confusion -]

OFFICER

Where's McPhillip?

46 [Int. hallway MCU - MARY standing at foot of stairs - Talks defiantly - To soldier partly on at left FG - MOTHER heard screaming indistinctly -]

MARY

He's not here. Get out!

47 [Int. stairway MS - Camera shooting up stairs at FRANKIE above on landing - He fires gun -]

48 [Int. hallway MS - Soldiers in doorway - Much confusion as soldier pushes MOTHER to FG - MOTHER yelling - MARY standing at foot of stairs screaming - Soldiers trying to pull her away -]

MARY

Oh, Frankie . . Frankie!

49 [Int. stairway MCS - Camera shooting up at FRANKIE on landing - Looking down to FG - Confusion heard - He talks -]

FRANKIE

Mary, get out of the way! Get out of the way and

let me shoot.

50 [Int. hallway MCS - MARY standing at foot of stairs - Fighting soldiers - Screaming at them indistinctly - Confusion -]

51 [Int. hallway MCS - Camera shooting up at FRANKIE on landing looking down to FG - Confusion heard - He talks -]

FRANKIE

Mary, get out of the way . . go on!

52 [Int. stairway MS - Camera shooting down stairway at soldiers below - MARY screaming as they drag her away - Two soldiers run upstairs to FG - Shots heard - Soldiers fall downstairs - Others below firing up to FG - Much confusion - Yelling heard - MOTHER heard wailing -]

53 [Int. doorway CS - MOTHER struggling with SOLDIER - Screaming - Shooting and confusion heard -]

MOTHER (off)

Frankie!

54 [Int. hallway CS - Camera shooting down at FRANKIE raising window - Confusion heard - He steps out of window onto ledge - Screaming heard -]

MOTHER (off)

Frankie, don't . . stop!

[Soldiers coming on below in BG - Fire machine gun up at FRANKIE - His hand slowly slips from window ledge - His nails drag across sill - Exits -]

- 55 [Int. hallway CS - SOLDIER and MARY standing in doorway - Looking up to right FG - MARY horrified -]
- 56 [Int. hallway CS - MOTHER and SOLDIER standing in doorway - MOTHER screams hysterically - Struggles with SOLDIER - He exits as camera follows her as she sinks to floor - Wailing -]

REEL 3

- 1 [Int. office CS - GYPO standing at table - Others about - Phone rings - SENTRY picks up phone - Talks -]
 SENTRY Yes, yes. Right . .
 [He puts down phone - Talks to MAJOR -]
 SENTRY . . McPhillip was killed trying to escape, Sir.
 [MAJOR takes bills from wallet - Tosses them on table - Music heard playing medley ("The Money" and "The Blind Man") - MAJOR exits right - OFFICER pushes money to GYPO with cane - Talks -]
 OFFICER Twenty pounds. You'd better count it. Show him out the back way.
 [He exits right - GYPO picks up money - Crosses to left - Exits - SENTRY following him -]
- 2 [Ext. headquarters MCS - Wires crossing in FG - Door opening - GYPO comes on through doorway - Music heard - He closes door - Looks about furtively - Puts money in pocket - Camera follows him across to right - Moves back as he comes to FG revealing BLIND MAN at left FG - GYPO lurches at him - Grabs his throat -]
 GYPO Why, you . .
- 3 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO looking at BLIND MAN - Hands on his throat - Music heard - He takes hands away from MAN's throat - Backs away -]
- 4 [Ext. street CU - BLIND MAN staring up to FG - Music heard -]
- 5 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO looking at BLIND MAN partly on at left FG - Music heard - He passes hand in front of MAN's eyes -]
- 7 [Ext. street CS - GYPO passing hand in front of BLIND MAN's eyes - Looking about cautiously - Music heard - He turns quickly - Runs to right - Exits -]
 [Lap dissolve]
- 8 [Ext. street MS - GYPO coming on at left - Camera following him across to right - Fog about - Music heard - He stops by bldg - Looks about frightened - Walking heard - He looks off to left - Sees -]
- 9 [Ext. street MLS - BLIND MAN coming around corner at left FG - Tapping cane as he walks - Music heard - Fog about - BLIND MAN coming toward FG -]
- 10 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO watching off to left - Fog about - Music heard - GYPO turns to right - Stops as he sees bare wall -]
- 11 [Ext. street CS - GYPO looking at bare wall - Fog about - Music heard - Superimposed on wall is poster offering reward for FRANKIE -]

GYPO I've got to have a plan! I've got to have a plan!
[He looks up as he hears voice -]

FRANKIE (off) Ah, Gypo, I'm your brain. You can't think
 without me. You're lost. You're lost.

[He pours drink quickly - Gulps it down -]

27 *[Ext. pub MCS - GYPO seen inside, seated at table - Drinking - Music heard - Fog about - KATIE comes on at left FG - Stops at window as she sees GYPO inside - She crosses to right FG - Exits -]*

28 *[Int. pub CS - GYPO seated at table - Head bowed - Music heard - KATIE comes on at left - Puts hand on his shoulder - Music stops as he jumps back frightened - Camera moves back as he looks up at her - Talks - Nervously -]*

GYPO What do you want to be, sneakin' up behind a
 man like that for?

KATIE I've been looking all over for you . . .
[Music heard playing -]

KATIE . . . Oh, I'm so sorry . . . I blew up on you like
 that, out in the street, I mean. Ah, Gypo, you know that I love you.
 You're the only one. You know that. Sometimes I get so crazy I don't
 know what I'm doing.

GYPO I got it. I did it for you.

KATIE You did what?
[BARTENDER comes partly on at left as he starts to put change on table -]

29 *[Int. pub CU - BARTENDER partly on at left - Dropping coins on table - KATIE and GYPO partly on at right - Music heard -]*

BARTENDER (off) Ye forgot yer change me boyo.

[KATIE sits down at table - Looking at money - Talks -]

KATIE Gypo, where did you get that money? Look at
 it . . . and not a hour ago you hadn't a penny to warm your pocket. Did
 somebody die and leave you a pot of gold?

30 *[Int. pub CS - GYPO seated - Talks angrily to KATIE partly on at left FG - Music heard -]*

GYPO What are ye sayin' that for?

KATIE Or did you rob a church, or what?

GYPO That's it.

31 *[Int. pub CS - KATIE seated - Looking to right - Talks - Music heard -]*

KATIE You . . . you mean that you robbed a church?

32 *[Int. pub CS - GYPO seated - Looks sharply at KATIE partly on at left FG - Music heard - He talks -]*

GYPO No, no, it wasn't a church . . .

33 *[Int. pub CS - KATIE seated - GYPO leaning on at right - Talking to her - Music heard -]*

GYPO . . . it was a . . . a sailor . . . off an American ship.

KATIE Ssssh, not so loud.

GYPO I went through him at the back of Cassidy's Pub on Jerome Street. He was drunk, but if ye say a word of it, you'll get me into trouble.

KATIE Who, me? . .

[GYPO exits right as KATIE talks -]

KATIE . . What do you take me for? . .

34 [Int. pub CS - GYPO seated at table - KATIE partly on at left FG - Talking - Music heard -]

KATIE . . An informer?

[He rises angrily - Grabs her - Music stops - He talks -]

GYPO What are ye talkin' about informin' for?

KATIE Gypo!

GYPO Who's an informer?

KATIE Gypo!

GYPO Don't be sayin' things like that.

35 [Int. pub MCS - BARTENDER behind counter - Looking to right FG - Talks -]
BARTENDER What's the matter here? . .

36 [Int. pub MCS - GYPO and KATIE standing by table - Looking to left FG listening -]

BARTENDER (off) . . What's the matter?

[GYPO pours drink - Drinks as she talks -]

KATIE Oh, it's all right, Barney. Let him alone. He didn't mean any harm. Oh, come on, let's get out of here . .

[She picks up money from table - Talking -]

KATIE . . come on up to my room. There's a nice warm fire there. Come on. Here's your money, Gypo. You'll be all right.

[She takes him across to left - Nearly exiting -]

37 [Ext. pub MS - GYPO and KATIE coming on through doorway at left - MAN standing at right - KATIE talking indistinctly - GYPO drinks from bottle - She tries to take it from him as she talks -]

KATIE Oh, darling, you don't want any more of that. Come on. Let's be gettin' in the car . .

[She speaks to the cab driver]

KATIE . . all right, Jarvey . .

[She talks to GYPO as they come to FG - Camera moving back -]

KATIE . . I'll take you back to . . Oh, no, Gypo! . .

[He throws bottle down on street - Picks her up - Puts her in cab -]

KATIE . . Oh!

[Music heard playing - BLIND MAN comes on in FG - Tapping cane - GYPO starts to get into cab - Stops as he sees BLIND MAN -]

38 [Ext. street CS - GYPO looking up at BLIND MAN going to BG - Stops by him - Music heard -]

- 39 [Ext. street CS - BLIND MAN staring up to FG - GYPO partly on at left - Looking up at him - Music heard - He takes bill from pocket - Puts it in hand of BLIND MAN - BLIND MAN comes to right FG - Exits - GYPO looking after him -]
- 40 [Ext. street MCS - KATIE seated in cab - GYPO standing by her - Back to camera - Watching after BLIND MAN going to BG - Music heard - KATIE talks -]
 KATIE Gypo, you gave him a pound note.
 [He turns to FG - Talks - Music stops -]
 GYPO I forgot something. They'll be wondering why I'm not there already.
 [Music heard playing medley ("The Blind Man" and "The Minstrel Boy") - He comes to left FG - Exits -]
- 41 [Ext. street MS - GYPO walking rapidly to FG - KATIE seated in cab watching after him - Camera moving back as GYPO comes to FG - Music heard - He exits left FG -]
 [Lap dissolve]
- 42 [Ext. house MS - People standing in front of entrance - GYPO coming to FG - Fog about - Singing heard -]
 SINGER (off) The minstrel boy to the war has gone in the ranks. .
 [GYPO stops at right FG -]
- 43 [Ext. entrance CS - SINGER leaning against railing - Singing - MAN in FG - Back to camera - Playing violin - SISTER going up steps in BG to entrance -]
 SINGER . . of death you'll find him . .
- 44 [Int. room MS - MOTHER and others seated about at wake - SISTERS in BG by casket - Singing and violin heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . his father's sword he has . .
- 45 [Ext. street CS - SINGER leaning against railing - Singing - MAN in FG - Back to camera - Playing violin - SISTER entering house in BG -]
 SINGER (off) . . girded on . .
- 46 [Ext. street CU - GYPO looking to FG - Violin and singing heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . and his wild harp slung behind him . .
- 47 [Ext. street CS - SINGER leaning against railing - Singing - MAN in FG - Back to camera playing violin - MAN going up steps to entrance -]
 SINGER (off) . . land of song, said the warrior . .
- 48 [Ext. street CU - GYPO looking to left FG - Violin and SINGER heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . bard
 Though all the world betrays thee . .
 [GYPO comes to left FG - Exits -]
- 49 [Ext. street MLS - Group in front of entrance of house across street - GYPO coming on at right FG - Going toward them - SINGER and VIOLINIST in front of house -]
 SINGER . . one sword at least they rights shall guard . .
 [GYPO goes up steps of entrance -]
 SINGER . . one faithful harp shall . .

- 50 [Ext. entrance MCS - GYPO coming up steps to FG - Others on steps - He stops in FG - Violin and SINGER heard -]
 SINGER (off) . . . praise thee.
 [He removes cap - Hears -]
 MAN (off) 'Tis easy seen it was the work of an informer.
 2ND MAN (off) 'Tis sure . . . 'tis the work of an informer.
 [Gaelic chant heard indistinctly - GYPO comes to left FG - Nearly exits -]
- 51 [Int. room MS - MOTHER and others seated about sorrowfully - SISTERS and PRIEST in BG by casket - Chanting indistinctly in Gaelic - GYPO comes on at right BG through doorway - Looks about -]
- 52 [Int. room MCS - BARTLEY and MAN seated - Others in BG - Chanting heard indistinctly - They look up -]
- 53 [Int. room CS - GYPO with back to camera - Looking to BG - SISTERS and PRIEST by casket - Chanting indistinctly in Gaelic -]
- 54 [Int. Room MCS - Men partly on in FG - Two SISTERS standing by casket - Chanting indistinctly in Gaelic -]
- 55 [Int. room MCS - MOTHER seated - MARY seated at her feet - Chanting heard indistinctly - MOTHER wails -]
 MOTHER Oh, Frankie . .
- 56 [Int. room CS - GYPO looking to BG - Back to camera - SISTERS in BG at casket - Others around casket - Chanting indistinctly - GYPO looks around to right FG as he hears sobbing -]
 MOTHER (off) . . Oh, Frankie!
- 57 [Int. room MS - MOTHER and others seated about - MOTHER sobbing - SISTERS and others in BG at casket chanting indistinctly in Gaelic - GYPO starts toward FG -]
- 58 [Int. room MCS - BARTLEY and MAN watching to right FG - Others behind them - Indistinct chanting heard -]
- 59 [Int. room MS - MOTHER and others seated about - SISTERS and others in BG - At casket - Chanting indistinctly in Gaelic - GYPO crossing slowly to MOTHER at right -]
- 60 [Int. room MCS - MOTHER and MARY seated - Chanting heard indistinctly - GYPO coming on in FG - Sits down on floor -]
- 61 [Int. room MCS - BARTLEY and MAN seated - Watching to FG - Others in BG - Chanting heard indistinctly - BARTLEY whispers to man -]
- 62 [Int. room CS - GYPO seated on floor - Looking off to left sadly - Chanting heard indistinctly - He tries to talk - Blurts out loudly -]
 GYPO I'm sorry for yer trouble, Mrs. McPhillip.
- 63 [Int. room MS - MAN seated at table - Others standing in doorway in BG - Turn to FG shocked - BARTLEY rises at left FG - Talks -]
 BARTLEY What are ye shoutin' for? Don't you know there's a wake goin' on?

- 64 [Int. room CS - Camera shooting down at MOTHER and MARY seated - MOTHER looks up to right FG - Talks -]
 MOTHER Ah, let him alone, Bartley. Sure he was a friend
 of me dead boy.
 [She sobs -]

REEL 4

- [Int. room MS - MOTHER and MARY seated - GYPO seated on floor - BARTLEY standing at left - Looking down at him - Talks - Others in BG -]
 BARTLEY All the same, ye should show more respect for the
 dead.
 [GYPO rises - Coins fall from hand -]
- 2 [Insert #1 - Coins on floor - Music heard playing medley ("The Money" and "The Informer") -]
- 3 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking down - Looks up slowly - Music heard -]
- 4 [Int. room MCS - WOMAN seated at table - Men standing behind her - All watching to FG - Music heard -]
- 5 [Insert #2 - Coins on floor - Music heard -]
- 6 [Int. room CS - GYPO looking to left FG - Looks about - Music heard -]
- 7 [Int. room CS - BARTLEY and MAN looking off to left - Others behind them - Music heard -]
- 8 [Int. room CS - Camera shooting down at MOTHER and MARY seated - Music heard - They look up to right -]
- 9 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking about furtively - Music heard -]
- 10 [Int. room CS - MAN seated at table - Looking down to FG - Others partly on in BG - Music heard - MAN starts to rise -]
- 11 [Int. room MS - GYPO standing at right FG - MOTHER and MARY seated - Others about room - Music heard - MAN rising - Starts to reach down for money -]
- 12 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking down - Bellows - Music heard -]
 GYPO Leave 'em alone!
- 13 [Int. room MCS - MAN straightens up - Others in BG - Music heard - MAN backs away to table as he talks -]
 MAN Sure, I was only goin' to give them back to you,
 Mr. Nolan.
- 14 [Int. room MS - GYPO stoops to pick up coins - BARTLEY and TOMMY rising at left - Others about room - Music heard - GYPO starts to rise -]
- 15 [Int. room MCS - BARTLEY and TOMMY in FG - Backs to camera - GYPO rising - Facing them - Music heard - He looks about - Talks - Music stops -]
 GYPO I swear by all that's holy, I warned him to keep
 away from this house.

- 16 [Int. room MCS - BARTLEY and TOMMY at left - Others in BG - TOMMY talks -]
TOMMY Good heavens, man . . there's no one suspects you.
- 17 [Int. room CS - WOMAN seated at table - Two MEN standing by her - Others in BG - Man talks -]
MAN Sure, that's right, Gypo.
[Others mumbling indistinctly -]
- 18 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking to left FG - MAN heard talking - Others heard mumbling indistinctly -]
MAN No one suspects you.
- 19 [Int. room MCS - TOMMY and BARTLEY at left FG - Backs to camera - GYPO looking about - Music heard - GYPO moves slowly to left -]
- 20 [Int. room MCS - MARY and MOTHER seated - Man partly on at right FG - Back to camera - Music heard - GYPO coming on at right - Stops by MARY - Talks -]
GYPO You've been very good to me, Mrs. McPhillip, and I'm sorry for yer trouble.
[He drops coins in her lap - Camera follows him to right BG - He exits quickly - Through doorway -]
- 21 [Ext. entrance MLS - People standing about entrance - Music heard - GYPO comes out of entrance - Hurries across to left - Others exit as camera follows him -]
TOMMY (off) Gypo, Gypo, Gypo! . .
[GYPO stops at corner - TOMMY comes on at right after him - Talking -]
TOMMY . . Man alive, what are ye hurryin' for?
- 22 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO standing near lamp post - Talking angrily - TOMMY at right -]
GYPO Who's in a hurry? What makes you think I'm in a hurry?
TOMMY Ah, now don't be gettin' your rag out, me boyo . .
- 23 [Ext. street MCU - TOMMY looking to left FG - Talking -]
TOMMY . . 'tis a free country and a man can ask questions without all this gosterin' . . especially from an old pal . .
- 24 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO standing by lamp post - Looks to right FG as he listens -]
TOMMY (off) . . Are ye workin' now?
GYPO No!
- 25 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO standing near lamp post - TOMMY at right - Talks -]
TOMMY Don't be shoutin' at me like an aboriginal. Sure, ye can't blame Bartley and me for takin' a friendly interest in ye for old times' sake . . seein' as how you were one of us at one time . .
- 26 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO standing by lamp post listening suspiciously -]
TOMMY (off) . . Ye don't seem to be in any need of money tonight, Gypo.

- 27 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO turns to TOMMY - Grabs him by throat - Confusion as they struggle -]
- TOMMY Bartley!
- [BARTLEY runs on at right - Talking as he separates them -]
- BARTLEY What's wrong, boys? What are ye up to?
- GYPO He suspects me.
- BARTLEY Suspects ye of what?
- TOMMY I didn't say anything, Bartley. I only asked him to . .
- GYPO You're a liar! You did, both of you and well, I know ye. Bartley Mulholland and Tommy Conner . . you're Commandant Gallagher's right-hand men, and I'll . .
- [BARTLEY stops him -]
- BARTLEY Sssh, shut up, Gypo, are ye mad? Don't ye know there are people listenin'?
- GYPO Well, don't be accusin' me, then.
- BARTLEY Come on, then. Let's get outa here.
- GYPO No!
- TOMMY Commandant Gallagher wants to see ye.
- GYPO Well, I'm not goin'.
- BARTLEY Come on, man. He's not goin' to eat ye.
- TOMMY Is it afraid of the Commandant ye are?
- [BARTLEY exits right as GYPO pushes him away - Starts to remove coat as he talks -]
- GYPO Afraid! I'm not afraid of the finest man that was ever whelped.
- [BARTLEY comes on at right - Talking -]
- BARTLEY Come on, man, let's get out of here. Come on.
- [BARTLEY exits as GYPO pushes him away - Talking -]
- GYPO Keep your hands off'n me. Come on.
- [GYPO crosses in front of TOMMY to left - Exits - Music heard playing medley - BARTLEY comes on at right - He and TOMMY cross to left - Exit -]
- 28 [Int. office CS - DAN seated on table - Looking at crumpled poster - Music heard - He looks off thoughtfully -] •
- 29 [Int. office MS - DAN seated on edge of table - Looking off thoughtfully - Music heard - Knock heard - He rises - Puts poster down on chair - Puts gun in pocket - Goes to door at right - Opens peep-hole -]
- MAN (off) Captain Mulholland, Sir.
- [He unlocks door - Opens it - BARTLEY comes on - Talks -]
- BARTLEY Gypo Nolan.
- [DAN comes to left to table - GYPO comes on through doorway at right followed by TOMMY - BARTLEY closes door - DAN picks up crumpled poster - Looks at it - Starts to put it in fireplace - TOMMY sitting down at right of table -]
- 30 [Insert #3 - Hand partly on at right putting crumpled poster on grate in fireplace - Music heard - Printing on poster reads -]

£20 Reward

[Poster starts to burn -]

31 [Int. office MCU - GYPO looking down to left - Reflection of fire on his face - Music heard -]

32 [Int. office CU - DAN looking down to left - Reflection of fire on his face - Music heard - He looks off to right -]

33 [Int. office CU - BARTLEY looking down to left - Reflection of fire on his face - Music heard - He looks to right -]

34 [Int. office CU - TOMMY seated at table - Reflection of fire on his face - Music heard - He looks up to left -]

35 [Int. office MCU - GYPO looking down to left - Reflection of fire on his face - Music heard -]

36 [Insert #4 - Poster burning on grate in fireplace - Music heard - Poster consumed by fire -]

37 [Int. office MCU - GYPO watching down to left nervously - Music heard - Reflection of fire on his face -]

38 [Insert #5 - Ashes of poster on grate in fireplace - Music heard - Flames carry ashes upward - They exit -]

39 [Int. office MCS - TOMMY seated at right - GYPO and DAN standing by table - BARTLEY behind them - DAN talks to GYPO -]

DAN Well, Gypo, you don't seem glad to see me.
You've got a grudge against me; Why?

40 [Int. office CS - GYPO standing by table - Removes cap as he talks - Throws it down -]

GYPO Ah, there isn't a thing I wouldn't do for ye,
Dan Gallagher, and ye had me court-martialed and expelled from the
organization.

41 [Int. office MCU - DAN looking to right - Talks -]

DAN You disobeyed orders, endangered the organization. You had a fair trial, Gypo. Only for me you wouldn't have got away as easily as you did. There were others who wanted to give you this . .
[He reaches in pocket -]

42 [Insert #6 - Gun falling on table by glass -]

43 [Int. office CS - GYPO standing at table - Looking down - Looks up to left as he hears -]

DAN (off) Forget that . .

44 [Int. office MCS - TOMMY seated at right of table - GYPO standing by him - DAN at left - BARTLEY in BG - DAN talking -]

DAN . . We've got something on hand now that is as
much your business as ours. Frankie McPhillip was your pal, wasn't
he? . .

[GYPO picks up cap - Toys with it nervously -]

DAN . . I want your help, that's all . .

45 [Int. office CS - GYPO standing by table - Listening nervously -]

DAN (off) . . This looks like the job of an informer, and we have to get that informer, you understand? . .

46 [Int. office MCU - DAN looking off to right, talking -]

DAN . . All I can say is that if you don't help us, with this job, people might think . .

47 [Int. office CS - GYPO standing by table - Looking to left - Talks -]

GYPO It isn't that . . it isn't that! Look here, Commandant, it's . . it's how . . Uh . . it's how . . Ah, I don't know what I'm doin'.

DAN (off) What's the matter, Gypo?

GYPO What's the matter! For the last six months I've been starvin', that's what's the matter.

48 [Int. office MCU - DAN looking down - Listening -]

GYPO (off) . . I've been livin' from hand to mouth, on whatever I could borroy from sailors and dockers . .

49 [Int. office CS - GYPO standing by table, talking -]

GYPO . . I got no clothes; I got no money; I got nothin'!

[He puts hands into pockets - Removes hand quickly -]

50 [Int. office MCS - TOMMY seated at right of table - GYPO standing by him - DAN at left - BARTLEY in BG - DAN talks to GYPO -]

DAN Look here, Gypo. I'm going to make a fair deal with you. Last October you put us all in a very dangerous position. We'll call that quits and reinstate you on one condition . .

51 [Int. office CS - DAN partly on at left FG - Talking to GYPO at right - BARTLEY in BG -]

DAN . . that you find the man that informed on Frankie McPhillip.

GYPO Do you mean that?

DAN Indeed I do, Gypo.

GYPO Put it there, Dan me boy . .

[He shakes hand - Talking -]

GYPO . . put it there. What did I tell you? What did I tell you, Bartley? There isn't anything I wouldn't do for ye, Dan. There isn't anything I wouldn't do. Can we have a drink on that? . .

[DAN picks up bottle - Hands it to him - GYPO laughing - Pours drink as he talks -]

GYPO . . Let's have a drink on that . .

[He drinks - Looks around - Talking - Pouring drinks -]

GYPO . . Have a drink on the Commandant, Tommy. Bartley, me boy, here's a drink for you . .

[*He drinks* - TOMMY and BARTLEY put drinks on table - GYPO smacks lips - Talks -]

GYPO . . Ah, that's fine . .

[*He picks up BARTLEY's drink* - Drinks it - Turns to BARTLEY mumbling indistinctly - Finishes drink - Sighs - Puts glass on table - Picks up TOMMY's drink - Talks -]

GYPO . . Danny, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, anything. Ah, it's nice to be friendly. I'd go through fire and water for ye.

[*He drinks* -]

52 [Int. room CU - DAN looking off to right - Talks -]

DAN Who informed on Frankie McPhillip?

53 [Int. room CS - GYPO standing at table - Coughs - Spits - DAN partly on at left - BARTLEY in BG - TOMMY seated at right of table - GYPO looks around at men - Talks -]

GYPO I'll tell you. It was that rat Mulligan.

BARTLEY Mulligan?

TOMMY Mulligan the tailor?

GYPO Sure as you're born.

DAN How do you make that out?

GYPO I'll tell you, Commandant. I didn't like to say it meself . . a man can't be too sure about a thing like that . .

[BARTLEY crossing to right behind GYPO - GYPO going to DAN at left - Talking - BARTLEY exits right -]

GYPO . . but just as ye put it yourself, Commandant, and the way ye put it . .

DAN Hurry up, man . . make your statement.

[GYPO drinks - Talks -]

GYPO Ah, that's fine stuff. How didn't I think of that before.

DAN Think of what?

GYPO Well, it was the grudge.

DAN What grudge?

GYPO Why, the grudge . . that grudge that . . that Mulligan had on Frankie.

DAN About what?

GYPO Oh, it's a long, long story. It's a long story. There's another little drink in the bottle.

DAN Take it.

[GYPO pours drink -]

TOMMY Man alive, you've already killed the whole bottle.

[GYPO mumbles indistinctly - Drinks -]

DAN Come on now, Gypo, out with it. What grudge are you talking about?

[GYPO puts glass down - Talks -]

GYPO You remember his sister Susie?

DAN Whose sister?

GYPO Why, Mulligan's.

DAN What has she got to do with it?

GYPO What has she got to do with it? Why shouldn't she have something to do with it? Wasn't she in trouble and wasn't Frankie . .

54 [Int. room CU - BARTLEY looking to left listening -]

GYPO (off) . . the boyo that was named?

55 [Int. room CU - DAN looking to right - Talks -]

DAN I never heard that.

[He looks off to right -]

56 [Int. room CU - BARTLEY looking to left - Shakes head -]

57 [Int. room CS - GYPO standing at table - Talks to DAN partly on at left - TOMMY partly on at right seated at table -]

GYPO Well, well, it's true anyway. Well, here, figure it out. Figure it out for yourself. That's why Mulligan informed. That's why Mulligan informed. I . . I saw him go into the Tan . . Tan's headquarters tonight.

DAN What time?

GYPO What time?

[He looks around - Talks -]

GYPO . . Half past six . .

58 [Int. room MCS - DAN and GYPO standing at table - TOMMY seated at right of table - BARTLEY standing at right - GYPO talks -]

GYPO . . Well . .

[GYPO picks up cap - Talks -]

GYPO . . are ye taking me back, Dan?

DAN If your statement checks up, you'll get back.

There will be a court of inquiry tonight at half past one, at the ammunition dump. Be there. You take him up. Arrange to meet him somewhere.

GYPO All right, Bartley, me boy. You'll find me down at Katie Madden's.

BARTLEY Right.

[GYPO salutes DAN - BARTLEY opens door at right -]

GYPO I'll see ye boys later. Bartley, me boy.

[GYPO exits through doorway - BARTLEY looking after him -]

BARTLEY Show him out.

[He closes door -]

REEL 5

[Int. room MCS - BARTLEY standing at door at right - TOMMY seated at left at table - Camera following BARTLEY to left as he talks revealing DAN standing at

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

left of table - Music heard playing medley ("The Informer" and "Wearing of the Green") -]

BARTLEY It's him, Dan. I'd stake me life on it. He's the
one that did it.

DAN He's drunk.

[TOMMY rises - Talking -]

TOMMY Drunk! It's a wonder he can walk at all.

2 [Int. room CS - DAN partly on at left FG - BARTLEY at end of table - TOMMY
partly on at right - Music heard - DAN sits on edge of table - Talks -]

DAN Tell me, how is Mary taking it?

TOMMY Her heart is dyin' inside of her, Commandant.

But ye'd never know it. She's waitin' for ye, Dan. Look, t'would be God's own blessin' for you to go and see her.

DAN One thing is certain, we must destroy this informer. It may be Gypo, though I don't believe it. He was Frankie's friend, and he had no motive, or it may be Mulligan, though I doubt it again . .

[*He rises -*]

DAN . . . Whoever it was, we've got to find him before this night is over. One traitor can destroy an army. It's his life against ours . . . you understand, Bartley?

BARTLEY I do.

DAN Then get started. Keep at Gypo's heels like a pot of glue. Find out all you can. And bring him to the ammunition dump at half past one sharp.

TOMMY Right.

[He starts to right -]

3 [Int. room MCS - DAN standing at left of table - TOMMY at right - BARTLEY crossing to right - Exits - DAN talks to TOMMY - Music heard -]

DAN You, Tommy, find Captain Conlon. He's to mobilize his company and round up Mulligan. I'll attend to the rest. Get started.

TOMMY Right.

[TOMMY exits right - DAN picks up gun - Puts it in pocket - Camera follows him across to right - He turns off light - Opens door - Exits through doorway -]

[*Lap dissolve*]

4 [Int. pub MCS - Laughter heard - Doors opening - OFFICER looks in - Calls -
POLICEMAN Time, Time! Come along, it's closing time.

[He starts to close doors -]

5 [Ext. pub MS - Men seen inside at bar - General indistinct talking and laughter - POLICEMAN crosses in FG - Exits left - GYPO seen inside - Leaves bar - Going to doors at right - Camera panning to right - He comes through doorway - Stops in street - Yells - Others around him -]

GYPO Gypo! . .

[Others coming on out of pub. - General indistinct talking - GYPO talks to short MAN -]

GYPO . . Stand up, man, stand up! . . Shake hands with Gallagher's right-hand. Come on.

[He shakes hands with short MAN - Pulls cap down over MAN's eyes - Looks to FG -]

- 6 [Ext. street MLS - GYPO and crowd in BG in front of pub - MAN partly on in FG - Back to camera - GYPO comes toward FG singing "Improvise" indistinctly - Crowd following - He stops at left FG - Looks at man - Talks -]

GYPO What are you lookin' at me for?

MAN Ahh, I'm not lookin' at ye.

- 7 [Ext. street CS - MAN partly on at right FG - Back to camera - GYPO glaring at him - Comes toward him as he talks - Others partly on -]

GYPO You're a liar . . you're a liar! . . .

- 8 [Ext. street MCU - MAN looking up at GYPO partly on at left FG - Back to camera - Talking angrily - Others partly on -]

GYPO . . Can't you know that I can see you lookin' at me?

MAN Well, a cat can look at a king.

- 9 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO talks to MAN partly on at right FG - Back to camera - Others partly on -]

GYPO What are you talking about kings for?

MAN Here, here.

GYPO Don't be talkin' about kings around here.

[MEN all talking at once -]

MEN That's right, Gypo, you tell 'em, Gypo. That's right. That's the boy.

GYPO You'll all be gettin' yourself into trouble.

MAN Aw, you're drunk.

[MAN punches GYPO on chin - GYPO looks around -]

- 10 [Ext. street MCU - MAN looking up at GYPO partly on at left BG - Back to camera - Others partly on - GYPO punches MAN on chin - Knocking him to BG - Confusion -]

- 11 [Ext. street MS - MAN falling down to pavement - Indistinct exclamations heard -]

- 12 [Ext. street MCS - Crowd around GYPO looking down to right - All talking at once - Indistinctly - POLICEMAN comes on at right - Talking -]

POLICEMAN Come on, break it up. Break it up. Hey, what do you think you're doing? I saw you hit that man. You got no business hitting men on the street like that. You'll have to come along to the station.

[GYPO punches POLICEMAN on jaw - Knocking him off to right - Indistinct exclamations from crowd -]

- 13 [Ext. street MS - MAN lying on street - POLICEMAN falling down by him - Indistinct exclamations heard -]

- 14 [Ext. street MCU - Crowd looking down to right - GYPO coming on at left FG - Looking down - Indistinct exclamations heard - TERRY talks to GYPO -]
TERRY What a boy, Gypo . . what a blow! . .
- 15 [Ext. street CU - TERRY looking down to right talking - Others partly on behind them -]
TERRY . . Ah, will you look at the two of them dyin' there, sweet and peaceful . .
- 16 [Ext. street CS - Camera shooting down at MAN and POLICEMAN partly on - Lying on street - Hand reaching into MAN's pocket -]
TERRY (off) . . as the babes in the woods . .
- 17 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO partly on at left FG - TERRY looking up at him - Holds up his hand as he talks - Others partly on behind them -]
TERRY . . and gentlemen, there's the hand that rocked the cradle . .
[Crowd laughs -]
TERRY . . me old Gypo!
- 18 [Ext. street MS - Crowd standing around GYPO - All talking at once - Laughing - WOMAN laughing shrilly - Police whistle heard - Crowd talking indistinctly as they start to disperse -]
- 19 [Ext. street MS - GYPO standing at corner - Others hurrying away - POLICEMAN coming on in FG - Going toward GYPO - Whistle heard - They go to MAN and POLICEMAN lying in street -]
- 20 [Ext. street MS - Crowd partly on in BG - POLICEMEN stopping by MAN and POLICEMAN lying in street - POLICEMAN talking as they pick up two men -]
POLICEMAN So you'll try to beat up a policeman, will you?
MAN Aw, let me go. I had nothing to do with it at all . .
[POLICEMEN bringing MAN and first POLICEMAN to left FG - MAN talking - Protesting -]
MAN . . What's the matter with you? I want to get me . .
- 21 [Ext. street MLS - POLICEMEN bringing MAN and POLICEMAN to FG - MAN talking - Struggling with them - Crowd partly on in BG -]
MAN . . pipe and hat. I paid three shillings for that pipe. Will you let me get back there . .
- 22 [Ext. street MS - GYPO standing in front of pub at left - Crowd in BG - MAN heard talking - TERRY runs to left FG - Watching - Off -]
MAN (off) . . and get me pipe and me hat.
[TERRY goes to GYPO - Patting him - Talking proudly - Others coming on to them -]
TERRY Ah, me old Gypo!
[People crowding around GYPO - All talking at once -]

- 23 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO leaning against bldg - TERRY by him - Talking - Crowd around them - All talking at once - TERRY trying to quiet them -]
 TERRY Gentlemen!
 MAN Quiet, quiet!
 TERRY I have an announcement to make. With me own two eyes I saw Gypo knock the scrapper Maloney flying across the road like a man divin' off the bull wall.
 [All talking at once -]
 ALL Who is he? Who is he?
 TERRY Who is he, who is he? . .
- 24 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO leaning against bldg - Glances down to right FG -]
 TERRY (off) . . He's Gypo Nolan, and he's stronger than any bull, Eh, Gypo? Am I right?
 MAN (off) Didn't ye never hear of him?
 TERRY (off) I tell you what this boy is. He's a king. That's what he is . . King Gypo. Am I right?
- 25 [Ext. street MCU - MAN looking up to left FG - Others around him - He talks -]
 MAN Usen't he be pals with Frankie McPhillip who was shot by the Black and Tans tonight?
- 26 [Ext. street CS - Crowd partly on at right FG - Others at left - All talking at once indistinctly - GYPO at right BG leaning against bldg - He throws down cigarette - Comes to MAN - Crowd quiets - GYPO talks -]
 GYPO Hey, when you mention the dead, ye might add "May the Lord have mercy on his soul."
 [TERRY comes on at right - Steps between them - Talking -]
 TERRY Unity, boys, now unity. Did you hear what he said?
 MAN I did.
 TERRY Did you hear what he said?
 MAN I did.
 TERRY May the Lord have mercy on his soul. He died fightin' for Ireland to be free and every man here should do the same thing, and I'll do it when my time is called, and so will King Gypo. So will King Gypo. Am I right, Gypo, me lord?
 GYPO Right.
 [Crowd yells - GYPO quiets them -]
 GYPO Silence . . quiet!
 TERRY Silence, there. Quiet, everybody, Gypo, you have the floor.
- 27 [Ext. street MS - Crowd around GYPO - GYPO talks -]
 GYPO I want ever— . . I want everybody to come and have some chips . . some fish and chips with King Gypo.
 [All laugh - Yell - Talk at once - Much confusion -]

- 28 [Int. shop MS - OWNER and WOMAN behind counter at right - MAN seated at counter - Crowd pouring in through doorway in BG - Yelling - Talking - Much confusion as they rush to counter -]
- 29 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO picking up WOMAN - Holds her on shoulders - Others around them - All laughing - Talking - Yelling at once - Confusion - GYPO starts into shop -]
- 30 [Int. shop MS - OWNER and WOMAN behind counter - Crowd at counter - All talking and yelling at once - GYPO coming on in BG carrying WOMAN on shoulders, - Much confusion - He stops at counter -]
- 31 [Int. shop MCS - GYPO stands woman on counter - Others around them - WOMAN dances on counter - All yelling - Talking at once - Confusion - WOMAN exits right - GYPO sits on counter - Raises arms - Talks -]
- GYPO Silence . . quiet!
- 32 [Int. counter MCU - MAN and TERRY seated at counter - Others behind them - TERRY looking about - Talks -]
- TERRY Silence . . quiet, he said! . .
- [He yells in MAN's ear -]
- TERRY . . Quiet! . .
- [He looks up to right talking -]
- TERRY . . Proceed, Gypo.
- 33 [Int. counter MCU - GYPO seated on counter - Others partly on behind him - GYPO talks -]
- GYPO Come on, every man-jack and woman, too.
It's all on Gypo.
- 34 [Int. counter MCU - TERRY and MAN seated at counter - Others behind them - TERRY talks -]
- TERRY D'ye hear that? You're all guests of King Gypo.
Am I right, Gypo?
- 35 [Int. counter MCU - GYPO seated on counter - Others partly on behind him - GYPO talks -]
- GYPO Right, and before long I'm going to be Cock of the Walk around here, me and Commandant Gallagher. It's a secret.
- 36 [Int. counter MCU - TERRY and MAN seated at counter - Others partly on behind them - TERRY talks to MAN -]
- TERRY Do you hear that? It's a secret.
- 37 [Int. shop MCS - GYPO seated on counter - Others crowded at counter - OWNER and WOMAN behind counter - GYPO talks -]
- GYPO Come on, chuck 'em out, come on . . every man-jack, I'm payin' for the lot.
- OWNER Blimey, there's a lot of people, governor.
- TERRY Yes, but they're a lovely crowd . . a lovely crowd . .

- 38 [Int. counter MCU - TERRY and MAN seated at counter - Others partly on behind them - TERRY talks to MAN -]
 TERRY . . and every Tom and Judy is a friend of Gypo's. Now, now, do you get that?
- 39 [Int. shop MCS - GYPO seated on counter - Others crowded at counter - OWNER and GIRL at right behind counter - General indistinct talking - GYPO talks -]
 GYPO Come on, you little scut, get busy. Now, come on here. This'll pay for the lot.
 TERRY Now, do you hear that? He's gonna pay.
 [GYPO takes rolls of notes from pocket - Crowds exclaim - Indistinctly - GYPO throws notes on counter -]
- 40 [Int. counter MCU - OWNER and GIRL behind counter - Pick up notes - Look at them amazed - Crowd heard exclaiming - Crowd partly on in BG - OWNER talks - Music heard playing medley -]
 OWNER Blimey, two quid. Come on, let 'em have it.
 Come on.
 [They turn to stoves - Crowd exclaiming -]
- 41 [Int. counter MCS - GYPO seated - Others around him - General indistinct talking - TERRY talks - Music heard -]
 TERRY Order, please. Ladies first, ladies first.
 [OWNER handing out chips - TERRY takes one - GYPO handing them on to others - Much confusion -]
- 42 [Int. shop MS - GYPO seated on counter - Others crowding around - All reaching for fish and chips - All talking at once - Confusion - Music heard -]
- 43 [Int. shop CU - MAN reaching to right - Comes to left FG - Exits - Others crowding behind him - Music heard - Much confusion - Crowd laughing - Talking - Camera panning to BG over heads of people - People exit - Camera panning to BG reveals BARTLEY standing outside at window - Watching in -]
- 44 [Int. shop CS - GYPO seated on counter - Crowd around him - All reaching for fish and chips - Confusion - Music heard - GYPO stands up on counter -]
- 45 [Int. counter MCU - TERRY and MAN seated at counter - People reaching over them - Crowding them - Music and confusion heard -]
- 46 [Ext. window CS - BARTLEY standing at right of window - Watching into shop - Music heard - People seen inside - Struggling for food -]
- 47 [Int. shop CS - GYPO on counter - Putting sauce on packages of fish and chips - People crowding around him - Music heard -]
- 48 [Int. shop MCU - MAN and TERRY seated at counter - Others reaching over them - Crowding them - Music heard -]
- 49 [Int. shop CS - GYPO on counter - Others crowding about him - He pushes MAN aside - Music heard -]

- 50 [Ext. shop MCS - Two MEN come on out of doorway at right - Look to FG, talking - Music heard -]
- MAN Come on . . come on, gentlemen. Gypo's buyin' fish and chips. Don't cost a ha' penny. Get in there.
- [Men running on - Run into shop - BARTLEY coming on at right FG -]
- MAN . . Hey, come on, get some grub. Come on.
- [All talking at once as men urge BARTLEY to go into shop - Confusion - BARTLEY talks -]
- BARTLEY Leave me alone, let go.
- MAN Come on in. It doesn't cost a hebe. Gypo's buyin' it.
- [Music stops as BARTLEY talks angrily -]
- BARTLEY Let go. I don't want any. Leave me alone. Get back or I'll smash ye.
- MAN Oh, so it's a fight you're lookin' for, are ye?
- MAN So that's what's the matter with ye, uh? It's a fight you're lookin' for.
- MAN Hold me hat. Stand back.
- [MAN starts to fight BARTLEY - BARTLEY pushes him into shop - All talking at once - Confusion - MAN runs out of shop - Exits left - GYPO follows him out - Looks around - Talking -]
- GYPO Hey, what's the trouble? What's the trouble . .
- 51 [Ext. street MCU - BARTLEY looking up at GYPO - MAN in BG - MAN partly on at right FG - GYPO looks at BARTLEY - Talks - Noise from shop heard -]
- GYPO . . Bartley, me boy? Let 'im alone. He's a friend of mine. Get inside there . .
- [Two men exit through doorway at right -]
- GYPO . . Lay a hand on me friend! . .
- [GYPO turns to BARTLEY - Puts arm around him as he talks -]
- GYPO . . Come on, man, come on. Have some grub.
- [BARTLEY pushes GYPO aside - Talks -]
- BARTLEY I'm in a hurry, Gypo, but I'll see ye at one o'clock. You know where I mean.
- GYPO Sure, me boy, sure. Ah, it's a fine night. It's the finest night of me life. Gypooo!
- [He laughs - Snaps fingers - Talks - Music heard playing "I Adore Him" -]
- GYPO That reminds me, there's somebody waiting for me. You know what I mean.
- [He starts to right FG -]
- 52 [Ext. street MS - BARTLEY standing by door at left FG - Watching as GYPO goes to BG - Music heard - He picks up rock - Throws it through window - Crash heard - He talks - Music stops -]
- GYPO Good night, all.
- [TERRY comes on through doorway at left - Talking - Goes after GYPO -]

TERRY Gypo, Gypo . . Gypo, wait for me, you darling.

Wait for me, wait for me!

[*They go to BG singing "He Is Me Darlin' O" -*]

BOTH (*singing*) Oh, of all the men that wear the green
He is me Darlin' O
For in every fight he will be seen
For he is me Darlin' O . .

[*They exit left BG around corner of bldg - BARTLEY walking to BG slowly -*]

53 [*Ext. street MCS - Camera following TERRY and GYPO as they walk along to right - Singing -*]

BOTH (*singing*) . . me Darlin' O . . me Darlin' O.
Me rattlin' Darlin' O.
Of all the boys that wear the green . .

[*They stop at right singing -*]

BOTH (*singing*) . . He is me Darlin' O-O-O.

[*TERRY talks -*]

TERRY Ah, Gypo, ye have a sweet voice, a sweet voice.

Shhh, listen . .

[*GYPO looks about listening - TERRY talks -*]

TERRY . . . even the birds are still.

[*GYPO looks about - Camera follows them as they walk to right - Revealing sign in window - They stop at window - GYPO looks in - Music heard - Playing "I Adore Him" -*]

54 [*Int. window CS - GYPO and TERRY outside - GYPO looking in through window - TERRY looking at him questioningly - Music heard - GYPO scratches head thoughtfully -*]

55 [*Ext. window CS - GYPO and TERRY standing in front of window - Music heard - GYPO talks -*]

GYPO Where ye takin' me to, yuh little scut? Ain't we after gettin' to Katie's yet?

TERRY Aw, there ye go, there ye go. Talkin' about Katie, and we havin' a fine little jamboree. Now don't worry about your little Judy. She'll be always on the streets, never fear.

[*GYPO grabs TERRY by collar - Twisting it - TERRY struggles with him - Talking -*]

TERRY Hey, what are . . what are ye . . ye big stiff!
Ye're drunk and bedazzled, that's what ye are. Ye're as drunk as a fiddlers' dog . .

[*He frees GYPO's hand -*]

TERRY . . Hey, take your hands off me! Ye think ye're a king, do ye? Why, ye're a big lump of beef, that's all ye are . .

[*TERRY turns to right - Exits -*]

TERRY (*off*) . . a big lump of beef! . .

- 56 [Ext. street MS - TERRY running on at left FG - Stops - Turns to FG - Talking -]

TERRY . . Ye're drunk and your last penny is spent,
and I have no further use for ye, Mr. Gypo Nolan. Ipso Facto!
[He walks to BG -]

REEL 6

- 1 [Ext. street MCU - GYPO feeling in pockets - Looking off to right -]
- 2 [Ext. street MS - TERRY going to BG - Stops - Turns to FG - Talking -]
TERRY And another . .
[He comes to FG - Stops in FG - Sees -]
- 3 [Ext. street CS - GYPO taking roll of notes out of pocket - Music heard playing medley ("The Money" - "I Adore Him" - "Bridal Chorus") -]
- 4 [Ext. street CS - TERRY looking to FG amazed - Music heard - He comes to left FG - Exits -]
- 5 [Ext. street CS - GYPO counting roll of notes - Music heard - TERRY coming on at right - Stops by him - Watching - TERRY talks -]
TERRY Oh, by the holy, where did ye get it, Gypo?
There's enough there to choke a horse. Ha, Ha, and me joking about it a few minutes ago. Ah, Gypo, me boy, ye are a king and a descendant of kings, and I'd fight for ye and I'd die for ye if the time comes, and there's me hand on it, Gypo. The hand of a man that's loyal and true. Am I right, Gypo?
[GYPO ignores him - Turns to window - Camera follows him as he goes to window - TERRY reaches down - Picks up note - Puts it in pocket -]
- 6 [Int. window MCU - GYPO holding notes looking in window - Music heard - He looks down - Sees -]
- 7 [Ext. window CS - Model ship in window - Reflection of GYPO seen on glass - Looking at ship - Music heard - Trick shot - Superimposed over this is scene of GYPO and KATIE on ship deck - Camera moving closer to them - KATIE wearing bridal gown - Scene dissolves out -]
- 8 [Ext. street MS - GYPO turning from window - Comes to TERRY at right - Music heard - GYPO talks -]
GYPO Come on, ye little scut.
[Music stops -]
GYPO I'm going to find Katie.
[He starts to left - Camera following - TERRY going after him, talking -]
TERRY Yes, and I'm the boy to lead ye to her . .
[TERRY turns him to right - Camera following as they cross to right - TERRY talking -]
TERRY . . Come on. She's a lovely girl, Gypo, a lovely girl. You should be proud of her. You should be proud of her . .
[They exit right -]

[Lap dissolve]

- 9 [Ext. street MCS - TERRY coming on at left with GYPO - TERRY talking -]
 TERRY . . Come on, don't waste the whole night on her.
 Come on.
 [They stop in front of bldg - Piano heard playing "My Man" - GYPO talks -]
 GYPO I tell ye it's not the place.
 TERRY Will ye listen to the man. Are ye tryin' to insinuate that I would lead ye astray? Lead King Gypo astray? Never! . .
 [TERRY goes up steps to entrance as he talks -]
 TERRY . . Up the barricades first. Up the barricades and die like a man.
 GYPO Ah, I don't know where I'm at.
 TERRY Listen, ye're in front of Aunt Betty's, the finest shebeen in town, and your little Katie is inside. Don't ye hear her laughin' and singin', and them all playing the piana?
 [He pounds on door with cane -]
- 10 [Ext. door CS - TERRY standing at door - Talks - Piano heard playing -]
 TERRY Open up . . open up, or I'll put me fist through the door.
 [He pounds on door with knocker -]
 MAN (off) What do you want?
 TERRY Open up and find out . .
 [Door opens revealing man inside -]
 TERRY . . Open wider or I'll smash ye to a mollycule.
- 11 [Ext. entrance MS - MAN and TERRY at doorway - GYPO going up steps as MAN talks -]
 MAN Oh, you will, will you?
 [TERRY steps aside - Talking -]
 TERRY Gypo, Gypo! Show him he can't intimidate us! . .
 [GYPO picks MAN up - Hurls him off to right - TERRY and GYPO exit as camera follows MAN as he falls into street -]
 TERRY (off) Up, the rebels!
- 12 [Int. hallway CS - Piano heard - GYPO coming on at left FG - Followed by TERRY - They open doors revealing crowd in room in BG - All talking at once - Laughing - Confusion - Piano stops - Woman laughs shrilly -]
- 13 [Int. doorway CS - GYPO and TERRY standing in doorway - GYPO looking to FG -]
- 14 [Int. room CS - GYPO and TERRY standing in doorway - Looking about - AUNT BETTY comes on at right - Talks -]
 AUNT BETTY What do you want?
 TERRY What does he want? What does he want? Now, now, don't be disrespectin' to me friend, Gypo, or ye'll have me to settle with.

AUNT BETTY

Aw, shut your gob! . .

[She talks to GYPO -]

AUNT BETTY

. . And what d'ye mean breakin' in here?

[He takes drink from tray - Talks -]

GYPO

I'm lookin' for Katie Madden.

AUNT BETTY

Well, ye won't be findin' her here.

[Loud laughter heard - GYPO looks about - Turns - Starts through doorway -

AUNT BETTY exits as camera follows him - TERRY stops him - Talks -]

TERRY

Wait, Gypo . . come back, Gypo . .

[GYPO stops in doorway - AUNT BETTY coming partly on at right -]

TERRY

. . come on back and face 'em like a man.

- 15 [Int. room MS - GYPO and TERRY standing in doorway in BG - Others partly on at right and left - Laugh loudly - General indistinct talking - MAN at bar at left talks -]

MAN

Aw, get out, get out. Throw him out . . throw

him out.

[General indistinct talking - TERRY and GYPO come toward bar - MAN talking -]

MAN

Throw 'em out of here.

[They stop by bar - Small MAN talks to GYPO drunkenly -]

MAN

You're in the wrong place, my young man . .

- 16 [Int. room MCU - MAN looking up at GYPO - Talking - Others partly on -]
- MAN . . can't you see we're havin' a party. Now get out. Get out before I throw you out.
- [GYPO looks about - Looks down at MAN - Laughs - Puts hand in his face - Pushing him down - MAN exits - Exclamations heard - GYPO looks to right FG -]

- 17 [Int. room MCS - GIRL seated at table - GYPO in FG - Going toward her - Back to camera - He stops at right of table - Looking down at her -]

- 18 [Int. room CS - GIRL seated at table - Looking up at GYPO partly on at right - He leans across table - Reaching for her hand - She rises frightened - Stands in corner - Music heard playing "I Adore Him" -]

- 19 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking to left FG - Music heard -]

- 20 [Int. room CU - GIRL standing in corner - Watching to right FG - Frightened - Music heard -]

- 21 [Int. room MCS - GIRL standing in corner looking at GYPO partly on at right FG - Back to camera - Figure of GIRL dissolves into KATIE -]

- 22 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking to left FG - Smiles - Music heard - He talks -]
- GYPO Katie!

- 23 [Int. room CU - GIRL standing in corner - Looking to right FG - Talks - Music heard -]

GIRL

My name isn't Katie. What is it you want?

- 24 [Int. room MCS - GIRL standing in corner - GYPO standing at right - Back partly to camera - AUNT BETTY coming on at left FG - Talking - TERRY following her on -]
 AUNT BETTY That's what I'm askin'. What do you want?
 TERRY What do ye suppose he wants, ye old harridan?
 He wants a drink.
- 25 [Int. room MCU - AUNT BETTY talks to TERRY at left - GIRL partly on in BG -]
 AUNT BETTY You can get no drink here, you social climber.
 Why don't you go back to the gutter where you belong.
 TERRY Now, don't talk to Gypo and me like that. And don't be lookin' down your nose either, you ould squint . .
- 26 [Int. room MCS - TERRY talking to AUNT BETTY - GYPO at right - GIRL in BG -]
 TERRY . . I suppose ye think we have no money. Well, we have lashings of it. Am I right, Gypo, or am I wrong? . .
 [GYPO takes roll of notes from pocket - AUNT BETTY sees them - TERRY turns to FG - Talking -]
 TERRY . . What did I tell ye? What did I tell ye?
 He's as rich as Craysus.
 [GYPO hands notes to AUNT BETTY - Talks -]
 GYPO Give everybody a drink. I'm calling for drinks for the house.
 AUNT BETTY Glasses for everybody! Glasses for everybody!
 [She comes to FG - Talking -]
 TERRY Glasses for everybody! . .
 [AUNT BETTY and TERRY exit left FG - Talking -]
 TERRY (off) . . Glasses for everybody.
 AUNT BETTY (off) Glasses for everybody!
 GYPO Gypo!
- 27 [Int. room MS - People standing about - AUNT BETTY and TERRY going to bar at left - All talking at once - Confusion - TERRY talks -]
 TERRY Music, music . .
 [He turns to PIANO PLAYER at left FG - Talking -]
 TERRY . . music for me ould fren' and bussom companion. Music for King Gypo!
 [TERRY runs to BG - Stands on divan - PIANO PLAYER starts to play "Dardanelly" -]
- 28 [Int. room MCS - TERRY standing on divan - Others around him - Piano heard - TERRY talking -]
 TERRY . . And if there's any man here thinks he's a match for us with his fists, will you kindly step up. Am I right, Gypo, or am I wrong?
 [GYPO comes on at right FG - Talking -]
 GYPO You're right . . you're right.

[TERRY exits as camera follows GYPO to left to bar - GIRL standing by bar holding tray of drinks - GYPO picks up glass - Drinks - TERRY coming on at right - Picks up glass - Drinks - General laughter and indistinct talking - Much confusion - Noise stops as GYPO talks -]

GYPO Silence, quiet . . silence! Go to the devil all of ye! There's more drink where this came from.

[He takes roll of notes from pocket - Puts some on tray -]

GYPO D'ye hear that? There's more where this came from.

[TERRY and GIRL exit left - All talking at once -]

GYPO Hey, get some more drinks. Gypooo!

[GYPO picks up AUNT BETTY - Whirls her around - All laughing - Loudly - He puts her down - Picks up GIRL at right - Whirls her around -]

29 [Int. room MCS - AUNT BETTY shouting at GYPO - GYPO partly on in FG whirling GIRL around - Laughter and talking heard - Piano heard -]

AUNT BETTY Stop it, stop it . . stop it, stop it! Do ye want me to get picked up by the police?

30 [Int. room MS - GYPO holding GIRL - Others about them - Piano heard - He drops GIRL to floor - Others gasp -]

GIRL Oww!

[AUNT BETTY and GIRL help GIRL UP - GYPO talks -]

GYPO Hey, hey, I'll keep order for ye. Hey . .

[He grabs cane from TERRY - Pounds it on bar - Talking -]

GYPO . . who's makin' all the row? . .

31 [Int. room MCS - GYPO standing in front of bar at left - Shaking cane at others - Talking -]

GYPO . . The first one that opens his mouth above a whisper . .

[He cracks cane on bar -]

GYPO . . I'll crack his skull open.

32 [Int. room MCU - TERRY leaning on bar - Looking to FG - Talks -]

TERRY And he'd enjoy doin' it.

33 [Int. room MCS - TERRY partly on at left FG - GYPO standing in front of bar - Others in BG - GYPO looks around - Talks -]

GYPO Yeah. Gypooo! . .

[He laughs -]

GYPO . . come on.

[He goes to bar - Others rush at bar - All talking and laughing at once - Small MAN comes to GYPO - Pats him on back - Laughter and indistinct talking stops as man talks -]

MAN I'll teach you to behave like a gentleman amongst ladies.

[He slaps GYPO's face - Knocking cap off - GYPO catches cap - Starts to FG -]

GYPO Hey . .

- 34 [Int. room MS - Crowd watching GYPO - He pushes small MAN to BG - MAN falls over divan - Crowd exclaims - GYPO talks - MAN picking up small MAN -]
 GYPO . . Hey, can you play "All . . Those Endearin' Charms?"
- 35 [Int. room CS - TERRY standing by GYPO looking to FG - Talks - Others in BG -]
 TERRY "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."
 GYPO That's what I said.
 TERRY Do you hear? That's what he said. Now, that's what he said.
- 36 [Int. room MCS - PIANIST seated at piano - WOMAN standing by piano - Motions to him - He plays "Improvise" -]
 [Lap dissolve]
- 37 [Int. room CS - Two WOMEN seated - Looking off to right sadly - Chanting in Gaelic heard indistinctly - (Nothing distinct enough for translation) - Door at right BG opening - MAN comes on - Removes hat - Stands in doorway - MARY comes on at right FG - Goes to him - Exits through doorway - MAN closes door - Exits -]
- 38 [Int. room MS - DAN standing at window in BG - Back to camera - Music heard playing medley ("Mary" - "The Informer" - "Wearing of the Green" - "The Informer" - "Wearing of the Green" - "Mary") - Door at left opening - DAN turns toward it as MARY comes on - Goes to him - Talking -]
 MARY Oh, Dan!
 [He takes her in his arms - Talking -]
 DAN Mary, darling!
- 39 [Int. room CU - MARY and DAN standing in front of window - Embracing - Music heard - MARY talks -]
 MARY Oh . . Oh, you shouldn't come here. What if the Tans should come back.
 DAN It's all right, dear. My lads are outside. Poor darling, I know how you feel and there is nothing I can do or say to help you, except that . . well, I wish it could have been me instead of Frankie.
 MARY If I lost you I would only want to die. Poor mother! Oh, Dan, when is this trouble going to end? This killing and more killing.
 DAN It's hard on you women, I know. You're braver than we are.
 MARY Oh, I'm sorry, dear.
 DAN I love you, Mary.
 MARY I love you, Dan.
 [They embrace -]

- 40 [Int. room MS - DAN and MARY standing in front of window in BG - Embracing - Music heard - He talks -]
 DAN I must ask you some questions about Frankie.
 May I?
 MARY Of course.
 [They come to right FG - Camera following them to right - They stop in front of fireplace - DAN talking -]
 DAN There must have been an informer. You know that. The man who knew about Frankie knows enough to destroy us all . . . and the moment he is frightened, he'll run to the Tans and tell everything, and they'll wipe us out with one sweep . . .
- 41 [Int. room CS - DAN and MARY standing in front of fireplace - DAN talking - Music heard -]
 DAN . . . Oh, I'm not thinking about myself. It's the organization. It's Ireland. You know that, don't you?
 MARY I know that, dear.
 DAN I have to find that informer. Tell me, did Frankie think he was followed when he came home tonight?
 MARY No, he was sure he wasn't.
 DAN Had he seen or spoken to anyone?
 MARY Nobody, only his friend Gypo Nolan. He said he had to find him first to see if there was a guard on the house.
 DAN Where?
 MARY Let me see . . . at the Dunboy House, I think he said.
 DAN I see. Did he mention a man named Mulligan?
 MARY No, I'm sure not.
 [Camera follows them across to left - DAN talking -]
 DAN We are holding a court of inquiry at one-thirty.
 Can you come? I need you.
 MARY If you need me, I will come.
 DAN I'll come back for you about one o'clock. Can you slip out the back way?
 MARY Oh, Dan . . . Dan, what would I do if anything happened to you? Whatever happens to you, happens to my own heart.
 [She sobs - He holds her closely - Knock is heard - DAN looks off to left quickly -]
- 42 [Int. room CS - Door at left opening - DONAHUE comes on in doorway - Looking to FG - Talks -]
 DONAHUE Commandant, there's a patrol of Tans in the neighborhood . . .
- 43 [Int. room MS - DAN and MARY standing by table - DONAHUE at left BG in doorway - Talking -]
 DONAHUE . . . You'd better hurry.
 [DONAHUE exits through doorway - DAN goes to door - Exits - Closing door - MARY goes to window - Sobs -]

REEL 7

- 1 [Ext. house MS - BARTLEY and two MEN coming on in FG - BARTLEY runs up steps to entrance - Two MEN stopping in FG - Piano and singing heard -]
TERRY & WOMAN (off) . . like fairy gifts fading away . .
- 2 [Int. room CS - TERRY standing by GYPO - Others in BG - Piano heard - TERRY singing - WOMAN heard singing - GYPO listening sadly -]
TERRY & OTHERS (singing) . . thou would . .
[TERRY & OTHERS exit as camera follows GYPO across to right -]
TERRY & OTHERS (off) . . still be adored, as this moment thou art . .
[GYPO leans on mantel -]
- 3 [Int. room MCU - TERRY singing - Others behind him singing - Piano heard -]
TERRY & OTHERS (singing) . . let thy loveliness fade as it will and around . .
- 4 [Ext. entrance MCU - BARTLEY standing at door - Back to camera - Listening - Singing and piano heard -]
TERRY & OTHERS (off) . . the dear ruins . .
[BARTLEY opens door - Looks into hallway -]
TERRY & OTHERS (off) . . each wish of my heart . . would . .
- 5 [Int. room MCU - GYPO standing by mantel - Listening sadly - Singing and piano heard -]
TERRY & OTHERS (off) . . entwine itself verdently still.
[Singing and piano stop - GYPO talks -]
GYPO I forgot something. I got to be goin'.
[Camera following him across to left reveals others in BG - Watching him - He starts to BG to doorway - AUNT BETTY and TERRY coming on at left FG after him - Talking -]
AUNT BETTY Oh, Gypo . . Gypo . . Gypo!
[TERRY and AUNT BETTY both talking at once indistinctly -]
- 6 [Int. hallway MCS - GYPO coming to doorway - AUNT BETTY and TERRY after him - Both talking at once - Others in BG watching - AUNT BETTY stops him - Talking -]
AUNT BETTY Ah,*Gypo, come on back. Now come on and I'll give you a nice drink.
TERRY Yes, and I'll sing ye another song. Come on.
[GIRL comes on in BG - Talks -]
GIRL Oh, how contemptible you are. You only tolerate him because of his money.
AUNT BETTY Watch out what y're sayin', my fine lady.
[GIRL steps forward as she talks -]
GIRL Oh, I know you hate me . .
- 7 [Int. room MCU - GIRL looking to right FG - Talking - Others partly on behind her -]
GIRL . . simply because I . . I'm not coarse. Simply because I'm . .

[AUNT BETTY *comes partly on at right FG - Back to camera - Talking -*]

AUNT BETTY It's nothing of the kind. I hate ye because ye're
a stuck up, ignorant person who thinks ye're better than anybody else.

8 [Int. doorway MCS - GYPO and AUNT BETTY standing in doorway - GIRL between
them - Crowd behind her laugh hilariously - WOMAN talks -]

WOMAN She does too.

GIRL I had no right to come in here. I should have
gone to the police.

[GIRL starts to right FG - GYPO stops her - Talking -]

GYPO Police! Ah, none of that talk. Now keep away
from the police. What d'ye want the police for?

GIRL I want to get back home.

9 [Int. doorway CU - GYPO looking across to right - Talks -]

GYPO Where's your home?

10 [Int. doorway CU - GIRL looking up to left - Talks -]

GIRL It's near London.

11 [Int. doorway MCS - GYPO and GIRL standing in doorway - AUNT BETTY and
others in BG - GYPO reaches into pocket - TERRY talks to him -]

TERRY Now listen, Gypo, be very careful now . .

[GYPO takes roll of notes from pocket -]

TERRY . . don't do anything you'll regret, Gypo.

GYPO How much will it cost to get back there? . .

[He puts notes in her hand as he talks -]

GYPO . . There, there's your fare.

TERRY Five pounds. What are ye after doin', Gypo?

GYPO Now, don't be afraid now. Get outa here. And
go home. Keep the money. Go on, but keep away from the police.

GIRL Oh, you're a good man . . a good man.

[She kisses him quickly - Exits left FG - GYPO looking after her surprised - Others
laughing - TERRY talks -]

TERRY Five pounds, on me immortal soul. Gypo, do
you know what . .

AUNT BETTY That's all right, dearie, but she owed me four
pounds for board and lodging. Now who's goin' to pay me that?

GYPO Oh, shut yer gob and not another word.

[He stuffs notes into her hands - Pushes her away -]

TERRY Now, listen, Gypo, don't start this all over again.

Now listen, Gypo Nolan, you know what . . you've ruined a lovely evening.

Come on. There's a few drinks left. Come on, let's finish them.

12 [Ext. door MCU - BARTLEY and two MEN standing at door listening - Music heard
playing medley ("The Money" and "The Informer") - BARTLEY talks -]

BARTLEY Two and five are seven, and four is eleven.

MAN Eleven pounds.

[BARTLEY nods -]

- 13 [Int. room MCS - Women partly on at left - Laughing - General indistinct talking heard - Music heard - TERRY coming on at left - Stops at right - Talks -]
TERRY Ladies and Gentlemen, ye have seen the wonder of our generosity. Money scattered like snuff at a wake . .
- 14 [Int. room CS - GYPO leaning on bar - Others partly on behind him - Music heard -]
TERRY (off) . . Now I want ye to drink to the health of King Gypo, as brave as a lamb and as strong as a bull . .
- 15 [Int. room MCS - Camera shooting down at TERRY talking to others - Music heard -]
TERRY . . I would go through fire and water for him and he'd do the same for me . .
[Door in BG opening - BARTLEY and two MEN come on in doorway -]
TERRY . . and from now on, from this night, whenever ye see the one of us, ye'll see the other, or vice versa as the case may be . .
- 16 [Int. room CS - GYPO leaning on bar - Others partly on behind him - Music heard - He glances off to right - Listening -]
TERRY (off) . . Am I right or am I wrong, Gypo?
GYPO Right.
- 17 [Int. room MCS - BARTLEY and two MEN coming to FG slowly - Stop in FG - Music heard -]
TERRY (off) So I ask you to drink to the undyin' friendship . .
BARTLEY Shut up.
- 18 [Int. room MCS - TERRY and others look to left quickly - Music heard - TERRY talks -]
TERRY And who may I ask has the impertinence to tell me and Gypo to shut up?
- 19 [Int. room CS - BARTLEY and two MEN looking to right FG - MAN talks - Music heard -]
MAN Quiet!
[Music stops - BARTLEY comes to right FG as he talks -]
BARTLEY Make way there . .
[He exits left FG -]
- 20 [Int. room MCS - GYPO standing at bar - Others stepping aside as BARTLEY comes through crowd toward GYPO - Talking -]
BARTLEY . . make way.
[GYPO talks delighted -]
GYPO Bartley, me boy. Come have a drink.
BARTLEY Come along, Gypo. It's time to be going.
GYPO Ha-Ha, be off with ye. Who are ye to be givin' me orders?
[TERRY comes on at right - Talking -]

TERRY Aw, now, listen . . . Aunt Betty, you're a lovely, quiet, little woman, and if you'll only give me until tomorrow, till I raise the wind . . .

AUNT BETTY Um . . tomorrow is it? . .

[*She steps in front of doors - Calls -*]

AUNT BETTY . . Mickeen!

26 [*Int. room CS - Closed doors -*]

AUNT BETTY (*off*) Mickeen!

[*Doors opening - MICKEEN looks out to FG - Billyclub in hand -*]

27 [*Int. room MCS - AUNT BETTY standing in front of doors - TERRY by her - Looking off to right frightened - Talks -*]

TERRY Oh, dear . . oh, dear . . I have a queer feeling there's going to be a strange face in heaven in the mornin'.

28 [*Ext. street MS - DENNIS coming on around corner from right - Music heard playing medley - He stops at corner - Looks about cautiously - Gestures - Comes to right FG - Exits -*]

29 [*Ext. corner MCS - GYPO coming on around corner - Followed by BARTLEY and MAN - Music heard - GYPO stops in FG as he hears -*]

KATIE (*off*) Gypo!

[*KATIE runs on at left - GYPO talks -*]

GYPO Katie, Katie, I've been lookin' all over for ye!

Where've ye been?

KATIE I was in my digs. I waited for you. Why didn't ye come? . .

[*She looks at two MEN - Talks frightened -*]

KATIE . . What's wrong, Gypo? Where they takin' you?

GYPO Aw, Katie, it's all right. It's all right. Don't worry. Gallagher's takin' me back.

BARTLEY Aw, shut up, Gypo.

MEN Come on . . come along.

[*All talking at once indistinctly - GYPO struggling with two MEN -*]

GYPO Will you stop it? Keep your hands off of me, will you! . .

[*He turns to KATIE - Talking -*]

GYPO . . Say, do you remember the twenty pounds I was talkin' about?

KATIE Twenty pounds?

[*Music stops -*]

30 [*Ext. street CU - MAN looks off to right suspiciously - GYPO heard laughing -*]

31 [*Ext. street CU - BARTLEY looking to left FG listening -*]

GYPO (*off*) Yes, I got it. I got it for you . .

32 [*Ext. street MCS - KATIE and GYPO standing on corner - BARTLEY and MAN by them - GYPO talking to her - Music heard playing medley -*]

GYPO . . I got it for you. Twenty pounds . .

[*He laughs - Takes bills from pocket - Puts them in her hand -*]

- 33 [Ext. street CU - DENNIS looking off to left wide-eyed - Music heard - GYPO heard laughing -]
- 34 [Ext. street MCS - GYPO putting notes into KATIE's hand - Laughing - Talking - BARTLEY and MAN by him - Music heard -]
GYPO . . . twenty pounds.
[They grab GYPO - Talking -]
BARTLEY AND MAN Come on, we've had enough of that talk. Come on, come on.
[They exit right FG with GYPO - KATIE looking after them -]
- 35 [Ext. street MS - BARTLEY and MAN going to BG with GYPO - Music heard - DENNIS standing in doorway - Follows them - They nearly exit in BG in fog -]
- 36 [Ext. street MCS - KATIE watching to FG thoughtfully - Music heard - She looks at bills in hand - Lets them fall to street - Talks -]
KATIE Gypo!
[Lap dissolve]
- 37 [Ext. Bogey Hole MLS - MAN standing guard above in BG - MAN coming on in FG - Music heard - MAN stops at top of steps - MAN in BG - Drops flag down below - Runs down steps - MAN standing at head of stairs - Talks - Music stops -]
KERRIGAN It's all right, Sir.
[MAN runs downstairs to BG - MARY coming on in FG as men exit below - DAN comes on after her - Music heard - Two MEN follow them on - Stop in FG - DAN and MARY nearly exit below in BG -]
- 38 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - DAN and MARY coming down steps - Music heard -]
TOMMY (off) Attention.
[Camera moves back as they come down steps to FG - Revealing men standing about at attention - TOMMY coming on at right - Takes MARY across to right - Camera moving back as DAN comes to FG - MULLIGAN seated at left - DAN stops at table at right - Talks to two men seated at table -]
DAN Our case is prepared, Gentlemen.
- 39 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - MARY seated at table - Looking to right FG - Music heard -]
- 40 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - Camera shooting down at feet on floor - Hands partly on, counting beads on rosary - Music heard - Camera pans up revealing MULLIGAN -]
- 41 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - MARY seated at table - Looking about frightened - Music heard -]
- 42 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - Camera panning to left revealing line of young boys standing in front of wall - Watching to FG - Music heard -]
- 43 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - MARY seated at table - Looking about - Music heard - She looks off to right - Exits as camera pans to right revealing two JUDGES seated at table - One nods -]

- 44 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - MARY seated at table - Looking to right - Music heard - Commotion heard - She looks to left as she hears -]
GYPO (off) Look out below!
- 45 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - Men standing at foot of steps - Commotion heard - GYPO falls on down steps followed by BARTLEY and MAN - Music heard -]
- 46 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - Two JUDGES seated at table - Looking off to left - Confusion heard - Music heard -]
- 47 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - DAN standing at right FG watching as men pick up GYPO - Music heard - They start to bring GYPO to FG - Music stops - He struggles with men - Talks -]
GYPO Let me alone, will you . .
[He pushes men away -]
GYPO . . Hello, boys, here I am, and I can fight the best six men that walked the earth. Come on . .
[He swings arms about wildly - Turns - Sees DAN - Salutes him - Talking -]
GYPO . . Danny . . Danny, me boy. You and me, we can put 'em on the run, huh? Come on.
DAN What's the matter with your eye, Bartley?
[GYPO laughs loudly - Slaps BARTLEY on shoulder - Talks -]
GYPO He got in me way and I hit him with a hander . .
[He swings arms about wildly - Men grab him - Push him to FG -]
DAN Sit down.
MAN Come on.
- 48 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - Men pushing GYPO to bench at left - MULLIGAN seated on bench - Boys standing at attention behind bench - DAN comes to right - Puts hat down on table - GYPO talking to boy at left -]
GYPO Give me my hat, will you? Where's my hat? . .
[He finds hat -]
GYPO . . Bartley, me boy . .
- 49 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - MULLIGAN and GYPO seated on bench - GYPO laughing - Others partly on behind them - GYPO talks -]
GYPO . . Bartley, me boy.
[He laughs - Puts on cap - MULLIGAN coughs - GYPO turns - Sees him - Music heard playing "The Meek Tailor" - GYPO puts arm around him as he talks -]
GYPO Mulligan, what brings you here? Man alive, you ought to be in bed. This is no hour for a sick man to be out . .
[He looks up to right -]
GYPO . . Dan, I . .

REEL 8

- 1 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - DAN looking down to left FG - Music heard playing medley - He exits left revealing TOMMY and MARY seated at table - Camera moves closer to them - TOMMY nearly exits left as camera moves closer to MARY -]

- 2 [Int. *Bogey Hole CU* - GYPO looking off to right thoughtfully - Others partly on behind him - Music heard - He looks to right FG - Sees -]
- 3 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS* - JUDGE seated at table - Looking to FG - Music heard - Camera pans to right revealing other JUDGE - FIRST JUDGE exits - SECOND JUDGE exits as camera pans to right revealing BLIND MAN seated at end of table -]
- 4 [Int. *Bogey Hole CU* - GYPO looking to right FG - Open-mouthed - Others partly on behind him - Music heard -]
- 5 [Int. *Bogey Hole MCU* - BLIND MAN staring up at FG - Music heard -]
- 6 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS* - GYPO seated on bench - arm around MULLIGAN seated by him - Others behind him - Music heard - GYPO looks at MULLIGAN slowly - Leans away from him - Pointing finger at MULLIGAN - Nearly exits right as he rises -]
- 7 [Int. *Bogey Hole MCS* - DAN and BARTLEY watching as GYPO comes on at left - Pointing to left - Others in BG - Music heard - GYPO looks about - Talks -]
- GYPO Listen, men, I had a drop taken before I came in and I don't know what I was sayin' . . .
 [He pounds fists together - Music stops - He points off to left - Talking -]
- GYPO . . . but now I remember. That's the one that informed on Frankie McPhillip . . .
- 8 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS* - MULLIGAN seated on bench - Others standing behind him - He rises slowly - Listening -]
- GYPO . . . I saw him and he knows it.
 [Music heard playing as MULLIGAN talks -]
- MULLIGAN It's a lie, it's a lie. I swear on me knees I never left the house except to go to the chapel to say me prayers.
- 9 [Int. *Bogey Hole MCS* - GYPO looking off to left FG - Laughs - Talks - BARTLEY and DAN on either side of him - Watching - Others in BG - Music heard -]
- GYPO Ha, Ha, Ha, me fine boyo. It's easy work for an informer to be swearin' oaths. ' . . .
- MULLIGAN (off) It's a lie, it's a lie.
- DAN Sit down, Gypo . . .
- [GYPO salutes DAN -]
- DAN . . . sit down. Peter Mulligan, do you recognize the authority of this court?
 [GYPO comes to left FG - Exits -]
- 10 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS* - MULLIGAN looking to right FG - Talks - Others partly on in BG -]
- MULLIGAN I do, I do, Commandant. Heaven knows I do.
- 11 [Int. *Bogey Hole MS* - JUDGES partly on in FG - Seated at table - Backs to camera - DAN talking to MULLIGAN - Others in BG - GYPO seated on bench -]

DAN Will you stand over here, please? Give the court an account of your whereabouts from noon today.

[MULLIGAN comes toward JUDGES as he talks -]

MULLIGAN Gentlemen, could ye find no better man to arrest and carry off in the middle of the night than me, that's havin' to work me hands off at me trade, a-tailorin' and a-stitchin' in a basement so cold and damp that I've caught me death of cold?

DAN I'm sorry, Mulligan, start at noon. Where were you?

12 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - MULLIGAN standing at table - JUDGES partly on in FG - Backs to camera - Others in BG - MULLIGAN talks -]

MULLIGAN At noon today, I was lyin' in me bed. I had a bad pain in me right side from bronchitis all morning and I had to stay in me bed. Then at one o'clock about, the old woman give me a cup of tay and an egg. I remember I couldn't eat the egg . . a good egg, too, but good or bad, no matter. I had to get up then on account of a suit that had to be finished for Mick Foley the carter . .

13 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - MULLIGAN standing at table at right talking - JUDGES and BLIND MAN seated at table - DAN standing at left BG - MARY and TOMMY seated at table - Others in BG -]

MULLIGAN . . It's got to be ready Friday, mind you, because his daughter is getting married next Monday . .

DAN Never mind Foley's daughter. Tell us about yourself.

[JUDGES and others exit as camera pans to left revealing GYPO rising - Talks to DAN -]

GYPO There you are, there you are. Hear what he says? Hear what he says? Come on, Mulligan, now. Make a clean breast of it.

MULLIGAN It's not for me to condemn ye, Gypo. Maybe ye're not responsible.

14 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - GYPO takes cap from head - Throws it down as he talks angrily - Others in BG watching him -]

GYPO Why, blast ye, what do you mean? What are ye drivin' at?

DAN (off) Sit down, Gypo, and keep quiet.

GYPO Do you think I'm going to . .

[BARTLEY comes on at right - Pushes GYPO down onto bench as he talks -]

BARTLEY Sit down, sit down.

GYPO Bartley, me boy.

BARTLEY Shut up.

15 [Int. Bogey Hole MCS - MULLIGAN standing at table - Back to camera - JUDGES partly on at right - MARY and TOMMY seated at table - DAN at left BG - Talks to MULLIGAN - Others in BG -]

DAN Continue, Mulligan.

[MULLIGAN *turns to* JUDGES *partly on at right - Talks -*]

MULLIGAN Well, I worked until about half past three or maybe a quarter to four it was . .

- 16 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS - GYPO seated on bench - Looking up to right FG - Listening - Others partly on behind him -*]

MULLIGAN (off) . . when Charlie Corrigan came in and says his brother Dage was just out of prison after bein' on a hunger strike for eighteen days, Where is he, says I . . He's upstairs, says he . .

- 17 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS - MULLIGAN standing at table talking - Two JUDGES seated at table - Listening -*]

MULLIGAN . . Well, we went up there, and we talked over a cup of tay until about six o'clock. Yes, it was six. I remember I heard the An- . .

- 18 [Int. *Bogey Hole CS - GYPO seated on bench - Watching up to right FG - Listening - Others partly on behind him - He glances up to right -*]

MULLIGAN (off) . . -gelus beginnin' to strike, and me on me way down the stairs because I remember I stopped to cross meself . .

- 19 [Int. *Bogey Hole MCS - MULLIGAN standing at table - Talking to two JUDGES seated - BLIND MAN partly on at right FG - Back to camera - DAN standing in BG - MARY and TOMMY seated - Others in BG -*]

MULLIGAN . . then I ran down home and put on me overcoat, the same one it was . . second-handed it is . .

[DAN *crossing to right -*]

MULLIGAN . . and I went out to the chapel to do . . you see . . I'm makin' the stations of the cross.

DAN How far is the chapel from your house?

MULLIGAN Oh, maybe a hundred yards, maybe it's more. If ye go around the corner by Kane's, it's less; if ye go the long way round . .

DAN Well, let us say it's one hundred yards. You arrived at the chapel about three minutes past six. How long . .

- 20 [Int. *Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO seated - Looking up to FG - Listening - Nervously - Others partly on behind him -*]

DAN (off) . . did you stay?

MULLIGAN (off) I stayed there till about half past six, and then I stayed outside the door talking to Father Conroy for about ten minutes.

DAN (off) Did you talk to anyone else?

MULLIGAN (off) I was coming to that . .

- 21 [Int. *Bogey Hole MCS - MULLIGAN standing at table - Talking to JUDGES - Partly on in FG - DAN standing at right - MARY and TOMMY seated at table - Others in BG -*]

MULLIGAN . . then after I left Father Conroy, I . . I met Barney Kerrigan . .

[DAN *exits as camera pans to left - MULLIGAN pointing to left - Talking -*]

- MULLIGAN . . There he is.
 DAN (off) Near the chapel?
 [DAN comes on at right as camera pans to right -]
 MULLIGAN Yes, it must have been within fifty yards of it as
 ye're goin' by measurements.
 DAN Never mind that.
 MULLIGAN But we never . .
 DAN Then you couldn't have been near the Black
 and Tan's headquarters say about six o'clock?
 MULLIGAN Heaven forbid. I hope to die right here if I was.
 [GYPO seated in GB - Rises as he talks -]
 GYPO You're lyin' . . you're lyin'!
 [BARTLEY pushes him back to bench - Talking -]
 BARTLEY Shut up.
 GYPO He's lyin', Bartley.
 BARTLEY Shut up.
 DAN Tell us what you did after you left Kerrigan?
 MULLIGAN Well, I went back to the house and did a bit
 more until about eight o'clock then I felt the pains in me side again, and I
 went to me bed until three men, under Mister . .
- 22 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - TOMMY and MARY seated at table - TOMMY writing -
 Glances up to FG - Listening -]
 MULLIGAN (off) . . Tom Connor there, came in and bundled me
 into a . .
- 23 [Int. Bogey Hole MCS - MULLIGAN standing at table - Talking - JUDGES partly
 on in FG - Backs to camera - DAN standing at right - Others in BG -]
 MULLIGAN . . car without a by yer leave, as if I was a
 criminal.
 DAN One more question, did you bear anyone a griev-
 ance, about your sister, Susie, I mean.
 [MULLIGAN starts toward DAN - Talking -]
 MULLIGAN My sister Susie it is . .
- 24 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - DAN at right FG - Back partly to camera - MULLIGAN
 coming on at left - Talking - Others partly on in BG - MULLIGAN talks -]
 MULLIGAN . . sure, my sister Susie's name is Mary Ellen,
 and for the past twenty-eight years she's been livin' in Boston, Massachu-
 setts. She's the mother of eight children.
 DAN That's enough.
 MULLIGAN It is that.
 DAN Did you bear any man a grudge?
 MULLIGAN I bear no fellow-man a grudge, on me oath.
 DAN You had no grievance against Frankie McPhil-
 lip?
 MULLIGAN The Lord have mercy on his soul, what for? I
 hope his sorrows are over him . .

[DAN exits right - Revealing MARY and TOMMY seated at table - Camera following MULLIGAN as he leans down to MARY - Talking to her -]

MULLIGAN . . I swear on me immortal soul, Miss McPhillip, I bore no grudge against your brother.

- 25 [Int. Bogey Hole MCS - DAN standing at right of table - JUDGES partly on in FG - Backs to camera - MULLIGAN standing by MARY and TOMMY seated at table - Others in BG - DAN looking off to left - Talks -]

DAN Kerrigan.

KERRIGAN (off) Yes, Sir.

[KERRIGAN comes on at left - Stops at table - DAN talks -]

DAN Kerrigan, did you meet Peter Mulligan at about half past six this evening?

KERRIGAN I did, Sir.

DAN You're sure about the time?

KERRIGAN I am certain about the time. It was just about half past six I was after passin' the . .

DAN As you were.

KERRIGAN Yes, Sir.

[DAN leans over to JUDGES - They whisper indistinctly -]

- 26 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - GYPO seated - BARTLEY standing by him - Others partly on behind them - GYPO worried - Talks to BARTLEY -]

GYPO Bartley . . Bartley . . Bartley.

[He puts hand on BARTLEY's hand - Feels gun in BARTLEY's pocket - Removes hand - Looks up at BARTLEY - Wipes face nervously with cap -]

- 27 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - BLIND MAN partly on at right FG seated at table - KERRIGAN and MULLIGAN standing at left of table - JUDGES seated at right - DAN by them - MARY and others in BG - DAN folds paper - Talks to MULLIGAN -]

DAN You will be taken home in the car that brought you here. I'm sorry this had to happen, Mulligan. For the present this may help you . .

[He hands note to MULLIGAN -]

DAN . . we'll see what can be done for you later. Good night, Mulligan. Show him out, Kerrigan.

[KERRIGAN removes cartridge belt - Puts it on table - DAN and others exit as camera pans to left revealing GYPO seated - KERRIGAN going to BG - Followed by MULLIGAN - GYPO rises - Talking - BARTLEY holding him back -]

GYPO Hey, hey, wait a minute . . wait a minute!

[DAN comes on at right -]

GYPO . . Hey, hey, Dan . . hey!

- 28 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - Two JUDGES seated at table -]

DAN (off) Now, Gypo, suppose you tell us what you did with your time from six o'clock this evening until Mulholland picked you up at one.

- 29 [Int. Bogey Hole MCS - DAN and BARTLEY watching GYPO closely - Others partly on - GYPO looks about confused - Talks -]
 GYPO What . . what's it to do with you where I was?
 DAN Don't you feel like telling us what you did after meeting Frankie McPhillip at the Dunboy House at six o'clock or thereabouts?
 GYPO It's a lie.
 [GYPO and BARTLEY nearly exit as camera follows DAN as he turns to right revealing MARY seated at right BG - DAN talks to her -]
 DAN I'm sorry, Mary. Will you repeat what Frankie told you when he came home tonight?
 [MARY starts to rise -]
- 30 [Int. Bogey Hole CS - DAN partly on in FG - Back to camera - MARY rising - Talks - Others partly on in BG -]
 MARY He said that he met him at the Dunboy House. He said he had to make sure that there was no guard on our home.
 [DAN turns to left - Nearly exits -]
- 31 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - DAN coming on at right FG - Back to camera - Talks to GYPO - BARTLEY by him - Others in BG -]
 DAN Is that true, Gypo? If not, why did you shout out at the wake tonight that you had warned him to stay away from the house?
 GYPO That's it, that's it. That's what I did. That's what I told him.
 DAN You did see him then. What did you mean by telling all those lies about Mulligan? Were you drunk or what?
 [GYPO looks about confused - Talks hesitatingly -]
 GYPO Well, I . . I . . I had taken a little drop. I . . maybe two . . I . .
- 32 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO partly on at left FG - DAN looking at him - Talks - Others partly on in BG -]
 DAN What did you do after leaving Frankie? Tell me.
- 33 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - DAN partly on at right FG - Back to camera - GYPO looking at him confused - Others partly on in BG - GYPO starts to talk -]
 GYPO Well . .
 DAN What did you do after leaving Frankie?
 [GYPO looks about helplessly - Looks at DAN - Talks defiantly -]
 GYPO Well, suppose I don't tell ye. What'll you do?
 DAN Suit yourself. If you don't want to tell me, Bartley Mulholland there can do it for you . .
 [GYPO looks at BARTLEY partly on at right - Nodding -]
 DAN Come on, better tell us.
 GYPO I . . I . . I . . I'm all mixed up. I . . I . .

don't know what I'm doin'. I . . I . . well, I . . I . . I . . don't know what I'm doin'!

[He turns to BG mumbling incoherently - Exits left BG - DAN and BARTLEY following him -]

- 34 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO sitting down on bench - Confused - Others partly on behind him -]

DAN (off) Where did you get all that money you spent?

[He looks up at DAN and BARTLEY partly on at right - Talks - Music heard playing "Medley" -]

GYPO I can't make out nothin', Dan. I tell you I'm drunk. I can't . .

DAN (off) You broke your first pound in Ryan's. The blind man there said you gave him a pound.

- 35 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - BLIND MAN seated - Talks - Music heard -]

BLIND MAN He did, he did. The poor man . . a pound note he gave me.

- 36 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO seated - Looking up - Listening dazed - Music heard -]

DAN (off) Two pounds you spent in the fish and chips shop. Another two pounds went for drinks at the shebeen where Mulholland picked you up. Five pounds you gave to some woman. Four pounds you gave to another woman known as Aunt Betty. And finally you gave five pounds to Katie Madden. That makes just twenty pounds.

GYPO Ah, me head is sore, Dan . .

- 37 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - DAN and BARTLEY looking down to left - Others partly on in BG - Music heard -]

GYPO (off) Me head is sore. I . . I'm drunk, I tell ye.

DAN Where did you get that twenty pounds? Tell us.

- 38 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO seated - Talks confused - Others partly on behind him - Music heard -]

GYPO I can't remember. I can't remember, Dan. I . . I don't know nothin'.

DAN (off) Confess, man, and ease your soul . .

- 39 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - DAN and BARTLEY looking down to left - Others partly on in BG - Music heard - DAN talking -]

DAN . . Who was the informer?

- 40 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO seated - Others partly on behind him - Music heard - GYPO looks down sadly - Rubs hand over face - Trapped - He looks up - Talking - Starts to rise -]

GYPO I didn't know what I was doin', Dan. I didn't know what I was . .

- 41 [Int. Bogey Hole MCU - DAN partly on at right - GYPO rising at left - Talking confused - Music heard - BARTLEY partly on behind them -]

GYPO . . doin', Dan. I didn't know what I was doin'.

You see what I mean? Bartley . . Bartley! . .

[*He looks about beggingly - Talking -*]

GYPO . . isn't there a man here that can tell me why I did it? Oh, me head is sore. I can't tell him! . .

[*He exits as he sits down -*]

- 42 [*Int. Bogey Hole MCU - GYPO sitting down - Holding head - Talking confused - Others partly on behind him - Music heard -*]

GYPO . . I . . I can't tell him. I can't tell him. I don't know why I did it. I don't know why I did it.

[*BARTLEY's hand comes partly on at right holding gun - Points it at GYPO - Music stops -*]

MARY (off) Dan!

DAN (off) No . .

[*Hand comes on - Pushing gun away -*]

DAN (off) . . lock him up.

[*DAN crosses in FG to left of GYPO - BARTLEY coming on at right - Talks as they lift GYPO up -*]

BARTLEY Come on, Gypo, come on.

GYPO I didn't know why I did it.

BARTLEY Come on.

[*Music heard playing - They exit right with GYPO - GYPO mumbling incoherently - Boys watching off to right -*]

- 43 [*Int. Bogey Hole MS - MAN standing at door at right BG - Others in BG - MARY and TOMMY in FG - Backs to camera - Watching as BARTLEY and MAN bring GYPO on at left - GYPO talking - Music heard -*]

GYPO I don't know why I did it.

[*GYPO mumbling incoherently as men put him into cell at right - Exit - DAN comes on at left FG - Stops by MARY - Music stops as she talks -*]

MARY Oh, Lord have mercy on him. The Lord have mercy on him.

DAN Mary, I'm sorry you had to see this.

MARY Why must we be killing one another? What good will it do? . .

[*She looks about -*]

- 44 [*Int. Bogey Hole MCU - JUDGE seated at table - Looks down as he hears -*]

MARY (off) . . Oh, why can't we have peace? . .

- 45 [*Int. Bogey Hole CS - MARY talking - DAN at left by her - Others in BG -*]

MARY . . Have mercy on us all.

DAN It's all over now, dear. I'll take you home in just a moment. It's not a matter of revenge. You know that. When a man turns informer, it's his life or ours.

[*He looks to BG -*]

DAN . . Bartley, carry on.

[*DAN exits left -*]

REEL 9

- 1 *[Int. Bogey cell MS - GYPO seated on floor - Light shining through cracks in door - GYPO mumbling incoherently - Music heard playing "Medley" - GYPO rises - Leans on wall at right -]*

- 2 *[Int. Bogey Hole CU - Hand coming on at left - Holding broken matches between fingers - Men partly on at right - Music heard -]*
 BARTLEY (off) You're next, Donahue.
 [Hand comes on at right - Hesitates - Pulls match from other hand - Holds up long match - Camera moves back as BARTLEY partly on at left steps to FG - MAN partly on at right -]
 BARTLEY (off) Next.
 TOMMY (off) Come on, Dennis, draw.
 [Camera pans up revealing DALEY whispering to TOMMY -]
 DALEY No, you go first.
 TOMMY I'm not afraid to draw the last.
 BARTLEY (off) What difference does it make? You're nearest . .
 draw.
 DENNIS Why should I?
 TOMMY Come on. It's your turn.
 DALEY How do you make that out, man? How do you
 make that out?
 BARTLEY (off) Come on, draw. Are ye afraid or what?
 TOMMY No.
 [TOMMY draws - Holds up long match - DALEY stares at it - Hand comes on at left - Holding last match -]
 BARTLEY (off) It's your shot, Dennis.
 [Hand exits left - TOMMY exits right FG - MAN exits left BG - DENNIS looks about nervously - Trying to smile - Looks at door behind him -]

- 3 *[Int. Bogey cell MCU - GYPO leaning against wall at right - Music heard - Water dripping down - He looks up - Lights match - Glances off to left - Holds match up - Exits as camera pans up revealing cracks in boards of ceiling -]*

- 4 *[Int. Bogey Hole MCS - DENNIS turning slowly toward door in BG - Music heard - He goes to door - Stops -]*

- 5 *[Int. Bogey cell MS - GYPO climbing up on ledge - Music heard - He pushes against ceiling board with back - Puffs as he pushes hard -]*

- 6 *[Int. Bogey Hole MS - DENNIS standing at door - Back to camera - Hesitating - Music heard - He removes bar from door -]*

- 7 *[Int. Bogey cell MCS - GYPO on ledge - Pushing against ceiling board - Puffing - Music heard -]*

- 8 *[Int. Bogey Hole MS - DENNIS standing at door - Takes gun from pocket - Opens door quickly - Starts into cell - Music heard -]*

- 9 [Int. Bogey cell MCS - Hole seen in ceiling - Music heard - Crash heard as boards fall into cell - Camera pans down to left revealing DENNIS standing in doorway - He fires gun up to right - Shots heard - He turns to left - Yelling -]
DENNIS Commandant . . Bartley! He's gone!
- 10 [Ext. Bogey Hole MS - KERRIGAN standing guard at foot of steps - Music heard - GYPO comes on in FG - MAN steps in front of him - Talking -]
KERRIGAN Halt, who's that?
- 11 [Ext. Bogey Hole MLS - Camera shooting down steps - GYPO below punches MAN in jaw - Knocking him flat - Music heard - GYPO runs up steps to FG - MAN firing after him - GYPO exits right FG -]
- 12 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - DAN standing on steps - Men running up steps rapidly to BG - DAN shouting at them - Music heard -]
DAN Hurry up . . hurry up.
- 13 [Ext. Bogey Hole MLS - Camera shooting down steps - MAN lying below on steps - Others running out of Bogey Hole - MAN firing to FG - Music heard - BARTLEY shouts at men -]
BARTLEY Take him down below, lads. Come on, all of you. Down below.
[Men pick up KERRIGAN - Start to carry him down steps -]
- 14 [Int. Bogey Hole MS - DAN coming on at right FG - BARTLEY and men running on down steps to him - Music heard - BARTLEY talks -]
BARTLEY He got away, Dan. The fog is so thick you can't see your hand.
[All talking at once indistinctly -]
TOMMY The man is a devil, I tell you.
[Two men carry KERRIGAN down steps - DAN sees them - Talks -]
DAN Who's that?
BARTLEY It's Kerrigan . .
[Men exit right FG with KERRIGAN -]
BARTLEY . . his jaw is smashed to a jelly.
TOMMY That Gypo is an inhuman monster.
DAN We've got to work fast, lads . .
- 15 [Int. Bogey Hole MCS - Camera shooting down at DAN talking to MEN - Music heard -]
DAN . . if he reaches the Tans before we get him, we're finished. The whole movement's finished, you understand?
MEN Yes, Sir.
DAN Tommy, you and Daley cover the Tan's headquarters, front and rear.
DALEY & TOMMY Right. Foga Balah!
[DENNIS and TOMMY run up steps to FG - Exit - DAN talks to MULHOLLAND -]
DAN Mulholland, you take the rest with you in the van and try to head him off before he gets to the river at Butt Bridge . .

- 16 [Int. *Bogey Hole MS* - DAN at right FG - Back to camera - Talking to SLATTERY - SLATTERY and men standing on steps - Music heard -]
 DAN . . Slattery, get reinforcements for Mulholland.
 Now, jump to it and remember, we're done for if he gets away. Out you go.
 [Men run up steps - All talking at once - DAN turns to right FG - Exiting -]
 [Lap dissolve]
- 17 [Ext. *street MS* - GYPO coming along bldg to FG - Glancing about frightened - Music heard - He runs to FG - Stops at corner of bldg - Music stops - Sound of marching heard - He leans back against bldg - Nearly exits -]
- 18 [Ext. *street MS* - Soldiers crossing in BG to left - Marching heard -]
- 19 [Ext. *bldg CU* - GYPO leaning against bldg - Perspiration running down his face - Marching and drums heard -]
- 20 [Ext. *street MS* - Soldiers marching across to left - Drums and marching heard -]
- 21 [Int. *bldg CU* - GYPO leaning against bldg - Perspiration running down face - Marching and drums heard - Sound of drums fades out - GYPO starts to turn to left -]
- 22 [Ext. *bldg CS* - GYPO turning to left - Sees vacant spot on wall of bldg - Music heard playing "Medley" - Poster of FRANKIE appears on wall - Poster disappears as GYPO clutches at wall - Calling hysterically -]
 GYPO Frankie!
 [He exits right - Frightened -]
 [Lap dissolve]
- 23 [Ext. *entrance MS* - GYPO running on in FG - Runs up steps - Music heard - He stops at door - Looks around frightened - Opens door - Goes into hallway - Opens inside door - Exits through doorway -]
- 24 [Int. *hallway MS* - Camera shooting down at stairs - Music heard - GYPO comes on below - Looks about furtively - Camera follows him up steps - He turns out light at top of stairs - Runs to door at left - Opens it - Starts through doorway -]
- 25 [Int. *room MCS* - GYPO coming on through doorway - Music heard -]
 KATIE (off) Gypo!
 [He closes door - Camera following him to left as he talks - Reveals KATIE at left -]
 GYPO They're after me, Katie.
 KATIE Ah, ye put the heart cross-wise in me. Where have ye been?
 GYPO They're after me, but they're not goin' to get me.
 We'll get away, you and me.
 KATIE Gypo . . Shhh!
 [Camera follows her across to right - She locks door - He talks to her as she crosses in front to left -]
 GYPO Where's the twenty pounds I gave ye?
 KATIE What are you talking about? What's wrong with you?

- 26 [Int. room MCU - GYPO looking to left FG - Talks - Music heard -]
 GYPO I done it for you. That's what I couldn't tell
 Gallagher. They wouldn't understand. You understand.
- 27 [Int. room CU - KATIE looking up to right - Talks - Music heard -]
 KATIE You did what? What have you done?
- 28 [Int. room CU - GYPO looking to left FG - Talks - Music heard -]
 GYPO I informed on Frankie.
- 29 [Int. room MCS - KATIE looking at GYPO horrified - Talks - Music heard -]
 KATIE Ah, Gypo . .
 [She sits down - Talking -]
 KATIE . . may God have mercy on your soul.
 GYPO Katie, we'll get away. They won't get me. That's
 how I love ye, darling. I . . I . . sold out me own pal for ye . .
 [Camera follows him as he crosses in front of her to left - Talking - Sits down by
 fire -]
 GYPO . . Ah, that's a lovely fire, a lovely fire.
- 30 [Int. room CS - KATIE seated - Looking down to left - Sadly - Music heard -
 She talks -]
 KATIE Lie and rest yourself.
- 31 [Int. room CS - GYPO sitting in front of fire - KATIE's hand on his shoulder -
 Music heard - He talks -]
 GYPO Ah, this is good . .
 [Her hand exits right -]
 GYPO . . good, ye don't know what it is to be runnin'
 around in the fog on a night like this . .
 [He turns to right - Talking -]
 GYPO . . Katie . . Katie, sit down beside me, dar-
 ling . .
- 32 [Int. room CS - GYPO seated in front of fire - KATIE sitting down by him - Music
 heard - GYPO talking - He rests head on her lap -]
 GYPO . . Oh, darling . . darling, you're the only one
 I can trust now. Do you love me, Katie?
 KATIE Yes, I love you, Gypo. I'll love ye when I'm clay.
 Ye don't know what ye've done to me. Ye don't know what ye've done to
 me. I'd lay my life down for you. Ye poor old blind boy.
 [She looks down at him sadly - Kisses him -]
- [Lap dissolve]
- 33 [Int. room MS - DAN seated at right in front of fireplace - MARY standing at window
 in BG - Music heard - MARY turns toward DAN - Talks -]
 MARY What time is it, Dan?
 DAN Half past five.
 [Door heard closing - DAN looks off to left - Talks -]
 DAN Who's that?

REEL 10

- 1 [Int. room CS - MARY standing at window - MOTHER seen outside on street - Music heard playing "Medley" - MARY looks to right FG - Talks -]
 MARY It's mother, going to church next door . .
 [MOTHER waves up at MARY - Goes to BG - MARY crosses to left of window - MOTHER exits at right BG - MARY comes to right FG - Nearly exits -]
- 2 [Int. room MCS - DAN seated in front of fireplace - MARY coming on at left BG - Stops by his chair - Talks - Music heard -]
 MARY . . Dan, what if you don't find him? I'd die if I lost you, too. I couldn't stand it.
 DAN Oh, I'm not thinking about myself, darling. It's all the others. The movement . . it's Ireland. That poor fool knows so blasted much.
 MARY If there was only something I could do. It's this horrible waiting . .
 [She starts to kneel by his chair -]
- 3 [Int. room CS - DAN seated - MARY kneeling by him - Talking - Music heard -]
 MARY . . Can't I do anything?
 DAN Sure . .
 [He puts arm around her - Talking -]
 DAN . . tell me you love me again.
 MARY I love you, Dan. I'll always love you, no matter what happens. There'll never be anyone else.
- 4 [Int. room MS - DAN seated - MARY kneeling by him - Music heard - Door at left BG opening - DAN and MARY rise quickly - TOMMY comes on through doorway - Talking -]
 TOMMY Commandant.
 DAN Yes.
 TOMMY She wants to see you. She insists on seeing you.
 DAN Who . . who?
 TOMMY She won't talk to a soul of us.
 [KATIE comes on through doorway followed by BARTLEY -]
- 5 [Int. room MCS - KATIE and two men standing at door - DAN and MARY at right - Backs partly to camera - KATIE talks - Music heard -]
 KATIE I'm Katie Madden. I'm Gypo Nolan's girl.
 DAN Shut the door.
 [BARTLEY and TOMMY exit through doorway - Closing door - KATIE goes to DAN as she talks -]
 KATIE Commandant . .
- 6 [Int. room MCU - KATIE at left looking up at DAN - Talking - Music heard -]
 KATIE . . I've come to beg of you on my knees. He didn't know what he was doing. Ah, ye can't hurt him, if you know how it was.

261

KATIE (*off*) . . wouldn't you be wantin' mercy then? And
won't ye be givin' it to me now . .

- 12 [Int. room CS - MARY standing at table - Looking to left - KATIE partly on at left BG - Back to camera - Talking - Music heard -]
 KATIE . . a sinner?
 [MARY nods -]
- 13 [Int. room MCU - DAN looking to right FG - Music heard - He looks to left FG - Talks -]
 DAN Where is Gypo now?
- 14 [Int. room CS - KATIE standing at table - MARY partly on at right FG - Back to camera - Music heard - KATIE talks -]
 KATIE Poor lad . .
- 15 [Int. hallway CS - BARTLEY standing at door - Listening - Talks to TOMMY watching door in BG - Music heard -]
 BARTLEY Listen.
- 16 [Int. room CS - KATIE standing by table - Talks - MARY partly on at right FG - Back to camera - Music heard -]
 KATIE He's in my room. The other side of the church.
- 17 [Int. room CS - DAN standing at table - Music heard - He looks off to left as door is heard closing - He picks up coat - Starts to left - Camera following him -]
 MARY (off) Dan!
 [KATIE comes on in FG - Stops DAN - Talking -]
 KATIE Oh, tell me you'll be giving him a chance.
 There's no harm in him. He didn't know what he was doin' . .
 [DAN exits as camera follows KATIE to right revealing MARY - KATIE talks to her pleadingly -]
 KATIE . . Miss McPhillip, for the sake of your own love, won't you be askin' him to give my man a chance?
 [DAN comes on at left - Talking -]
 DAN Katie, Katie, this is no time for sentiment. This is war. I tell you I gave Gypo the benefit of every doubt . . every chance. He confessed. I didn't pass sentence on him. The court did. Don't you see how helpless I am?
 KATIE Suppose it was your life you were begging for?
 DAN Oh, it is mine and the lives of hundreds of other men who are fighting for what they believe in. Can't you see what you're asking?
 [DAN goes to left BG - Exits - MARY turns to right - Exits - KATIE looks to left BG - Talks hysterically -]
 KATIE You won't do it. I see you won't do it. You won't . .
- 18 [Int. room MS - MARY kneels at right FG - Music heard -]
- 19 [Int. room MS - GYPO lying in front of fireplace - Sleeping - Music heard -]
- 20 [Int. hallway MS - Camera shooting down at TOMMY, DENNIS and DONAHUE coming

upstairs - Music heard - TOMMY points to door at left - They go to door slowly -]

21 *[Int. room MCS - GYPO lying on floor sleeping - Music heard - He moves restlessly - Awakens - Looks up -]*

22 *[Int. hallway CS - DENNIS and two MEN standing at door - Music heard - TOMMY with back to camera - Whispers to DENNIS -]*

TOMMY Come on now, Dennis, 'twas you that drew the match. Don't be afraid.

DENNIS I'm not afraid.

23 *[Int. room MCS - GYPO lying on floor - Rises - Music heard - He looks about trapped as he hears whispering -]*

DONAHUE (off) Ah, sure, he's not afraid.

TOMMY (off) The door is locked.

DONAHUE (off) Shall we force it open?

TOMMY (off) It's locked, I tell you.

[GYPO looks about - Calls helplessly -]

GYPO Katie, Katie!

[GYPO picks up stove poker -]

24 *[Int. hallway CS - TOMMY trying to open door - DENNIS whispers nervously - DONAHUE by them - Music heard -]*

DENNIS I . . . I can blow the lock off.

DONAHUE Yes.

DENNIS Shall I?

TOMMY Yes, Go on . . .

[TOMMY steps back - DENNIS shoots at lock - Screams as he opens door -]

DENNIS Mother of God!

[He starts into room -]

25 *[Int. room MS - DENNIS coming on through doorway followed by DONAHUE - Music heard - GYPO at left strikes DENNIS over head - Knocks him down - DONAHUE fires at GYPO - Confusion as they struggle - GYPO thrusts him out through doorway -]*

26 *[Int. hallway MS - TOMMY standing at door - Back to camera - DONAHUE falls out of door - Falls over banister - Crashing onto stairs below - TOMMY fires into room - GYPO comes out - They roll over landing onto stairs below - Much confusion -]*

27 *[Int. stairway MS - TOMMY and GYPO falling downstairs - Music and confusion heard - They exit below - GYPO rising on in FG - Exits left FG -]*

28 *[Ext. entrance MS - Door opening - GYPO comes on - Closing door - Stops - Looks to FG frightened - Music heard - He yells as BARTLEY comes on at right FG - Back to camera -]*

GYPO Bartley!

29 *[Ext. street CS - BARTLEY looking to FG - Gun and hand in pocket - He fires to FG several times - Exits right -]*

- 30 [Int. room MCS - MARY and KATIE kneeling - DAN in BG at window - KATIE talks horrified -]
 KATIE Gypo . .
 [They rise - Run to BG - KATIE screaming -]
 KATIE . . Gypo!
 [DAN draws shade in BG - Music heard - MARY takes KATIE in her arms -]
- 31 [Ext. church MS - GYPO staggering on in FG - Music heard - He goes to BG toward church -]
- 32 [Ext. church MCS - Camera shooting down at GYPO walking along fence to left - Looking up to FG - Music heard - He exits left -]
- 33 [Ext. church MCS - GYPO coming on at right - Turns to FG wide-eyed - Music heard - He stops - Looks up to FG smiling -]
- 34 [Ext. church MLS - GYPO standing at entrance of church - Back to camera - Music heard - He staggers toward church doors -]
- 35 [Ext. doors CS - GYPO coming on in FG - Crashes through doorway revealing interior church - Music heard - He falls to floor -]
- 36 [Int. church MCU - MOTHER seated - Music heard - She turns - Looks to FG -]
- 37 [Int. church MCU - GYPO lying on floor - Music heard - He rises slowly - Painfully - Clutching at pew - He looks to FG -]
- 38 [Int. church MS - GYPO rising slowly - Music heard - MOTHER seated in pew in BG - He staggers toward her - Falls at her feet -]
- 39 [Int. church CU - GYPO looks up to FG -]
- 40 [Int. church CU - MOTHER looking up to left FG -]
- 41 [Int. church CU - GYPO looking up to right FG - Beads of sweat on face - He talks -]
 GYPO 'Twas I informed on your son, Mrs. McPhillip.
 Forgive me.
- 42 [Int. church CU - MOTHER looking up to left FG - Nods - Talks quietly - Music heard -]
 MOTHER Ah, Gypo, I forgive ye. You didn't know what you were doing. You didn't know what you were doing.
- 43 [Int. church CU - GYPO looking to right FG gratefully - Beads of sweat on face - Music heard - Tears in eyes -]
- 44 [Int. church MS - MOTHER seated - GYPO kneeling by her - Rises slowly - Music heard - Choir heard singing indistinctly - GYPO staggers toward FG - Talks -]
 GYPO Frankie, Frankie! Your mother forgives us.
 [He clutches side in agony - Sinks to floor - Exits - MOTHER reaches out toward him -]

[Fade out]

THE INFORMER

265

45 [*Fade in - Title #1 - Music and chorus heard -*]
The End

[*Lap dissolve*]

46 [*Title #2 - Music and chorus heard -*]

Radio ·
Pictures
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

[*Fade out*]

The End

EUGENE O'NEILL

AT HOME AND abroad, Eugene O'Neill is America's greatest dramatist. His plays have been translated into most of the important European languages and have been given almost continuous performances in the theatres of the world. No other American has matched him in the scope of his subjects, or in the power and depth of his probings into the tortuous secrets of the inner man. His dramas have produced unrivalled excitement as theatrical experiences, and this same magic intoxicant is still potent on the printed page. Though the plays are American, they are restricted by no national barriers. Wherever the human heart is disturbed and searching out the mystery of its unrest, there is the locale for O'Neill's dramas. Their universality is proclaimed by their success at the same time in America, Russia, Sweden, Germany, and England. Their native quality received the unprecedented, official recognition of three Pulitzer awards (1920, 1922, 1928); their international appeal was formally attested by the Nobel committee when it awarded O'Neill the prize in literature in 1936.

O'Neill brought to the theatre a unique experience. For one with his serious, brooding temperament and dramatic gifts, it was an experience rich in substance. It might have destroyed him, and apparently came close to doing so. But he had enough genius to take command at the right moment and shape his experience into art. A brief chart of his career reads like the outline for an O'Neill play, except that the

plays generally end in frustration. He was born October 16, 1888, quite fittingly at the Barrett House on Broadway at Forty-third Street in New York City. His father was a gifted actor who became famous for his long and successful years on the road with his own company in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. O'Neill said that his father cleared fifty thousand dollars a season with this play.

O'Neill immediately began a life that led him alternately in and out of the theatre. During his first seven years, he was carried by his itinerant parents to all the larger towns of the United States. Then until he was thirteen he was placed in various boarding schools. He graduated from Betts Academy at Stamford, Connecticut, in 1906, and entered Princeton the following autumn. Near the end of his freshman year he was suspended for irregularities of conduct—according to the best tradition, for tossing a beer-bottle through the window of the president's campus home. The president was Woodrow Wilson. By the time his suspension had expired, O'Neill was completely alienated from academic life and ready to assault the world on its hardest terms.

O'Neill's college career was ended abruptly, but his education for his future work was just beginning, though he did not know this at the time. It was divided into four episodes which roughly corresponded to the freshman to senior sequence of the university curriculum. After a brief period as secretary for a mail-order jewelry firm, and following his first marriage, O'Neill went gold-

hunting in Honduras with a mining engineer—the first of those “beyond the horizon” journeys over the sea in search of himself and the romance which eluded him at home. He found malaria instead, and returned to the United States. He then became assistant manager of the road company starring his father and Viola Allen in *The White Sister*, and stayed with it on tour from St. Louis to Boston. At the end of the season he boarded a Norwegian boat and sailed for sixty-five days to Buenos Aires on his second venture. There he tried again to become mercantile minded successively with Westinghouse, Swift, and Singer, but without success. He went to the water-front to live; he worked occasionally, and saw and heard about life in the raw, unrefined lump. He saw enough characters and heard enough yarns to supply a writer like Jack London with material for a lifetime.

But this life soon palled, and O'Neill shipped as mule-tender on a steamer bound from Buenos Aires to Durban, Africa, where he could not even land because he was destitute. He sailed back to the Argentine, was reduced to beach combing, and finally signed on a British tramp steamer. He got back into New York in 1911. He was turning twenty-three.

O'Neill lived in New York in a three-dollar-a-month room at a vermin-invaded, water-front dive kept by “Jimmy the Priest.” He was penniless, and apparently unwilling to be aided or supervised by his family. He finally shipped again for his fourth venture, this time as an able seaman on the American liner *New York*, bound for Southampton. On his return, he joined his father's company in New Orleans, and took a minor part in the ubiquitous *Monte Cristo*, learning his part en route to Ogden,

Utah, where he first became an actor. He had acquired an education somewhat different from that offered him at Princeton.

One other element was needed: the training necessary to give meaning to these experiences through the medium of words. This was supplied to order by Frederick P. Latimer of the New London *Telegraph*, who gave him a job as reporter and printed twenty-four of his verses in a column on the editorial page from August 26 to December 9. He encouraged O'Neill; he was the first man to recognize the possibilities in the wayward boy. The terrific beating O'Neill had given his constitution in his vagabond, drinking, carousing years now claimed its price. He developed a soft spot in his lung, and had to go to Gaylord Farm sanitarium at Wallingford, Connecticut, an account of which appears in the first part of *The Straw*.

O'Neill was now in his twenty-fifth year, and old enough to consider what this furious life of his was all about. The enforced leisure gave him time to ponder, and his resolution and understanding began to take form. He had written just enough to excite his own interest. When he left the sanitarium in the late spring, he went to live with an English family on the Connecticut coast, where he spent more than a year building up his health, and reading intensively the things he had missed that now interested him. He specialized in the great dramatists of Greece and England, in Ibsen, and particularly in Strindberg whose intense psychological plays fascinated him. He also practiced writing and turned out “eleven one-acters, two long plays, and some verse.” He was ready for technical training and advice on how to transmute his experience into dramas. The best place for such instruc-

tion was the playwriting course at Harvard University.

O'Neill accordingly spent the year 1914-1915 in Professor Baker's 47 Workshop. It is not surprising that a man of O'Neill's age, type, experience, and certainty of direction found the procedure disappointing—another beyond-the-horizon quest. He was somewhat restive under the class routine. He seems to have had the scorn of a socially timid but older and more widely experienced young man for his fellow students in the course. They were trying to make plays without knowledge. When a member of the class went to the blackboard to chart the plot development of a play by Augustus Thomas, O'Neill got up and walked out. It was a characteristic gesture of impatience with the conventional, unimaginative stage techniques and their dull and partial representation of life. O'Neill didn't actually say so, but it seems obvious that he sensed the artificiality and awkwardness of the whole procedure. Everything was backwards. The students were being told how to write before they had anything to say. The exercises did not stem naturally out of a genuine creative problem. O'Neill, on the contrary, was burdened with the raw flesh of what he had seen and lived and known, and he was trying to find an effective way to give it life through the medium of drama. He had great respect for Professor Baker, but he felt that the results of the course were, for him, largely negative.

O'Neill may have carried away more than he could specify at the time; but, fortunately for him, there was at that moment a ferment in the air, and a group of play-conscious intellectuals whose interests were similar to his own. This was the Greenwich Village group

who foregathered at Provincetown during the summers, beginning in 1915, and there at the improvised Wharf Theatre played several one-act pieces.

This group of young spirits included George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Mary Heaton Vorse, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Harry Kemp, Hutchins Hapgood, and others. They represented in their fashion the belated arrival in America of the European currents that had produced the Théâtre Libre, the Moscow Art Theatre, and other such organizations for the advancement of the theatre.

O'Neill joined the Provincetown, as they called themselves, in the summer of 1916. Following his year at Harvard he had lived in Greenwich Village where he had learned to criticize the sorry scheme of things, where he had made acquaintance with the radical laborites, the Negroes and Italians, and had added to his collection of characters later to be used in his plays. On invitation from Susan Glaspell, he gave *Bound East for Cardiff* to a gathering of the Provincetown to read. "Then," said Miss Glaspell, "we knew what we were for." They produced this one-act play at the Wharf, and, later in the summer, a second play by O'Neill called *Thirst*. The author acted a small part in each. Both plays created a powerful and original effect on the spectators.

When the group returned to the Village, they opened the Playwright's Theatre at 139 Macdougall Street in November with *Bound East for Cardiff*, in which O'Neill again played the Second Mate. They also produced O'Neill's *Before Breakfast*, *Fog*, and *The Sniper*. In November, 1917, they opened with his *The Long Voyage Home*, and followed on the second bill with his *Ile*, and later with *The Rope*. In the autumn of 1918

they presented his *Where the Cross Is Made*, and *The Moon of the Caribbees*; in 1919 *The Dreamy Kid*; and in 1920 *Exorcism*. Then, on February 2, 1920, at the up-town Morosco Theatre, John D. Williams produced *Beyond the Horizon*, the Pulitzer prize play of the year, the second play to receive that award. On the evening of November 1, 1920, the Provincetown Players presented *The Emperor Jones*. Then came *Diff'rent*, on December 27; *Gold*, June 1, 1921; and a second Pulitzer prize drama, *Anna Christie*, November 2, 1921. Thus with phenomenal timeliness the Provincetown had provided O'Neill with a perfect experimental laboratory theatre, and an assured subscription audience, the like of which no other American playwright ever enjoyed. O'Neill paid tribute to them for their aid. In a few short seasons he emerged as the foremost American dramatist.

The career and achievements of O'Neill since that time have been international news. The Provincetown Players produced *The Hairy Ape* (1922), *All God's Chillun Got Wings* (1924), and *Desire Under the Elms* (1924). The Theatre Guild began its presentations of O'Neill with *Marco Millions* and *Strange Interlude*, both in January, 1928, and has continued to be his producer. He himself has generally stayed away from New York and the theatre. He has lived at Ridgefield, Connecticut; in a chateau in France; in a gleaming white mansion on the water's edge in Bermuda; on an island off the coast of Georgia; and on his present estate, Tao House, in Contra Costa County, California, in the hills back of Berkeley. There he is still at work on his forthcoming cycle of nine plays that will deal with the growth of America since the early days of the nineteenth century.

The closest possible unity and interlinking exist between O'Neill's career as thus briefly sketched and the plays for which he is celebrated. That is a subject for special study in the psychology of creative endeavor in drama. But the effects of O'Neill's natural rebelliousness and prodigality, his dreamy passion, his knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men, and his absorption and synthesis of the discontents and the intellectual interests of Europe and America in the second and third decades of the century are visible in some form in every detail of his work. The plays themselves are so rich in interest from so many points of view that it becomes embarrassing to summarize them or to arrange them into groups.

Their themes and subject matter are extraordinarily varied. The early one-act plays, and certain scenes in the later and longer dramas, were, for the most part, concerned with sailors and the sea realistically presented. The men are rough of manner and of speech; they are violent and hard in action; they are lonely and tormented by some deep-seated malaise; and they have their moments of agitation in the presence of such beauties as life on board ship affords: "the mournful cadence of the song from the shore" that stirs Smitty's memories under the moon of the Caribbees and drives him to drink; Paddy's thoughts in *The Hairy Ape* of "clippers wid tall masts touching the sky" making sail at dawn; of the sound of a chanty song; of a glimpse of the land astern "sinking low and dying out"; or the thrill of a ship scudding south at night under the moon and the stars.

The first five long plays, all individual and searching with an energy new to American drama, were presented in quick succession. *Beyond the Horizon*, a

tragedy of fate, illusion, and human frustration, was produced in February, 1920. *The Emperor Jones*, *Diff'rent*, *Gold*, and *Anna Christie* were all produced within one year—November 3, 1920, to November 2, 1921. *The Emperor Jones* was a triumph in early American expressionism. It showed O'Neill's technical versatility in flinging on the visible stage in externalized symbols the inner, fear-stricken life, or unconscious, atavistic self of the ex-Pullman porter; the Emperor Jones. The melodramatic devices of the silver bullet and the incessant beat of the tom-tom on Jones's night of penalty and terror, together with the sequence of short, surcharged scenes, built up the entire play to a terrific climax. *Anna Christie* dealt in straightforward style with the redemption of the fallen and bedraggled Anna through the power of a sailor's love and the tradition of the sea. It was set on the fog-drenched water-front that O'Neill knew so well, and it gave a sympathetic character portrayal of Anna's father, Chris, now retired to a barge, but with a full understanding of the sinister power of "old devil sea." The character of the father, who divides the play with Anna, was a remarkable example of how O'Neill salvaged treasure out of the sunken days along the wharfs. He had known the original of Chris at Jimmy the Priest's.

These three plays, with such faults as they have, were genuine achievements. *Diff'rent*, a study of a sex-inhibited New England spinster, is interesting as a forerunner of the greater plays to come on the same subject in the same locale. *The Hairy Ape* was more ambitious in theme and technique. It contained O'Neill's nostalgic tribute to the romance of the sea, and the contrast between the age of sails and the age of steel and steam. It

called upon symbols, after the fashion of expressionism, to enlarge its suggestiveness. It presented Yank's concept of "belonging," and the deterioration of the muscular stoker when he lost his conviction of the importance of his place in society. He discovered that he was only a hairy ape, hired and exploited by the idle people represented by fretful Mildred, who called him a "filthy beast" and who fainted when she saw him at work in the stokehole of a transatlantic liner.

As a dramatist O'Neill was more concerned with personal psychological problems in the Strindberg manner than in the social problems that aroused so many of his contemporaries. His somewhat desperate probings of the disturbed inner lives of his characters led him to call still further upon symbolistic methods to transcend the limitations of objective realism on the stage. He wrote four notable plays of this type. They are sharp and clear on certain points, baffling if not confused in others. The most subtle and elusive, as well as the most elaborately symbolic, was *The Great God Brown* (1926). This was the play in which O'Neill introduced his characters with masked faces to represent the personality with which they confront the world; when they lay bare their unspoken thoughts in static soliloquy they remove their masks. The dualism is also represented by the opposed disciplines of Dionysus (pagan acceptance of life) and St. Anthony (the Christian denial of life), in the central character whose name is Dion Anthony; and in the contrasting characters of Marguerite and Cybele, represented by Margaret and Cybel. The symbolism extends through all the details of the play, including the revelation of Brown as "the visionless demi-god of our new materialistic myth—Success," as O'Neill himself explained.

Lazarus Laughed, a literary drama written in 1927, is O'Neill's attempt to do what Browning and others had done before him: to show how a glimpse over the threshold of death affects Lazarus, and how it modified his view of life and his relations with those around him. *Dynamo* (1929) was the beginning of an ambitious, perhaps even pretentious, trilogy on man, God, and the machine age—the new and cruel god (or goddess) here being a dynamo. The play failed and O'Neill abandoned the scheme. Some of its threads of interest were combined with the dual personality theme of *The Great God Brown* to produce *Days Without End*, or John Loving's struggle with his psyche, who stands beside him at all times to represent his demon other-nature. His quest for peace and certainty after the illness of his wife leads him in the final scene to prostrate himself at the foot of the Cross and pour out his soul in faith and surrender; whereupon the corpse of his attendant other-self falls with arms outstretched "like a cripple's testimonial offering in a shrine." These exceedingly interesting and daringly experimental plays were all failures on the stage. Yet they have been among the most widely discussed of O'Neill dramas.

Of the various other plays three represent O'Neill's supreme achievements to date. They are the dramas of sex repressions and psychological involvements so deeply studied as to become genuine tragedies: *Desire Under the Elms* (1924), *Strange Interlude* (1928), and *Mourning Becomes Electra* (1931).

The tragic dignity of *Desire Under the Elms* was somewhat tarnished by the reactions of the sex-obsessed audiences of the 1920's which perverted the play into a *succès de scandale*; but with the passing of the years it has emerged as

one of the important tragedies in American drama. Its movement is relentless. It gathers in strength from the thrice-entangled web of human emotions which it weaves and resolves. The character of old Ephraim Cabot is as hard as the stones in the wall around his cow barn. His familiarity with the Scripture does not soften his heart, but merely supports its stubborn granite. Eben and Abbie begin their action against each other motivated by rivalry and thirst for revenge. They are soon caught without warning in the net of mysterious Fate, and are doomed to love. But old Cabot, though victimized, is still able to deliver a mortal blow when he tells Eben that Abbie has merely tricked him in order to get the property for herself and her infant son. Eben, hurt and enraged, cannot believe that this motive of Abbie's has long since yielded to a consuming and unselfish love for him. He precipitates the violent denouement, and the resultant catharsis lifts the play out of tumult into serenity as the small filament of tenderness amid all the stark bitterness lights with Abbie's "I love ye, Eben!" and Eben's "An' I love yew, Abbie!"

Strange Interlude is in nine acts, which require a playing time from late afternoon through an evening. It is the study of the possessive attachment of a father for his daughter. It shows how her own life was frustrated and repressed by a denial of life when her lover went to war, and how, after an aberrant interlude of nervous disorder, she was awakened, and found fulfillment in a collective relationship with her lover, her husband, her son, and the sublimated image of her father in the person of "dear old Charlie." Instead of masks, O'Neill used the ancient device of the monologue to permit the characters to

speak to the audience their secret thoughts, which in normal life would be kept in good-mannered concealment.

Mourning Becomes Electra went even further in dramatizing Freudian inner turmoil. O'Neill took an American story about the sinister New England House of Mannon at the close of the Civil War, and modeled it on the outlines of the tragic events in the Greek House of Atreus. He substituted a "modern psychological approximation of the Greek sense of fate" in the belief that this motivation might make real again the force that was lost when "belief in gods and supernatural retribution" was abandoned. He charted with mathematical exactitude the Freudian relationships between wife-husband, mother-son, mother-daughter, woman-lover; between daughter-mother-father-lover; between son-mother-father—etcetera. And out of that gross entanglement came the murders and the penalties that are unfolded with enormous effect in this long tragic trilogy.

We have chosen *Beyond the Horizon* to represent O'Neill in this study. It was his first full-length play to be produced, but it had behind it, as we have seen, an intense period of writing and actual experimentation in the theatre. It is a mature play that stands high among modern dramas on its own individual strength. Furthermore, it reflects nearly all the facets of O'Neill's genius. Even the preoccupation with symbolism and the passion for going beyond the physical limitations of the conventional stage are shown in the studied linking of the action with the title, and in the calculated alternation of its six scenes from the road to the farm house, from the farm house to the top of the hill overlooking the sea, from the farm house to

the road again: to suggest the conflict between frustration and freedom, between the prison house and the quest for the meaning of life as adventure. The language of the play is energetic, exact, and always adequate to its purpose; it is not lured into the overly ambitious flights that place a strain upon some of the later plays.

The characters are still close enough to normal human experience to be recognizable. O'Neill made use of an idea which he had got from Christopherson—the Norwegian sailor who cursed the sea. "What," O'Neill asked, "if he had stayed on the farm, with his instincts? What would have happened?" The dramatic situation is probable and absorbing. Robert Mayo is a poet and dreamer who loathes the farm shut in by "those cursed hills out there that I used to think promised me so much! How I've grown to hate the sight of them! They're like the walls of a narrow prison yard shutting me in from all the freedom and wonder of life!" He thinks that all the romantic satisfactions are to be found somewhere over those hills; he is about to sail at the call of "Beauty" to seek "the far off and the unknown, the mystery and spell of the East," and to find the "secret which is hidden over there, beyond the horizon." His brother Andrew is at home on the farm and loves the soil; he is not wonder-struck with the pursuit of phantoms or given to day-dreaming; the hills are not prison walls but a home to him. Yet it is Andrew who sails away, and Robert who is held on the farm, which decays under his touch. At the critical instant the impractical Robert shifted his illusion from the dream of the sea to the promise of Ruth's love, and fate had caught him. He seemed by temperament to be foredoomed to disaster on

this earth, because his dream-world had no basis in reality. He was crushed under the assault of his destiny and the destructive possessiveness of Woman in an unhappy marriage. He went down still in pursuit of his illusion, crying: "Look! Isn't it beautiful beyond the hills? I can hear the old voices calling me to come. And this time I'm going!"

The historical importance of this play, the very simplicity of its structure, and the clarity with which O'Neill stated in it the basic concepts which he elaborated with greater technical virtuosity in his more complex dramas, invest it with major significance for students of O'Neill and of modern American drama.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

CHARACTERS

JAMES MAYO, *a farmer*

KATE MAYO, *his wife*

CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, *of the bark Sunda,*
her brother

ANDREW MAYO } *sons of JAMES MAYO*
ROBERT MAYO }

RUTH ATKINS

MRS. ATKINS, *her widowed mother*

MARY

BEN, *a farm hand*

DOCTOR FAWCETT

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

A section of country highway. The road runs diagonally from the left, forward, to the right, rear, and can be seen in the distance winding toward the horizon like a pale ribbon between the low, rolling hills with their freshly plowed fields clearly divided from each other, checkerboard fashion, by the lines of stone walls and rough snake fences.

The forward triangle cut off by the road is a section of a field from the dark earth of which myriad bright-green blades of fall-sown rye are sprouting. A straggling line of piled rocks, too low to be called a wall, separates this field from the road.

To the rear of the road is a ditch with a sloping, grassy bank on the far side. From the center of this an old, gnarled apple tree, just budding into leaf, strains its twisted branches heavenwards, black against the pallor of distance. A snake-fence sidles from left to right along the top of the bank, passing beneath the apple tree.

The hushed twilight of a day in May is just beginning. The horizon hills are still rimmed by a faint line of flame, and the sky

above them glows with the crimson flush of the sunset. This fades gradually as the action of the scene progresses.

At the rise of the curtain, ROBERT MAYO is discovered sitting on the fence. He is a tall, slender young man of twenty-three. There is a touch of the poet about him expressed in his high forehead and wide, dark eyes. His features are delicate and refined, leaning to weakness in the mouth and chin. He is dressed in gray corduroy trousers pushed into high laced boots, and a blue flannel shirt with a bright colored tie. He is reading a book by the fading sunset light. He shuts this, keeping a finger in to mark the place, and turns his head toward the horizon, gazing out over the fields and hills. His lips move as if he were reciting something to himself.

His brother ANDREW comes along the road from the right, returning from his work in the fields. He is twenty-seven years old, an opposite type to ROBERT—husky, sun-bronzed, handsome in a large-featured, manly fashion—a son of the soil, intelligent in a shrewd way, but with nothing of the intellectual about him. He wears overalls, leather boots, a gray flannel shirt open at the neck, and a soft, mud-

stained hat pushed back on his head. He stops to talk to ROBERT, leaning on the hoe he carries.

ANDREW (*seeing ROBERT has not noticed his presence—in a loud shout*). Hey there! (*ROBERT turns with a start. Seeing who it is, he smiles.*) Gosh, you do take the prize for day-dreaming! And I see you've toted one of the old books 10 along with you. (*He crosses the ditch and sits on the fence near his brother.*) What is it this time—poetry, I'll bet. (*He reaches for the book.*) Let me see.

ROBERT (*handing it to him rather reluctantly*). Look out you don't get it full of dirt.

ANDREW (*glancing at his hands*). That isn't dirt—it's good clean earth. (*He turns over the pages. His eyes read something 20 and he gives an exclamation of disgust.*) Hump! (*With a provoking grin at his brother he reads aloud in a doleful, sing-song voice.*) "I have loved wind and light and the bright sea. But holy and most sacred night, not as I love and have loved thee." (*He hands the book back.*) Here! Take it and bury it. I suppose it's that year in college gave you a liking for that kind of stuff. I'm 30 darn glad I stopped at High School, or maybe I'd been crazy too. (*He grins and slaps ROBERT on the back affectionately.*) Imagine me reading poetry and plowing at the same time! The team'd run away, I'll bet.

ROBERT (*laughing*). Or picture me plowing.

ANDREW. You should have gone back to college last fall, like I know you 40 wanted to. You're fitted for that sort of thing—just as I ain't.

ROBERT. You know why I didn't go back, Andy. Pa didn't like the idea, even if he didn't say so; and I know he wanted the money to use improving

the farm. And besides, I'm not keen on being a student, just because you see me reading books all the time. What I want to do now is keep on moving so that I won't take root in any one place.

ANDREW. Well, the trip you're leaving on tomorrow will keep you moving all right. (*At this mention of the trip they both fall silent. There is a pause. Finally ANDREW goes on, awkwardly, attempting to speak casually.*) Uncle says you'll be gone three years.

ROBERT. About that, he figures.

ANDREW (*moodily*). That's a long time.

ROBERT. Not so long when you come to consider it. You know the *Sunda* sails around the Horn for Yokohama first, and that's a long voyage on a sailing ship; and if we go to any of the other places Uncle Dick mentions—India, or Australia, or South Africa, or South America—they'll be long voyages, too.

ANDREW. You can have all those foreign parts for all of me. (*After a pause.*) Ma's going to miss you a lot, Rob.

ROBERT. Yes—and I'll miss her.

ANDREW. And Pa ain't feeling none too happy to have you go—though he's been trying not to show it.

ROBERT. I can see how he feels.

ANDREW. And you can bet that I'm not giving any cheers about it. (*He puts one hand on the fence near ROBERT.*)

ROBERT (*putting one hand on top of ANDREW's with a gesture almost of shyness*). I know that, too, Andy.

ANDREW. I'll miss you as much as anybody, I guess. You see, you and I ain't like most brothers—always fighting and separated a lot of the time, while we've always been together—just the two of us. It's different with us. That's why it hits so hard, I guess.

ROBERT (*with feeling*). It's just as hard for

me, Andy—believe that! I hate to leave you and the old folks—but—I feel I've got to. There's something calling me—(*He points to the horizon.*) Oh, I can't just explain it to you, Andy.

ANDREW. No need to, Rob. (*Angry at himself.*) Hell! You want to go—that's all there is to it; and I wouldn't have you miss this chance for the world.

ROBERT. It's fine of you to feel that way, Andy.

ANDREW. Huh! I'd be a nice son-of-a-gun if I didn't, wouldn't I? When I know how you need this sea trip to make a new man of you—in the body, I mean—and give you your full health back.

ROBERT (*a trifle impatiently*). All of you seem to keep harping on my health. 20 You were so used to seeing me lying around the house in the old days that you never will get over the notion that I'm a chronic invalid. You don't realize how I've bucked up in the past few years. If I had no other excuse for going on Uncle Dick's ship but just my health, I'd stay right here and start in plowing.

ANDREW. Can't be done. Farming ain't 30 your nature. There's all the difference shown in just the way us two feel about the farm. You—well, you like the home part of it, I expect; but as a place to work and grow things, you hate it. Ain't that right?

ROBERT. Yes, I suppose it is. For you it's different. You're a Mayo through and through. You're wedded to the soil. You're as much a product of it as 40 an ear of corn is, or a tree. Father is the same. This farm is his life-work, and he's happy in knowing that another Mayo, inspired by the same love, will take up the work where he leaves off. I can understand your atti-

tude, and Pa's; and I think it's wonderful and sincere. But I—well, I'm not made that way.

ANDREW. No, you ain't; but when it comes to understanding, I guess I realize that you've got your own angle of looking at things.

ROBERT (*musingly*). I wonder if you do, really.

10 ANDREW (*confidently*). Sure I do. You've seen a bit of the world, enough to make the farm seem small, and you've got the itch to see it all.

ROBERT. It's more than that, Andy.

ANDREW. Oh, of course. I know you're going to learn navigation, and all about a ship, so's you can be an officer. That's natural, too. There's fair pay in it, I expect, when you consider that you've always got a home and grub thrown in; and if you're set on traveling, you can go anywhere you're a mind to without paying fare.

ROBERT (*with a smile that is half sad*). It's more than that, Andy.

ANDREW. Sure it is. There's always a chance of a good thing coming your way in some of those foreign ports or other. I've heard there are great opportunities for a young fellow with his eyes open in some of those new countries that are just being opened up. (*Jovially.*) I'll bet that's what you've been turning over in your mind under all your quietness! (*He slaps his brother on the back with a laugh.*) Well, if you get to be a millionaire all of a sudden, call 'round once in a while and I'll pass the plate to you. We could use a lot of money right here on the farm without hurting it any.

ROBERT (*forced to laugh*). I've never considered that practical side of it for a minute, Andy.

ANDREW. Well, you ought to.

ROBERT. No, I oughtn't. (*Pointing to the*

horizon—dreamily.) Supposing I was to tell you that it's just Beauty that's calling me, the beauty of the far off and unknown, the mystery and spell of the East which lures me in the books I've read, the need of the freedom of great wide spaces, the joy of wandering on and on—in quest of the secret which is hidden over there, beyond the horizon? Suppose I told you that was the one and only reason for my going?

ANDREW. I should say you were nutty.

ROBERT (*frowning*). Don't, Andy. I'm serious.

ANDREW. Then you might as well stay here, because we've got all you're looking for right on this farm. There's wide space enough, Lord knows; and you can have all the sea you want by walking a mile down to the beach; 20 and there's plenty of horizon to look at, and beauty enough for anyone, except in the winter. (*He grins.*) As for the mystery and spell, I haven't met 'em yet, but they're probably lying around somewheres. I'll have you understand this is a first class farm with all the fixings. (*He laughs.*)

ROBERT (*joining in the laughter in spite of himself*). It's no use talking to you, you 30 chump!

ANDREW. You'd better not say anything to Uncle Dick about spells and things when you're on the ship. He'll likely chuck you overboard for a Jonah. (*He jumps down from fence.*) I'd better run along. I've got to wash up some as long as Ruth's Ma is coming over for supper.

ROBERT (*pointedly—almost bitterly*). And Ruth.

ANDREW (*confused—looking everywhere except at ROBERT—trying to appear unconcerned*). Yes, Ruth'll be staying too. Well, I better hustle, I guess, and— (*He steps over the ditch to the road while he is talking.*)

ROBERT (*who appears to be fighting some strong inward emotion—impulsively*). Wait a minute, Andy! (*He jumps down from the fence.*) There is something I want to— (*He stops abruptly, biting his lips, his face coloring.*)

ANDREW (*facing him; half-defiantly*). Yes?

ROBERT (*confusedly*). No— never mind — it doesn't matter, it was nothing.

ANDREW (*after a pause, during which he stares fixedly at ROBERT's averted face*). Maybe I can guess—what you were going to say—but I guess you're right not to talk about it. (*He pulls ROBERT's hand from his side and grips it tensely; the two brothers stand looking into each other's eyes for a minute.*) We can't help those things, Rob. (*He turns away, suddenly releasing ROBERT's hand.*) You'll be coming along shortly, won't you?

ROBERT (*dully*). Yes.

ANDREW. See you later, then. (*He walks off down the road to the left. ROBERT stares after him for a moment; then climbs to the fence rail again, and looks out over the hills, an expression of deep grief on his face. After a moment or so, RUTH enters hurriedly from the left. She is a healthy, blonde, out-of-door girl of twenty, with a graceful, slender figure. Her face, though inclined to roundness, is undeniably pretty, its large eyes of a deep blue set off strikingly by the sun-bronzed complexion. Her small, regular features are marked by a certain strength—an underlying, stubborn fixity of purpose hidden in the frankly-appealing charm of her fresh youthfulness. She wears a simple white dress but no hat.*)

40 RUTH (*seeing him*). Hello, Rob!

ROBERT (*startled*). Hello, Ruth!

RUTH (*jumps the ditch and perches on the fence beside him*). I was looking for you.

ROBERT (*pointedly*). Andy just left here.

RUTH. I know. I met him on the road a second ago. He told me you were here.

(*Tenderly playful.*) I wasn't looking for Andy, Smarty, if that's what you mean. I was looking for *you*.

ROBERT. Because I'm going away to-morrow?

RUTH. Because your mother was anxious to have you come home and asked me to look for you. I just wheeled Ma over to your house.

ROBERT (*perfunctorily*). How is your mother?

RUTH (*a shadow coming over her face*). She's about the same. She never seems to get any better or any worse. Oh, Rob, I do wish she'd try to make the best of things that can't be helped.

ROBERT. Has she been nagging at you again?

RUTH (*nods her head, and then breaks forth rebelliously*). She never stops nagging. No matter what I do for her she finds fault. If only Pa was still living—(*She stops as if ashamed of her outburst.*) I suppose I shouldn't complain this way. (*She sighs.*) Poor Ma, Lord knows it's hard enough for her. I suppose it's natural to be cross when you're not able ever to walk a step. Oh, I'd like to be going away some place—like you!

ROBERT. It's hard to stay—and equally hard to go, sometimes.

RUTH. There! If I'm not the stupid body! I swore I wasn't going to speak about your trip—until after you'd gone; and there I go, first thing!

ROBERT. Why didn't you want to speak of it?

RUTH. Because I didn't want to spoil this last night you're here. Oh, Rob, I'm going to—we're all going to miss you so awfully. Your mother is going around looking as if she'd burst out crying any minute. You ought to know how I feel. Andy and you and I—why it seems as if we'd always been together.

ROBERT (*with a wry attempt at a smile*). You and Andy will still have each other. It'll be harder for me without anyone.

RUTH. But you'll have new sights and new people to take your mind off; while we'll be here with the old, familiar place to remind us every minute of the day. It's a shame you're going—just at this time, in spring, when everything is getting so nice. (*With a sigh.*) I oughtn't to talk that way when I know going's the best thing for you. You're bound to find all sorts of opportunities to get on, your father says.

ROBERT (*heatedly*). I don't give a damn about that! I wouldn't take a voyage across the road for the best opportunity in the world of the kind Pa thinks of. (*He smiles at his own irritation.*) Excuse me, Ruth, for getting worked up over it; but Andy gave me an overdose of the practical considerations.

RUTH (*slowly, puzzled*). Well, then, if it isn't—(*With sudden intensity.*) Oh, Rob, why do you want to go?

ROBERT (*turning to her quickly, in surprise—slowly*). Why do you ask that, Ruth?

30 RUTH (*dropping her eyes before his searching glance*). Because—(*Lamely.*) It seems such a shame.

ROBERT (*insistently*). Why?

RUTH. Oh, because—everything.

ROBERT. I could hardly back out now, even if I wanted to. And I'll be forgotten before you know it.

RUTH (*indignantly*). You won't! I'll never forget—(*She stops and turns away to hide her confusion.*)

ROBERT (*softly*). Will you promise me that?

RUTH (*evasively*). Of course. It's mean of you to think that any of us would forget so easily.

ROBERT (*disappointed*). Oh!

RUTH (*with an attempt at lightness*). But you haven't told me your reason for leaving yet?

ROBERT (*moodily*). I doubt if you'll understand. It's difficult to explain, even to myself. Either you feel it, or you don't. I can remember being conscious of it first when I was only a kid—you haven't forgotten what a sickly specimen I was then, in those days, 10 have you?

RUTH (*with a shudder*). Let's not think about them.

ROBERT. You'll have to, to understand. Well, in those days, when Ma was fixing meals, she used to get me out of the way by pushing my chair to the west window and telling me to look out and be quiet. That wasn't hard. I guess I was always quiet. 20

RUTH (*compassionately*). Yes, you always were—and you suffering so much, too!

ROBERT (*musingly*). So I used to stare out over the fields to the hills, out there—(*He points to the horizon.*) and somehow after a time I'd forget any pain I was in, and start dreaming. I knew the sea was over beyond those hills—the folks had told me—and I used to 30 wonder what the sea was like, and try to form a picture of it in my mind. (*With a smile.*) There was all the mystery in the world to me then about that—far-off sea—and there still is! It called to me then just as it does now. (*After a slight pause.*) And other times my eyes would follow this road, winding off into the distance, toward the hills, as if it, too, was searching for the sea. And I'd promise myself that when I grew up and was strong, I'd follow that road, and it and I would find the sea together. (*With a smile.*) You see, my making this trip is only keeping that promise of long ago.

RUTH (*charmed by his low, musical voice telling the dreams of his childhood*). Yes, I see.

ROBERT. Those were the only happy moments of my life then, dreaming there at the window. I liked to be alone—those times. I got to know all the different kinds of sunsets by heart. And all those sunsets took place over there—(*He points.*) beyond the horizon. So gradually I came to believe that all the wonders of the world happened on the other side of those hills. There was the home of the good fairies who performed beautiful miracles. I believed in fairies then. (*With a smile.*) Perhaps I still do believe in them. Anyway, in those days they were real enough, and sometimes I could actually hear them calling to me to come out and play with them, dance with them down the road in the dusk in a game of hide-and-seek to find out where the sun was hiding himself. They sang their little songs to me, songs that told of all the wonderful things they had in their home on the other side of the hills; and they promised to show me all of them, if I'd only come, come! But I couldn't come then, and I used to cry sometimes and Ma would think I was in pain. (*He breaks off suddenly with a laugh.*) That's why I'm going now, I suppose. For I can still hear them calling. But the horizon is as far away and as luring as ever. (*He turns to her—softly.*) Do you understand now, Ruth?

RUTH (*spellbound, in a whisper*). Yes.

ROBERT. You feel it then?

RUTH. Yes, yes, I do! (*Unconsciously she snuggles close against his side. His arm steals about her as if he were not aware of the action.*) Oh, Rob, how could I help feeling it? You tell things so beautifully!

ROBERT (*suddenly realizing that his arm is around her, and that her head is resting on his shoulder, gently takes his arm away. RUTH, brought back to herself, is overcome with confusion*). So now you know why I'm going. It's for that reason—that and one other.

RUTH. You've another? Then you must tell me that, too.

ROBERT (*looking at her searchingly. She 10 drops her eyes before his gaze*). I wonder if I ought to! You'll promise not to be angry—whatever it is?

RUTH (*softly, her face still averted*). Yes, I promise.

ROBERT (*simply*). I love you. That's the other reason.

RUTH (*hiding her face in her hands*). Oh, Rob!

ROBERT. I wasn't going to tell you, but I 20 feel I have to. It can't matter now that I'm going so far away, and for so long—perhaps forever. I've loved you all these years, but the realization never came 'til I agreed to go away with Uncle Dick. Then I thought of leaving you, and the pain of that thought revealed to me in a flash—that I loved you, had loved you as long as I could remember. (*He gently 30 pulls one of RUTH's hands away from her face*.) You mustn't mind my telling you this, Ruth. I realize how impossible it all is—and I understand; for the revelation of my own love seemed to open my eyes to the love of others. I saw Andy's love for you—and I knew that you must love him.

RUTH (*breaking out stormily*). I don't! I don't love Andy! I don't! (ROBERT 40 *stares at her in stupid astonishment. RUTH weeps hysterically*.) Whatever—put such a fool notion into—into your head? (*She suddenly throws her arms about his neck and hides her head on his shoulder*.) Oh, Rob! Don't go away! Please! You

mustn't, now! You can't! I won't let you! It'd break my—my heart!

ROBERT (*the expression of stupid bewilderment giving way to one of overwhelming joy. He presses her close to him—slowly and tenderly*). Do you mean that—that you love me?

RUTH (*sobbing*). Yes, yes—of course I do—what d'you s'pose? (*She lifts up her head and looks into his eyes with a tremulous smile*.) You stupid thing! (*He kisses her*.) I've loved you right along.

ROBERT (*mystified*). But you and Andy were always together!

RUTH. Because you never seemed to want to go any place with me. You were always reading an old book, and not paying any attention to me. I was too proud to let you see I cared because I thought the year you had away to college had made you stuck-up, and you thought yourself too educated to waste any time on me.

ROBERT (*kissing her*). And I was thinking—(*With a laugh*.) What fools we've both been!

RUTH (*overcome by a sudden fear*). You won't go away on the trip, will you, Rob? You'll tell them you can't go on account of me, won't you? You can't go now! You can't!

ROBERT (*bewildered*). Perhaps—you can come too.

RUTH. Oh, Rob, don't be so foolish. You know I can't. Who'd take care of ma? Don't you see I couldn't go—on her account? (*She clings to him imploringly*.) Please don't go—not now. Tell them you've decided not to. They won't mind. I know your mother and father'll be glad. They'll all be. They don't want you to go so far away from them. Please, Rob! We'll be so happy here together where it's natural and we know things. Please tell me you won't go!

ROBERT (*face to face with a definite, final decision, betrays the conflict going on within him*). But—Ruth—I—Uncle Dick—

RUTH. He won't mind when he knows it's for your happiness to stay. How could he? (*As ROBERT remains silent she bursts into sobs again.*) Oh, Rob! And you said—you loved me!

ROBERT (*conquered by this appeal—an irrevocable decision in his voice*). I won't go, 10 Ruth. I promise you. There! Don't cry! (*He presses her to him, stroking her hair tenderly. After a pause he speaks with happy hopefulness.*) Perhaps after all Andy was right—righter than he knew—when he said I could find all the things I was seeking for here, at home on the farm. I think love must have been the secret—the secret that called to me from over the world's 20 rim—the secret beyond every horizon; and when I did not come, it came to me. (*He clasps RUTH to him fiercely.*) Oh, Ruth, our love is sweeter than any distant dream! (*He kisses her passionately and steps to the ground, lifting RUTH in his arms and carrying her to the road where he puts her down.*)

RUTH (*with a happy laugh*). My, but you're strong!

ROBERT. Come! We'll go and tell them at once.

RUTH (*dismayed*). Oh, no, don't, Rob, not 'til after I've gone. There'd be bound to be such a scene with them all together.

ROBERT (*kissing her—gayly*). As you like—little Miss Common Sense!

RUTH. Let's go, then. (*She takes his hand, and they start to go off left. ROBERT suddenly stops and turns as though for a last look at the hills and the dying sunset flush.*)

ROBERT (*looking upward and pointing*). See! The first star. (*He bends down and kisses her tenderly.*) Our star!

RUTH (*in a soft murmur*). Yes. Our very

own star. (*They stand for a moment looking up at it, their arms around each other. Then RUTH takes his hand again and starts to lead him away.*) Come, Rob, let's go. (*His eyes are fixed again on the horizon as he half turns to follow her. RUTH urges.*) We'll be late for supper, Rob.

ROBERT (*shakes his head impatiently, as though he were throwing off some disturbing thought—with a laugh*). All right. We'll run then. Come on! (*They run off laughing as*

(*The Curtain Falls*)

SCENE TWO

The sitting room of the Mayo farm house about nine o'clock the same night. On the left, two windows looking out on the fields. Against the wall between the windows, an old-fashioned walnut desk. In the left corner, rear, a sideboard with a mirror. In the rear wall to the right of the sideboard, a window looking out on the road. Next to the window a door leading out into the yard. Farther right, a black horse-hair sofa, and another door opening on a bedroom. In the corner, a straight-backed chair. In the right wall, near the middle, an open doorway leading to the kitchen.

30 *Farther forward a double-heater stove with coal scuttle, etc. In the center of the newly carpeted floor, an oak dining-room table with a red cover. In the center of the table, a large oil reading lamp. Four chairs, three rockers with crocheted tidies on their backs, and one straight-backed, are placed about the table. The walls are papered a dark red with a scrolly-figured pattern.*

Everything in the room is clean, well-kept, and in its exact place, yet there is no suggestion of primness about the whole. Rather the atmosphere is one of the orderly comfort of a simple, hard-earned prosperity, enjoyed and maintained by the family as a unit.

JAMES MAYO, his wife, her brother, CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, and ANDREW are dis-

covered. MAYO is his son ANDREW over again in body and face—an ANDREW sixty-five years old with a short, square, white beard. MRS. MAYO is a slight, round-faced, rather prim-looking woman of fifty-five who had once been a school teacher. The labors of a farmer's wife have bent but not broken her, and she retains a certain refinement of movement and expression foreign to the MAYO part of the family. Whatever of resemblance 10 ROBERT has to his parents may be traced to her. Her brother, the CAPTAIN, is short and stocky, with a weather-beaten, jovial face and a white mustache—a typical old salt, loud of voice and given to gesture. He is fifty-eight years old.

JAMES MAYO sits in front of the table. He wears spectacles, and a farm journal which he has been reading lies in his lap. The CAPTAIN leans forward from a chair in the rear, his 20 hands on the table in front of him. ANDREW is tilted back on the straight-backed chair to the left, his chin sunk forward on his chest, staring at the carpet, preoccupied and frowning.

As the Curtain rises the CAPTAIN is just finishing the relation of some sea episode. The others are pretending an interest which is belied by the absent-minded expressions on their faces.

THE CAPTAIN (chuckling). And that mission woman, she hails me on the dock as I was acomin' ashore, and she says—with her silly face all screwed up serious as judgment—"Captain," she says, "would you be so kind as to tell me where the sea-gulls sleeps at nights?" Blow me if them warn't her exact words! (He slaps the table with the 40 palm of his hands and laughs loudly. The others force smiles.) Ain't that just like a fool woman's question? And I looks at her serious as I could, "Ma'm," says I, "I couldn't rightly answer that question. I ain't never seed a sea-gull

in his bunk yet. The next time I hears one snorin'," I says, "I'll make a note of where he's turned in, and write you a letter 'bout it." And then she calls me a fool real spiteful and tacks away from me quick. (He laughs again uproariously.) So I got rid of her that way. (The others smile but immediately relapse into expressions of gloom again).

MRS. MAYO (absent-mindedly—feeling that she has to say something). But when it comes to that, where do sea-gulls sleep, Dick?

SCOTT (slapping the table). Ho! Ho! Listen to her, James. 'Nother one! Well, if that don't beat all hell—'scuse me for cussin', Kate.

MAYO (with a twinkle in his eyes). They unhitch their wings, Katey, and spreads 'em out on a wave for a bed.

SCOTT. And then they tells the fish to whistle to 'em when it's time to turn out. Ho! Ho!

MRS. MAYO (with a forced smile). You men folks are too smart to live, aren't you? (She resumes her knitting. MAYO pretends to read his paper; ANDREW stares at the floor.)

SCOTT (looks from one to the other of them 30 with a puzzled air. Finally he is unable to bear the thick silence a minute longer, and blurts out). You folks look as if you was settin' up with a corpse. (With exaggerated concern.) God A'mighty, there ain't anyone dead, be there?

MAYO (sharply). Don't play the dunce, Dick! You know as well as we do there ain't no great cause to be feelin' chipper.

SCOTT (argumentatively). And there ain't no cause to be wearin' mourning, either, I can make out.

MRS. MAYO (indignantly). How can you talk that way, Dick Scott, when you're taking our Robbie away from us, in the middle of the night, you might

say, just to get on that old boat of yours on time! I think you might wait until morning when he's had his breakfast.

SCOTT (*appealing to the others hopelessly*). Ain't that a woman's way o' seein' things for you? God A'mighty, Kate, I can't give orders to the tide that it's got to be high just when it suits me to have it. I ain't gettin' no fun out o' 10 missin' sleep and leavin' here at six bells myself. (*Protestingly*.) And the *Sunda* ain't an old ship—leastways, not very old—and she's good's she ever was.

MRS. MAYO (*her lips trembling*). I wish Robbie weren't going.

MAYO (*looking at her over his glasses—consolingly*). There, Katey!

MRS. MAYO (*rebelliously*). Well, I do wish 20 he wasn't!

SCOTT. You shouldn't be taking it so hard, 's far as I kin see. This vige'll make a man of him. I'll see to it he learns how to navigate, 'n' study for a mate's c'tificate right off—and it'll give him a trade for the rest of his life, if he wants to travel.

MRS. MAYO. But I don't want him to travel all his life. You've got to see he 30 comes home when this trip is over. Then he'll be all well, and he'll want to—to marry—(ANDREW *sits forward in his chair with an abrupt movement*.)—and settle down right here. (*She stares down at the knitting in her lap—after a pause*.) I never realized how hard it was going to be for me to have Robbie go—or I wouldn't have considered it a minute.

SCOTT. It ain't no good goin' on that way, Kate, now it's all settled.

MRS. MAYO (*on the verge of tears*). It's all right for you to talk. You've never had any children. You don't know what it means to be parted from them—and

Robbie my youngest, too. (ANDREW *frowns and fidgets in his chair*.)

ANDREW (*suddenly turning to them*). There's one thing none of you seem to take into consideration—that Rob wants to go. He's dead set on it. He's been dreaming over this trip ever since it was first talked about. It wouldn't be fair to him not to have him go. (*A sudden uneasiness seems to strike him*.) At least, not if he still feels the same way about it he did when he was talking to me this evening.

MAYO (*with an air of decision*). Andy's right, Katey. That ends all argyment, you can see that. (*Looking at his big silver watch*.) Wonder what's happened to Robert? He's been gone long enough to wheel the widder to home, certain. He can't be out dreamin' at the stars his last night.

MRS. MAYO (*a bit reproachfully*). Why didn't you wheel Mrs. Atkins back tonight, Andy? You usually do when she and Ruth come over.

ANDREW (*avoiding her eyes*). I thought maybe Robert wanted to tonight. He offered to go right away when they were leaving.

MRS. MAYO. He only wanted to be polite.

ANDREW (*gets to his feet*). Well, he'll be right back, I guess. (*He turns to his father*.) Guess I'll go take a look at the 'black cow, Pa—see if she's ailing any.

MAYO. Yes—better had, son. (ANDREW *goes into the kitchen on the right*.)

SCOTT (*as he goes out—in a low tone*). There's the boy that would make a good, strong sea-farin' man—if he'd a mind to.

MAYO (*sharply*). Don't put you no such fool notions in Andy's head, Dick—or you 'n' me's goin' to fall out. (*Then he smiles*.) You couldn't tempt him, no ways. Andy's a Mayo bred in the bone, and he's a born farmer, and a

damn good one, too. He'll live and die right here on this farm, like I expect to. (*With proud confidence.*) And he'll make this one of the slickest, best-payin' farms in the state, too, afore he gits through!

SCOTT. Seems to me it's a pretty slick place right now.

MAYO (*shaking his head*). It's too small. We need more land to make it 10 amount to much, and we ain't got the capital to buy it. (*ANDREW enters from the kitchen. His hat is on, and he carries a lighted lantern in his hand. He goes to the door in the rear leading out.*)

ANDREW (*opens the door and pauses*). Anything else you can think of to be done, Pa?

MAYO. No, nothin' I know of. (*ANDREW goes out, shutting the door.*) 20

MRS. MAYO (*after a pause*). What's come over Andy tonight, I wonder? He acts so strange.

MAYO. He does seem sort o' glum and out of sorts. It's 'count o' Robert leavin', I s'pose. (*To SCOTT.*) Dick, you wouldn't believe how them boys o' mine sticks together. They ain't like most brothers. They've been thick as thieves all their lives, with nary a 30 quarrel I kin remember.

SCOTT. No need to tell me that. I can see how they take to each other.

MRS. MAYO (*pursuing her train of thought*). Did you notice, James, how queer everyone was at supper? Robert seemed stirred up about something; and Ruth was so flustered and giggly; and Andy sat there dumb, looking as if he'd lost his best friend; and all of 40 them only nibbled at their food.

MAYO. Guess they was all thinkin' about tomorrow, same as us.

MRS. MAYO (*shaking her head*). No. I'm afraid somethin's happened—some-thin' else.

MAYO. You mean—'bout Ruth?

MRS. MAYO. Yes.

MAYO (*after a pause—frowning*). I hope her and Andy ain't had a serious fallin'-out. I always sorter hoped they'd hitch up together sooner or later. What d'you say, Dick? Don't you think them two'd pair up well?

SCOTT (*nodding his head approvingly*). A sweet, wholesome couple they'd make.

MAYO. It'd be a good thing for Andy in more ways than one. I ain't what you'd call calculatin' generally, and I b'lieve in lettin' young folks run their affairs to suit themselves; but there's advantages for both o' them in this match you can't overlook in reason. The Atkins farm is right next to ours. Jined together they'd made a jim-dandy of a place, with plenty o' room to work in. And bein' a widder with only a daughter, and laid up all the time to boot, Mrs. Atkins can't do nothin' with the place as it ought to be done. She needs a man, a first-class farmer, to take hold o' things; and Andy's just the one.

MRS. MAYO (*abruptly*). I don't think Ruth loves Andy.

MAYO. You don't? Well, maybe a woman's eyes is sharper in such things, but—they're always together. And if she don't love him now, she'll likely come around to it in time. (*As MRS. MAYO shakes her head.*) You seem mighty fixed in your opinion, Katey. How d'you know?

MRS. MAYO. It's just—what I feel.

MAYO (*a light breaking over him*). You don't mean to say—(*MRS. MAYO nods. MAYO chuckles scornfully.*) Shucks! I'm losin' my respect for your eyesight, Katey. Why, Robert ain't got no time for Ruth, 'cept as a friend!

MRS. MAYO (*warningly*). Sss-h-h! (*The door from the yard opens, and ROBERT*

enters. He is smiling happily, and humming a song to himself, but as he comes into the room an undercurrent of nervous uneasiness manifests itself in his bearing.)

MAYO. So here you be at last! (ROBERT comes forward and sits on ANDY'S chair. MAYO smiles slyly at his wife.) What have you been doin' all this time—countin' the stars to see if they all come out right and proper?

ROBERT. There's only one I'll ever look for any more, Pa.

MAYO (*reproachfully*). You might've even not wasted time lookin' for that one—your last night.

MRS. MAYO (*as if she were speaking to a child*). You ought to have worn your coat a sharp night like this, Robbie.

SCOTT (*disgustedly*). God A'mighty, Kate, you treat Robert as if he was one year 20 old!

MRS. MAYO (*notices ROBERT'S nervous uneasiness*). You look all worked up over something, Robbie. What is it?

ROBERT (*swallowing hard, looks quickly from one to the other of them—then begins determinedly*). Yes, there is something—something I must tell you—all of you. (*As he begins to talk ANDREW enters quietly from the rear, closing the door behind him, 30 and setting the lighted lantern on the floor. He remains standing by the door, his arms folded, listening to ROBERT with a repressed expression of pain on his face.*

ROBERT is so much taken up with what he is going to say that he does not notice ANDREW'S presence.) Something I discovered only this evening—very beautiful and wonderful—something I did not take into consideration previously 40 because I hadn't dared to hope that such happiness could ever come to me. (*Appealingly.*) You must all remember that fact, won't you?

MAYO (*frowning*). Let's get to the point, son.

ROBERT (*with a trace of defiance*). Well, the point is this, Pa: I'm not going—I mean—I can't go tomorrow with Uncle Dick—or at any future time, either.

MRS. MAYO (*with a sharp sigh of joyful relief*). Oh, Robbie, I'm so glad!

MAYO (*astounded*). You ain't serious, be you, Robert? (*Severely.*) Seems to me it's a pretty late hour in the day for you to be upsettin' all your plans so sudden!

ROBERT. I asked you to remember that until this evening I didn't know myself. I had never dared to dream—

MAYO (*irritably*). What is this foolishness you're talkin' of?

ROBERT (*flushing*). Ruth told me this evening that—she loved me. It was after I'd confessed I loved her. I told her I hadn't been conscious of my love until after the trip had been arranged, and I realized it would mean—leaving her. That was the truth. I *didn't* know until then. (*As if justifying himself to the others.*) I hadn't intended telling her anything but—suddenly—I felt I must. I didn't think it would matter, because I was going away. And I thought she loved—someone else. (*Slowly—his eyes shining.*) And then she cried and said it was I she'd loved all the time, but I hadn't seen it.

MRS. MAYO (*rushes over and throws her arms about him*). I knew it! I was just telling your father when you came in—and, Oh, Robbie, I'm so happy you're not going!

ROBERT (*kissing her*). I knew you'd be glad, Ma.

MAYO (*bewilderedly*). Well, I'll be damned! You do beat all for gettin' folks' minds all tangled up, Robert. And Ruth too! Whatever got into her of a sudden? Why, I was thinkin'—

MRS. MAYO (*hurriedly—in a tone of warning*). Never mind what you were thinking, James. It wouldn't be any use telling us that now. (*Meaningly.*) And what you were hoping for turns out just the same almost, doesn't it?

MAYO (*thoughtfully—beginning to see this side of the argument*). Yes; I suppose you're right, Katey. (*Scratching his head in puzzlement.*) But how it ever 10 come about! It do beat anything ever I heard. (*Finally he gets up with a sheepish grin and walks over to ROBERT.*) We're glad you ain't goin', your Ma and I, for we'd have missed you terrible, that's certain and sure; and we're glad you've found happiness. Ruth's a fine girl and'll make a good wife to you.

ROBERT (*much moved*). Thank you, Pa. (*He grips his father's hand in his.*) 20

ANDREW (*his face tense and drawn comes forward and holds out his hand, forcing a smile*). I guess it's my turn to offer congratulations, isn't it?

ROBERT (*with a startled cry when his brother appears before him so suddenly*). Andy! (*Confused.*) Why—I—I didn't see you. Were you here when—

ANDREW. I heard everything you said; and here's wishing you every happiness, you and Ruth. You both deserve the best there is.

ROBERT (*taking his hand*). Thanks, Andy, it's fine of you to—(*His voice wavers away as he sees the pain in ANDREW'S eyes.*)

ANDREW (*giving his brother's hand a final grip*). Good luck to you both! (*He turns away and goes back to the rear where he bends over the lantern, fumbling with it to hide his emotion from the others.*) 40

MRS. MAYO (*to the CAPTAIN, who has been too flabbergasted by ROBERT'S decision to say a word*). What's the matter, Dick? Aren't you going to congratulate Robbie?

SCOTT (*embarrassed*). Of course I be! (*He gets to his feet and shakes ROBERT'S hand, muttering a vague.*) Luck to you, boy. (*He stands beside ROBERT as if he wanted to say something more but doesn't know how to go about it.*)

ROBERT. Thanks, Uncle Dick.

SCOTT. So you're not acomin' on the Sunda with me? (*His voice indicates disbelief.*)

ROBERT. I can't, Uncle—not now. I wouldn't miss it for anything else in the world under any other circumstances. (*He sighs unconsciously.*) But you see I've found—a bigger dream. (*Then with joyous high spirits.*) I want you all to understand one thing—I'm not going to be a loafer on your hands any longer. This means the beginning of a new life for me in every way. I'm going to settle right down and take a real interest in the farm, and do my share. I'll prove to you, Pa, that I'm as good a Mayo as you are—or Andy, when I want to be.

MAYO (*kindly but skeptically*). That's the right spirit, Robert. Ain't none of us doubts your willin'ness, but you ain't never learned—

ROBERT. Then I'm going to start learning right away, and you'll teach me, won't you?

MAYO (*mollifyingly*). Of course I will, boy, and be glad to, only you'd best go easy at first.

SCOTT (*who has listened to this conversation in mingled consternation and amazement*). You don't mean to tell me you're goin' to let him stay, do you, James? MAYO. Why, things bein' as they be, Robert's free to do as he's a mind to.

MRS. MAYO. Let him! The very idea!

SCOTT (*more and more ruffled*). Then all I got to say is, you're a soft, weak-willed critter to be permittin' a boy—and women, too—to be layin' your

course for you wherever they damn please.

MAYO (*slyly amused*). It's just the same with me as 'twas with you, Dick. You can't order the tides on the seas to suit you, and I ain't pretendin' I can reg'late love for young folks.

SCOTT (*scornfully*). Love! They ain't old enough to know love when they sight it! Love! I'm ashamed of you, Robert, 10 to go lettin' a little huggin' and kissin' in the dark spile your chances to make a man out o' yourself. It ain't common sense—no siree, it ain't—not by a hell of a sight! (*He pounds the table with his fists in exasperation.*)

MRS. MAYO (*laughing provokingly at her brother*). A fine one you are to be talking about love, Dick—an old cranky bachelor like you. Goodness sakes! 20

SCOTT (*exasperated by their joking*). I've never been a damn fool like most, if that's what you're steerin' at.

MRS. MAYO (*tauntingly*). Sour grapes, aren't they, Dick? (*She laughs. ROBERT and his father chuckle. SCOTT sputters with annoyance.*) Good gracious, Dick, you do act silly, flying into a temper over nothing.

SCOTT (*indignantly*). Nothin'! You talk as 30 if I wasn't concerned nohow in this here business. Seems to me I've got a right to have my say. Ain't I made all arrangements with the owners and stocked up with some special grub all on Robert's account?

ROBERT. You've been fine, Uncle Dick; and I appreciate it. Truly.

MAYO. 'Course; we all does, Dick.

SCOTT (*unplacated*). I've been countin' 40 sure on havin' Robert for company on this vige—to sorta talk to and show things to, and teach, kinda, and I got my mind so set on havin' him I'm goin' to be double lonesome this vige. (*He pounds on the table, attempting to cover*

up this confession of weakness.) Darn all this silly lovin' business, anyway. (*Irritably.*) But all this talk ain't tellin' me what I'm to do with that sta'b'd cabin I fixed up. It's all painted white, an' a bran new mattress on the bunk, 'n' new sheets 'n' blankets 'n' things. And Chips built in a book-case so's Robert could take his books along—with a slidin' bar fixed across't it, mind, so's they couldn't fall out no matter how she rolled. (*With excited consternation.*) What d'you suppose my officers is goin' to think when there's no one comes aboard to occupy that sta'b'd cabin? And the men what did the work on it—what'll they think? (*He shakes his finger indignantly.*) They're liable as not to suspicion it was a woman I'd planned to ship along, and that she gave me the go-by at the last moment! (*He wipes his perspiring brow in anguish at this thought.*) Gawd A'mighty! They're only lookin' to have the laugh on me for something like that. They're liable to b'lieve anything, those fellers is!

MAYO (*with a wink*). Then there's nothing to it but for you to get right out and hunt up a wife somewheres for that spick 'n' span cabin. She'll have to be a pretty one, too, to match it. (*He looks at his watch with exaggerated concern.*) You ain't got much time to find her, Dick.

SCOTT (*as the others smile—sulkily*). You kin go to thunder, Jim Mayo!

ANDREW (*comes forward from where he has been standing by the door, rear, brooding. His face is set in a look of grim determination*). You needn't worry about that spare cabin, Uncle Dick, if you've a mind to take me in Robert's place.

ROBERT (*turning to him quickly*). Andy! (*He sees at once the fixed resolve in his brother's eyes, and realizes immediately the*

reason for it—in consternation.) Andy, you mustn't!

ANDREW. You've made your decision, Rob, and now I've made mine. You're out of this, remember.

ROBERT (*hurt by his brother's tone*). But Andy—

ANDREW. Don't interfere, Rob—that's all I ask. (*Turning to his uncle*.) You haven't answered my question, Uncle Dick.

SCOTT (*clearing his throat, with an uneasy side glance at JAMES MAYO who is staring at his elder son as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad*). O' course, I'd be glad to have you, Andy.

ANDREW. It's settled then. I can pack the little I want to take in a few minutes.

MRS. MAYO. Don't be a fool, Dick. Andy's only joking you.

SCOTT (*disgruntledly*). It's hard to tell who's jokin' and who's not in this house.

ANDREW (*firmly*). I'm not joking, Uncle Dick. (*As SCOTT looks at him uncertainly*.) You needn't be afraid I'll go back on my word.

ROBERT (*hurt by the insinuation he feels in ANDREW's tone*). Andy! That isn't fair! 30

MAYO (*frowning*). Seems to me this ain't no subject to joke over—not for Andy.

ANDREW (*facing his father*). I agree with you, Pa, and I tell you again, once and for all, that I've made up my mind to go.

MAYO (*dumbfounded—unable to doubt the determination in ANDREW's voice—helplessly*). But why, son? Why?

ANDREW (*evasively*). I've always wanted to go.

ROBERT. Andy!

ANDREW (*half angrily*). You shut up, Rob! (*Turning to his father again*.) I didn't ever mention it because as long

as Rob was going I knew it was no use; but now Rob's staying on here, there isn't any reason for me not to go.

MAYO (*breathing hard*). No reason? Can you stand there and say that to me, Andrew?

MRS. MAYO (*hastily—seeing the gathering storm*). He doesn't mean a word of it, James.

MAYO (*making a gesture to her to keep silence*). Let me talk, Katey. (*In a more kindly tone*.) What's come over you so sudden, Andy? You know's well as I do that it wouldn't be fair o' you to run off at a moment's notice right now when we're up to our necks in hard work.

ANDREW (*avoiding his eyes*). Rob'll hold his end up as soon as he learns.

MAYO. Robert was never cut out for a farmer, and you was.

ANDREW. You can easily get a man to do my work.

MAYO (*restraining his anger with an effort*). It sounds strange to hear you, Andy, that I always thought had good sense, talkin' crazy like that. (*Scornfully*.) Get a man to take your place! You ain't been workin' here for no hire, Andy, that you kin give me your notice to quit like you've done. The farm is your'n as well as mine. You've always worked on it with that understanding; and what you're sayin' you intend doin' is just skulkin' out o' your rightful responsibility.

ANDREW (*looking at the floor—simply*). I'm sorry, Pa. (*After a slight pause*.) It's no use talking any more about it.

40 MRS. MAYO (*in relief*). There! I knew Andy'd come to his senses!

ANDREW. Don't get the wrong idea, Ma. I'm not backing out.

MAYO. You mean you're goin' in spite of—everythin'?

ANDREW. Yes. I'm going. I've got to.

(*He looks at his father defiantly.*) I feel I oughtn't to miss this chance to go out into the world and see things, and—I want to go.

MAYO (*with bitter scorn*). So—you want to go out into the world and see thin's! (*His voice raised and quivering with anger.*) I never thought I'd live to see the day when a son o' mine 'd look me in the face and tell a bare-faced lie! 10 (*Bursting out.*) You're a liar, Andy Mayo, and a mean one to boot!

MRS. MAYO. James!

ROBERT. Pa!

SCOTT. Steady there, Jim!

MAYO (*waving their protests aside*). He is and he knows it.

ANDREW (*his face flushed*). I won't argue with you, Pa. You can think as badly of me as you like.

MAYO (*shaking his finger at ANDY, in a cold rage*). You know I'm speakin' truth—that's why you're afraid to argy! You lie when you say you want to go 'way—and see thin's! You ain't got no likin' in the world to go. I've watched you grow up, and I know your ways, and they're my ways. You're runnin' against your own nature, and you're goin' to be 30 a'mighty sorry for it if you do. 'S if I didn't know your real reason for runnin' away! And runnin' away's the only words to fit it. You're runnin' away 'cause you're put out and riled 'cause your own brother's got Ruth 'stead o' you, and——

ANDREW (*his face crimson—tensely*). Stop, Pa! I won't stand hearing that—not even from you! 40

MRS. MAYO (*rushing to ANDY and putting her arms about him protectingly*). Don't mind him, Andy dear. He don't mean a word he's saying! (*ROBERT stands rigidly, his hands clenched, his face contracted by pain. SCOTT sits dumbfounded and open-*

mouthed. ANDREW soothes his mother who is on the verge of tears.)

MAYO (*in angry triumph*). It's the truth, Andy Mayo! And you ought to be bowed in shame to think of it!

ROBERT (*protestingly*). Pa!

MRS. MAYO (*coming from ANDREW to his father; puts her hands on his shoulders as though to try and push him back in the chair from which he has risen*). Won't you be still, James? Please won't you?

MAYO (*looking at ANDREW over his wife's shoulder—stubbornly*). The truth—God's truth!

MRS. MAYO. Sh-h-h! (*She tries to put a finger across his lips, but he twists his head away.*)

ANDREW (*who has regained control over himself*). You're wrong, Pa, it isn't truth. (*With defiant assertiveness.*) I don't love Ruth. I never loved her, and the thought of such a thing never entered my head.

MAYO (*with an angry snort of disbelief*). Hump! You're pilin' lie on lie!

ANDREW (*losing his temper—bitterly*). I suppose it'd be hard for you to explain anyone's wanting to leave this blessed farm except for some outside reason like that. But I'm sick and tired of it—whether you want to believe me or not—and that's why I'm glad to get a chance to move on.

ROBERT. Andy! Don't! You're only making it worse.

ANDREW (*sulkily*). I don't care. I've done my share of work here. I've earned my right to quit when I want to. (*Suddenly overcome with anger and grief; with rising intensity.*) I'm sick and tired of the whole damn business. I hate the farm and every inch of ground in it. I'm sick of digging in the dirt and sweating in the sun like a slave without getting a word of thanks for it. (*Tears of rage starting to his eyes—*

hoarsely.) I'm through, through for good and all; and if Uncle Dick won't take me on his ship, I'll find another. I'll get away somewhere, somehow.

MRS. MAYO (*in a frightened voice*). Don't you answer him, James. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't say a word to him 'til he's in his right senses again. Please James, don't—

MAYO (*pushes her away from him; his face is 10 drawn and pale with the violence of his passion. He glares at ANDREW as if he hated him*). You dare to—you dare to speak like that to me? You talk like that 'bout this farm—the Mayo farm—where you was born—you—you—(*He clenches his fist above his head and advances threateningly on ANDREW.*) You damned whelp!

MRS. MAYO (*with a shriek*). James! (*She 20 covers her face with her hands and sinks weakly into MAYO's chair. ANDREW remains standing motionless, his face pale and set.*)

SCOTT (*starting to his feet and stretching his arms across the table toward MAYO*). Easy there, Jim!

ROBERT (*throwing himself between father and brother*). Stop! Are you mad?

MAYO (*grabs ROBERT's arm and pushes him 30 aside—then stands for a moment gasping for breath before ANDREW. He points to the door with a shaking finger*). Yes—go!—go!—You're no son o' mine—no son o' mine! You can go to hell if you want to! Don't let me find you here—in the mornin'—or—or—I'll throw you out!

ROBERT. Pa! For God's sake! (*MRS. MAYO bursts into noisy sobbing.*)

MAYO (*he gulps convulsively and glares at 40 ANDREW*). You go—tomorrow mornin'—and by God—don't come back—don't dare come back—by God, not while I'm livin'—or I'll—I'll—(*He shakes over his muttered threat and strides toward the door rear, right.*)

MRS. MAYO (*rising and throwing her arms around him—hysterically*). James! James! Where are you going?

MAYO (*incoherently*). I'm goin'—to bed, Katey. It's late, Katey—it's late. (*He goes out.*)

MRS. MAYO (*following him, pleading hysterically*). James! Take back what you've said to Andy. James! (*She follows him out. ROBERT and the CAPTAIN stare after them with horrified eyes. ANDREW stands rigidly looking straight in front of him, his fists clenched at his sides.*)

SCOTT (*the first to find his voice—with an explosive sigh*). Well, if he ain't the devil himself when he's roused! You oughtn't to have talked to him that way, Andy, 'bout the damn farm, knowin' how touchy he is about it. (*With another sigh.*) Well, you won't mind what he's said in anger. He'll be sorry for it when he's calmed down a bit.

ANDREW (*in a dead voice*). You don't know him. (*Defiantly.*) What's said is said and can't be unsaid; and I've chosen.

ROBERT (*with violent protest*). Andy! You can't go! This is all so stupid—and terrible!

ANDREW (*coldly*). I'll talk to you in a minute, Rob. (*Crushed by his brother's attitude ROBERT sinks down into a chair, holding his head in his hands.*)

SCOTT (*comes and slaps ANDREW on the back*). I'm damned glad you're ship-pin' on, Andy. I like your spirit, and the way you spoke up to him. (*Lowering his voice to a cautious whisper.*) The sea's the place for a young feller like you that isn't half dead 'n' alive. (*He gives ANDY a final approving slap.*) You 'n' me'll get along like twins, see if we don't. I'm goin' aloft to turn in. Don't forget to pack your dunnage. And git some sleep, if you kin. We'll

want to sneak out extra early b'fore they're up. It'll do away with more arguments. Robert can drive us down to the town, and bring back the team. (*He goes to the door in the rear, left.*) Well, good night.

ANDREW. Good night. (*SCOTT goes out. The two brothers remain silent for a moment. Then ANDREW comes over to his brother and puts a hand on his back. He speaks in a low voice, full of feeling.*) Buck up, Rob. It ain't any use crying over spilt milk; and it'll all turn out for the best—let's hope. It couldn't be helped—what's happened.

ROBERT (*wildly*). But it's a lie, Andy, a lie!

ANDREW. Of course it's a lie. You know it and I know it—but that's all ought to know it.

ROBERT. Pa'll never forgive you. Oh, the whole affair is so senseless—and tragic. Why did you think you must go away?

ANDREW. You know better than to ask that. You know why. (*Fiercely.*) I can wish you and Ruth all the good luck in the world, and I do, and I mean it; but you can't expect me to stay around here and watch you two together, day after day—and me alone. I couldn't stand it—not after all the plans I'd made to happen on this place thinking—(*His voice breaks.*) thinking she cared for me.

ROBERT (*putting a hand on his brother's arm*). God! It's horrible! I feel so guilty—to think that I should be the cause of your suffering, after we've been such pals all our lives. If I could have foreseen what'd happen, I swear to you I'd have never said a word to Ruth. I swear I wouldn't have, Andy!

ANDREW. I know you wouldn't; and that would've been worse, for Ruth would've suffered then. (*He pats his*

brother's shoulder.) It's best as it is. It had to be, and I've got to stand the gaff, that's all. Pa'll see how I felt—after a time (*As ROBERT shakes his head.*)—and if he don't—well, it can't be helped.

ROBERT. But think of Ma! God, Andy, you can't go! You can't!

ANDREW (*fiercely*). I've got to go—to get away! I've got to, I tell you. I'd go crazy here, bein' reminded every second of the day what a fool I'd made of myself. I've got to get away and try and forget, if I can. And I'd hate the farm if I stayed, hate it for bringin' things back. I couldn't take interest in the work any more, work with no purpose in sight. Can't you see what a hell it'd be? You love her too, Rob. Put yourself in my place, and remember I haven't stopped loving her, and couldn't if I was to stay. Would that be fair to you or to her? Put yourself in my place. (*He shakes his brother fiercely by the shoulder.*) What'd you do then? Tell me the truth! You love her. What'd you do?

ROBERT (*chokingly*). I'd—I'd go, Andy! (*He buries his face in his hands with a shuddering sob.*) God!

ANDREW (*seeming to relax suddenly all over his body—in a low, steady voice*). Then you know why I got to go; and there's nothing more to be said.

ROBERT (*in a frenzy of rebellion*). Why did this have to happen to us? It's damnable! (*He looks about him wildly, as if his vengeance were seeking the responsible fate.*)

ANDREW (*soothingly—again putting his hands on his brother's shoulder*). It's no use fussing any more, Rob. It's done. (*Forcing a smile.*) I guess Ruth's got a right to have who she likes. She made a good choice—and God bless her for it!

ROBERT. Andy! Oh, I wish I could tell you half I feel of how fine you are!

ANDREW (*interrupting him quickly*). Shut up! Let's go to bed. I've got to be up long before sun-up. You, too, if you're going to drive us down.

ROBERT. Yes. Yes.

ANDREW (*turning down the lamp*). And I've got to pack yet. (*He yawns with utter weariness.*) I'm as tired as if I'd been plowing twenty-four hours at a stretch. (*Dully.*) I feel—dead. (ROBERT covers his face again with his hands. ANDREW shakes his head as if to get rid of his thoughts, and continues with a poor attempt at cheery briskness.) I'm going to

douse the light. Come on. (*He slaps his brother on the back. ROBERT does not move. ANDREW bends over and blows out the lamp. His voice comes from the darkness.*) Don't sit there mourning, Rob. It'll all come out in the wash. Come on and get some sleep. Everything'll turn out all right in the end. (ROBERT can be heard stumbling to his feet, and the dark figures of the two brothers can be seen groping their way toward the doorway in the rear as
(*The Curtain Falls*)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Same as Act One, Scene Two. Sitting room of the farm house about half past twelve in the afternoon of a hot, sun-baked day in mid-summer, three years later. All the windows are open, but no breeze stirs the soiled white curtains. A patched screen door is in the rear. Through it the yard can be seen, its small stretch of lawn divided by the dirt path leading to the door from the gate in the white picket fence which borders the road.

The room has changed, not so much in its outward appearance as in its general atmosphere. Little significant details give evidence of carelessness, of inefficiency, of an industry gone to seed. The chairs appear shabby from lack of paint; the table cover is spotted and askew; holes show in the curtains; a child's doll, with one arm gone, lies under the table; a hoe stands in a corner; a man's coat is slung on the couch in the rear; the desk is cluttered up with odds and ends; a number of books are piled carelessly on the sideboard. The noon enervation of the sultry, scorching day seems to have penetrated indoors, causing even inanimate objects to wear an aspect of despondent exhaustion.

A place is set at the end of the table, left,

for someone's dinner. Through the open door to the kitchen comes the clatter of dishes being washed, interrupted at intervals by a woman's irritated voice and the peevish whining of a child.

At the rise of the curtain MRS. MAYO and MRS. ATKINS are discovered sitting facing each other, MRS. MAYO to the rear, MRS. ATKINS to the right of the table. MRS. MAYO's face has lost all character, disintegrated, become a weak mask wearing a helpless, doleful expression of being constantly on the verge of comfortless tears. She speaks in an uncertain voice, without assertiveness, as if all power of willing had deserted her. MRS. ATKINS is in her wheel chair. She is a thin, pale-faced, unintelligent looking woman of about forty-eight, with hard, bright eyes. A victim of partial paralysis for many years, condemned to be pushed from day to day of her life in a wheel chair, she has developed the selfish, irritable nature of the chronic invalid. Both women are dressed in black. MRS. ATKINS knits nervously as she talks. A ball of unused yarn, with needles stuck through it, lies on the table before MRS. MAYO.

MRS. ATKINS (with a disapproving glance at the place set on the table). Robert's late

for his dinner again, as usual. I don't see why Ruth puts up with it, and I've told her so. Many's the time I've said to her "It's about time you put a stop to his nonsense. Does he suppose you're runnin' a hotel—with no one to help with things?" But she don't pay no attention. She's as bad as he is, a'most—thinks she knows better than an old, sick body like me.

MRS. MAYO (*dully*). Robbie's always late for things. He can't help it, Sarah.

MRS. ATKINS (*with a snort*). Can't help it!

How you do go on, Kate, findin' excuses for him! Anybody can help anything they've a mind to—as long as they've got health, and ain't rendered helpless like me—(*She adds as a pious afterthought.*)—through the will of God.

MRS. MAYO. Robbie can't.

MRS. ATKINS. Can't! It do make me mad, Kate Mayo, to see folks that God gave all the use of their limbs to potterin' round and wastin' time doin' everything the wrong way—and me powerless to help and at their mercy, you might say. And it ain't that I haven't pointed the right way to 'em. I've talked to Robert thousands of times 30 and told him how things ought to be done. You know that, Kate Mayo. But d'you s'pose he takes any notice of what I say? Or Ruth, either—my own daughter? No, they think I'm a crazy, cranky old woman, half dead a'ready, and the sooner I'm in the grave and out o' their way the better it'd suit them.

MRS. MAYO. You mustn't talk that way, 40 Sarah. They're not as wicked as that. And you've got years and years before you.

MRS. ATKINS. You're like the rest, Kate. You don't know how near the end I am. Well, at least I can go to my

eternal rest with a clear conscience. I've done all a body could do to avert ruin from this house. On their heads be it!

MRS. MAYO (*with hopeless indifference*).

Things might be worse. Robert never had any experience in farming. You can't expect him to learn in a day.

MRS. ATKINS (*snappily*). He's had three

10 years to learn, and he's gettin' worse 'stead of better. Not on'y your place but mine too is driftin' to rack and ruin, and I can't do nothin' to prevent.

MRS. MAYO (*with a spark of assertiveness*).

You can't say but Robbie works hard, Sarah.

MRS. ATKINS. What good's workin' hard if it don't accomplish anythin', I'd like to know?

20 MRS. MAYO. Robbie's had bad luck against him.

MRS. ATKINS. Say what you've a mind to, Kate, the proof of the puddin's in the eatin'; and you can't deny that things have been goin' from bad to worse ever since your husband died two years back.

MRS. MAYO (*wiping tears from her eyes with her handkerchief*). It was God's will that he should be taken.

MRS. ATKINS (*triumphantly*). It was God's punishment on James Mayo for the blaspheming and denyin' of God he done all his sinful life! (MRS. MAYO *begins to weep softly.*) There, Kate, I shouldn't be remindin' you, I know. He's at peace, poor man, and forgiven, let's pray.

MRS. MAYO (*wiping her eyes—simply*). James was a good man.

MRS. ATKINS (*ignoring this remark*). What I was sayin' was that since Robert's been in charge things've been goin' down hill steady. You don't know *how* bad they are. Robert don't let on to you what's happenin'; and you'd

never see it yourself if 'twas under your nose. But, thank the Lord, Ruth still comes to me once in a while for advice when she's worried near out of her senses by his goin's-on. Do you know what she told me last night? But I forgot, she said not to tell you—still I think you've got a right to know, and it's my duty not to let such things go on behind your back.

MRS. MAYO (*wearily*). You can tell me if you want to.

MRS. ATKINS (*bending over toward her—in a low voice*). Ruth was almost crazy about it. Robert told her he'd have to mortgage the farm—said he didn't know how he'd pull through 'til harvest without it, and he can't get money any other way. (*She straightens up—indignantly*.) Now what do you think of your Robert?

MRS. MAYO (*resignedly*). If it has to be—

MRS. ATKINS. You don't mean to say you're goin' to sign away your farm, Kate Mayo—after me warnin' you?

MRS. MAYO.—I'll do what Robbie says is needful.

MRS. ATKINS (*holding up her hands*). Well, of all the foolishness!—well, it's your farm, not mine, and I've nothin' more to say.

MRS. MAYO. Maybe Robbie'll manage till Andy gets back and sees to things. It can't be long now.

MRS. ATKINS (*with keen interest*). Ruth says Andy ought to turn up any day. When does Robert figger he'll get here?

MRS. MAYO. He says he can't calculate exactly on account o' the *Sunda* being a sail boat. Last letter he got was from England, the day they were sailing for home. That was over a month ago, and Robbie thinks they're overdue now.

MRS. ATKINS. We can give praise to God

then that he'll be back in the nick o' time. He ought to be tired of travelin' and anxious to get home and settle down to work again.

MRS. MAYO. Andy *has* been working. He's head officer on Dick's boat, he wrote Robbie. You know that.

MRS. ATKINS. That foolin' on ships is all right for a spell, but he must be right sick of it by this.

MRS. MAYO (*musingly*). I wonder if he's changed much. He used to be so fine-looking and strong. (*With a sigh*.) Three years! It seems more like three hundred. (*Her eyes filling—piteously*.) Oh, if James could only have lived 'til he came back—and forgiven him!

MRS. ATKINS. He never would have—not James Mayo! Didn't he keep his heart hardened against him till the last in spite of all you and Robert did to soften him?

MRS. MAYO (*with a feeble flash of anger*). Don't you dare say that! (*Brokenly*.) Oh, I know deep down in his heart he forgave Andy, though he was too stubborn ever to own up to it. It was that brought on his death—breaking his heart just on account of his stubborn pride. (*She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief and sobs*.)

MRS. ATKINS (*piously*). It was the will of God. (*The whining crying of the child sounds from the kitchen*. MRS. ATKINS *frowns irritably*.) Drat that young one! Seems as if she cries all the time on purpose to set a body's nerves on edge.

MRS. MAYO (*wiping her eyes*). It's the heat upsets her. Mary doesn't feel any too well these days, poor little child!

MRS. ATKINS. She gets it right from her Pa—bein' sickly all the time. You can't deny Robert was always aillin' as a child. (*She sighs heavily*.) It was a crazy mistake for them two to get

married. I argyed against it at the time, but Ruth was so spelled with Robert's wild poetry notions she wouldn't listen to sense. Andy was the one would have been the match for her.

MRS. MAYO. I've often thought since it might have been better the other way. But Ruth and Robbie seem happy enough together.

MRS. ATKINS. At any rate it was God's work—and His will be done. (*The two women sit in silence for a moment. RUTH enters from the kitchen, carrying in her arms her two year old daughter, MARY, a pretty but sickly and anemic looking child with a tear-stained face. RUTH has aged appreciably. Her face has lost its youth and freshness. There is a trace in her expression of something hard and spiteful. 20 She sits in the rocker in front of the table and sighs wearily. She wears a gingham dress with a soiled apron tied around her waist.*)

RUTH. Land sakes, if this isn't a scorcher! That kitchen's like a furnace. Phew! (*She pushes the damp hair back from her forehead.*)

MRS. MAYO. Why didn't you call me to help with the dishes?

RUTH (*shortly*). No. The heat in there'd kill you.

MARY (*sees the doll under the table and struggles on her mother's lap*). Dolly, Mama! Dolly!

RUTH (*pulling her back*). It's time for your nap. You can't play with Dolly now.

MARY (*commencing to cry whiningly*). Dolly!

MRS. ATKINS (*irritably*). Can't you keep that child still? Her racket's enough to 40 split a body's ears. Put her down and let her play with the doll if it'll quiet her.

RUTH (*lifting MARY to the floor*). There! I hope you'll be satisfied and keep still. (*MARY sits down on the floor before the*

table and plays with the doll in silence. RUTH glances at the place set on the table.)

It's a wonder Rob wouldn't try to get to meals on time once in a while.

MRS. MAYO (*dully*). Something must have gone wrong again.

RUTH (*wearily*). I s'pose so. Something's always going wrong these days, it looks like.

10 MRS. ATKINS (*snappily*). It wouldn't if you possessed a bit of spunk. The idea of you permittin' him to come in to meals at all hours—and you doin' the work! I never heard of such a thin'. You're too easy goin', that's the trouble.

RUTH. Do stop your nagging at me, Ma! I'm sick of hearing you. I'll do as I please about it; and thank you for not interfering. (*She wipes her moist forehead—wearily.*) Phew! It's too hot to argue. Let's talk of something pleasant. (*Curiously.*) Didn't I hear you speaking about Andy a while ago?

MRS. MAYO. We were wondering when he'd get home.

RUTH (*brightening*). Rob says any day now he's liable to drop in and surprise us—him and the Captain. It'll certainly look natural to see him around 30 the farm again.

MRS. ATKINS. Let's hope the farm'll look more natural, too, when he's had a hand at it. The way thin's are now!

RUTH (*irritably*). Will you stop harping on that, Ma? We all know things aren't as they might be. What's the good of your complaining all the time?

MRS. ATKINS. There, Kate Mayo. Ain't that just what I told you? I can't say a word of advice to my own daughter even, she's that stubborn and self-willed.

RUTH (*putting her hands over her ears—in exasperation*). For goodness sakes, Ma!

MRS. MAYO (*dully*). Never mind. Andy'll fix everything when he comes.

RUTH (*hopefully*). Oh, yes, I know he will. He always did know just the right thing ought to be done. (*With weary vexation.*) It's a shame for him to come home and have to start in with things in such a topsy-turvy.

MRS. MAYO. Andy'll manage.

RUTH (*sighing*). I s'pose it isn't Rob's 10 fault things go wrong with him.

MRS. ATKINS (*scornfully*). Hump! (*She fans herself nervously.*) Land o' Goshen, but it's bakin' in here! Let's go out in under the trees in back where there's a breath of fresh air. Come, Kate. (*MRS. MAYO gets up obediently and starts to wheel the invalid's chair toward the screen door.*) You better come too, Ruth. It'll do you good. Learn him a 20 lesson and let him get his own dinner. Don't be such a fool.

RUTH (*going and holding the screen door open for them—listlessly*). He wouldn't mind. He doesn't eat much. But I can't go anyway. I've got to put baby to bed.

MRS. ATKINS. Let's go, Kate. I'm boilin' in here. (*MRS. MAYO wheels her out and off left. RUTH comes back and sits down in her chair.*)

RUTH (*mechanically*). Come and let me take off your shoes and stockings, Mary, that's a good girl. You've got to take your nap now. (*The child continues to play as if she hadn't heard, absorbed in her doll. An eager expression comes over RUTH's tired face. She glances toward the door furtively—then gets up and goes to the desk. Her movements indicate a guilty fear of discovery. She takes a letter 40 from a pigeonhole and retreats swiftly to her chair with it. She opens the envelope and reads the letter with great interest, a flush of excitement coming to her cheeks. ROBERT walks up the path and opens the screen door quietly and comes into the room. He, too,*

has aged. His shoulders are stooped as if under too great a burden. His eyes are dull and lifeless, his face burned by the sun and unshaven for days. Streaks of sweat have smudged the layer of dust on his cheeks. His lips drawn down at the corners, give him a hopeless, resigned expression. The three years have accentuated the weakness of his mouth and chin. He is dressed in overalls, laced boots, and a flannel shirt open at the neck.)

ROBERT (*throwing his hat over on the sofa—with a great sigh of exhaustion*). Phew! The sun's hot today! (*RUTH is startled. At first she makes an instinctive motion as if to hide the letter in her bosom. She immediately thinks better of this and sits with the letter in her hands looking at him with defiant eyes. He bends down and kisses her.*)
RUTH (*feeling of her cheek—irritably*). Why don't you shave? You look awful.

ROBERT (*indifferently*). I forgot—and it's too much trouble in this weather.

MARY (*throwing aside her doll, runs to him with a happy cry*). Dada! Dada!

ROBERT (*swinging her up above his head—lovingly*). And how's this little girl of mine this hot day, eh?

MARY (*screeching happily*). Dada! Dada!

30 RUTH (*in annoyance*). Don't do that to her! You know it's time for her nap and you'll get her all waked up; then I'll be the one that'll have to sit beside her till she falls asleep.

ROBERT (*sitting down in the chair on the left of table and cuddling MARY on his lap*). You needn't bother. I'll put her to bed.

RUTH (*shortly*). You've got to get back to your work, I s'pose.

ROBERT (*with a sigh*). Yes, I was forgetting. (*He glances at the open letter on RUTH's lap.*) Reading Andy's letter again? I should think you'd know it by heart by this time.

RUTH (*coloring as if she'd been accused of*

something—defiantly). I've got a right to read it, haven't I? He says it's meant for all of us.

ROBERT (*with a trace of irritation*). Right? Don't be so silly. There's no question of right. I was only saying that you must know all that's in it after so many readings.

RUTH. Well, I don't. (*She puts the letter on the table and gets wearily to her feet.*) I 10 s'pose you'll be wanting your dinner now.

ROBERT (*listlessly*). I don't care. I'm not hungry.

RUTH. And here I been keeping it hot for you!

ROBERT (*irritably*). Oh, all right then. Bring it in and I'll try to eat.

RUTH. I've got to get her to bed first. (*She goes to lift MARY off his lap.*) Come, 20 dear. It's after time and you can hardly keep your eyes open now.

MARY (*crying*). No, no! (*Appealing to her father.*) Dada! No!

RUTH (*accusingly to ROBERT*). There! Now see what you've done! I told you not to—

ROBERT (*shortly*). Let her alone, then. She's all right where she is. She'll fall asleep on my lap in a minute if you'll 30 stop bothering her.

RUTH (*hotly*). She'll not do any such thing! She's got to learn to mind me! (*Shaking her finger at MARY.*) You naughty child! Will you come with Mama when she tells you for your own good?

MARY (*clinging to her father*). No, Dada!

RUTH (*losing her temper*). A good spanking's what you need, my young lady 40 —and you'll get one from me if you don't mind better, d'you hear? (*MARY starts to whimper frightenedly.*)

ROBERT (*with sudden anger*). Leave her alone! How often have I told you not to threaten her with whipping? I

won't have it. (*Soothing the wailing MARY.*) There! There, little girl! Baby mustn't cry. Dada won't like you if you do. Dada'll hold you and you must promise to go to sleep like a good little girl. Will you when Dada asks you?

MARY (*cuddling up to him*). Yes, Dada.

RUTH (*looking at them, her pale face set and drawn*). A fine one you are to be telling folks how to do things! (*She bites her lips. Husband and wife look into each other's eyes with something akin to hatred in their expressions; then RUTH turns away with a shrug of affected indifference.*) All right, take care of her then, if you think it's so easy. (*She walks away into the kitchen.*)

ROBERT (*smoothing MARY's hair—tenderly*). We'll show Mama you're a good little girl, won't we?

MARY (*crooning drowsily*). Dada, Dada.

ROBERT. Let's see: Does your mother take off your shoes and stockings before your nap?

MARY (*nodding with half-shut eyes*). Yes, Dada.

ROBERT (*taking off her shoes and stockings*). We'll show Mama we know how to do those things, won't we? There's one old shoe off—and there's the other old shoe—and here's one old stocking—and there's the other old stocking. There we are, all nice and cool and comfy. (*He bends down and kisses her.*) And now will you promise to go right to sleep if Dada takes you to bed? (*MARY nods sleepily.*) That's the good little girl. (*He gathers her up in his arms carefully and carries her into the bedroom. His voice can be heard faintly as he lulls the child to sleep. RUTH comes out of the kitchen and gets the plate from the table. She hears the voice from the room and tiptoes to the door to look in. Then she starts for the kitchen but stands for a moment*

thinking, a look of ill-concealed jealousy on her face. At a noise from inside she hurriedly disappears into the kitchen. A moment later ROBERT re-enters. He comes forward and picks up the shoes and stockings which he shoves carelessly under the table. Then, seeing no one about, he goes to the sideboard and selects a book. Coming back to his chair, he sits down and immediately becomes absorbed in reading. RUTH returns 10 *from the kitchen bringing his plate heaped with food, and a cup of tea. She sets those before him and sits down in her former place. ROBERT continues to read, oblivious to the food on the table.)*

RUTH (*after watching him irritably for a moment*). For heaven's sakes, put down that old book! Don't you see your dinner's getting cold?

ROBERT (*closing his book*). Excuse me, 20 Ruth. I didn't notice. (*He picks up his knife and fork and begins to eat gingerly, without appetite.*)

RUTH. I should think you might have some feeling for me, Rob, and not always be late for meals. If you think it's fun sweltering in that oven of a kitchen to keep things warm for you, you're mistaken.

ROBERT. I'm sorry, Ruth, really I am. 30 Something crops up every day to delay me. I mean to be here on time.

RUTH (*with a sigh*). Mean-tos don't count.

ROBERT (*with a conciliating smile*). Then punish me, Ruth. Let the food get cold and don't bother about me.

RUTH. I'd have to wait just the same to wash up after you.

ROBERT. But I can wash up.

RUTH. A nice mess there'd be then!

ROBERT (*with an attempt at lightness*). The food is lucky to be able to get cold this weather. (*As RUTH doesn't answer or smile he opens his book and resumes his reading, forcing himself to take a mouthful*

of food every now and then. RUTH stares at him in annoyance.)

RUTH. And besides, you've got your own work that's got to be done.

ROBERT (*absent-mindedly, without taking his eyes from the book*). Yes, of course.

RUTH (*spitefully*). Work you'll never get done by reading books all the time.

ROBERT (*shutting the book with a snap*). Why do you persist in nagging at me for getting pleasure out of reading? Is it because—(*He checks himself abruptly.*)

RUTH (*coloring*). Because I'm too stupid to understand them, I s'pose you were going to say.

ROBERT (*shame-facedly*). No—no. (*In exasperation.*) Why do you goad me into saying things I don't mean? Haven't I got my share of troubles trying to work this cursed farm without your adding to them? You know how hard I've tried to keep things going in spite of bad luck——

RUTH (*scornfully*). Bad luck!

ROBERT. And my own very apparent unfitness for the job, I was going to add; but you can't deny there's been bad luck to it, too. Why don't you take things into consideration? Why can't we pull together? We used to. I know it's hard on you also. Then why can't we help each other instead of hindering?

RUTH (*sullenly*). I do the best I know how.

ROBERT (*gets up and puts his hand on her shoulder*). I know you do. But let's both of us try to do better. We can both improve. Say a word of encouragement once in a while when things go wrong, even if it is my fault. You know the odds I've been up against since Pa died. I'm not a farmer. I've never claimed to be one. But there's nothing else I can do under the cir-

cumstances, and I've got to pull things through somehow. With your help, I can do it. With you against me—*(He shrugs his shoulders. There is a pause. Then he bends down and kisses her hair—with an attempt at cheerfulness.)* So you promise that; and I'll promise to be here when the clock strikes—and anything else you tell me to. Is it a bargain?

RUTH *(dully)*. I s'pose so. *(They are interrupted by the sound of a loud knock at the kitchen door.)* There's someone at the kitchen door. *(She hurries out. A moment later she reappears.)* It's Ben.

ROBERT *(frowning)*. What's the trouble now, I wonder? *(In a loud voice.)* Come on in here, Ben. *(BEN slouches in from the kitchen. He is a hulking, awkward young fellow with a heavy, stupid face and shifty, cunning eyes. He is dressed in overalls, boots, etc., and wears a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw pushed back on his head.)* Well, Ben, what's the matter?

BEN *(drawlingly)*. The mowin' machine's bust.

ROBERT. Why, that can't be. The man fixed it only last week.

BEN. It's bust just the same.

ROBERT. And can't you fix it?

BEN. No. Don't know what's the matter with the goll-darned thing. 'Twon't work, anyhow.

ROBERT *(getting up and going for his hat)*. Wait a minute and I'll go look it over. There can't be much the matter with it.

BEN *(impudently)*. Don't make no difference t' me whether there be or not. I'm quittin'.

ROBERT *(anxiously)*. You don't mean you're throwing up your job here?

BEN. That's what! My month's up today and I want what's owin' t' me.

ROBERT. But why are you quitting now,

Ben, when you know I've so much work on hand? I'll have a hard time getting another man at such short notice.

BEN. That's for you to figger. I'm quittin'.

ROBERT. But what's your reason? You haven't any complaint to make about the way you've been treated, have you?

BEN. No. 'Tain't that. *(Shaking his finger.)* Look-a-here. I'm sick o' being made fun at, that's what; an' I got a job up to Timms' place; an' I'm quittin' here.

ROBERT. Being made fun of? I don't understand you. Who's making fun of you?

BEN. They all do. When I drive down with the milk in the mornin' they all laughs and jokes at me—that boy up to Harris' and the new feller up to Slocum's, and Bill Evans down to Meade's, and all the rest on 'em.

ROBERT. That's a queer reason for leaving me flat. Won't they laugh at you just the same when you're working for Timms?

BEN. They wouldn't dare to. Timms is the best farm hereabouts. They was laughin' at me for workin' for you, that's what! "How're things up to the Mayo place?" they hollers every mornin'. "What's Robert doin' now—pasturin' the cattle in the cornlot? Is he seasonin' his hay with rain this year, same as last?" they shouts. "Or is he inventin' some 'lectrical milkin' engine to fool them dry cows o' his into givin' hard cider?" *(Very much ruffled.)* That's like they talks; and I ain't goin' to put up with it no longer. Everyone's always knowed me as a first-class hand hereabouts, and I ain't wantin' 'em to get no different notion. So I'm quittin' you. And I wants what's comin' to me.

ROBERT (*coldly*). Oh, if that's the case, you can go to the devil. You'll get your money tomorrow when I get back from town—not before!

BEN (*turning to doorway to kitchen*). That suits me. (*As he goes out he speaks back over his shoulder.*) And see that I do get it, or there'll be trouble. (*He disappears and the slamming of the kitchen door is heard.*)

ROBERT (*as RUTH comes from where she has been standing by the doorway and sits down dejectedly in her old place*). The stupid damn fool! And now what about the haying? That's an example of what I'm up against. No one can say I'm responsible for that.

RUTH. He wouldn't dare act that way with anyone else! (*Spitefully, with a glance at ANDREW'S letter on the table.*) It's lucky Andy's coming back.

ROBERT (*without resentment*). Yes, Andy'll see the right thing to do in a jiffy. (*With an affectionate smile.*) I wonder if the old chump's changed much? He doesn't seem to from his letters, does he? (*Shaking his head.*) But just the same I doubt if he'll want to settle down to a hum-drum farm life, after all he's been through.

RUTH (*resentfully*). Andy's not like you. He likes the farm.

ROBERT (*immersed in his own thoughts—enthusiastically*). Gad, the things he's seen and experienced! Think of the places he's been! All the wonderful far places I used to dream about! God, how I envy him! What a trip! (*He springs to his feet and instinctively goes to the window and stares out at the horizon.*)

RUTH (*bitterly*). I s'pose you're sorry now you didn't go?

ROBERT (*too occupied with his own thoughts to hear her—vindictively*). Oh, those cursed hills out there that I used to

think promised me so much! How I've grown to hate the sight of them! They're like the walls of a narrow prison yard shutting me in from all the freedom and wonder of life! (*He turns back to the room with a gesture of loathing.*) Sometimes I think if it wasn't for you, Ruth, and—(*His voice softening.*)—little Mary, I'd chuck everything up and walk down the road with just one desire in my heart—to put the whole rim of the world between me and those hills, and be able to breathe freely once more! (*He sinks down into his chair and smiles with bitter self-scorn.*) There I go dreaming again—my old fool dreams.

RUTH (*in a low, repressed voice—her eyes smoldering*). You're not the only one!

ROBERT (*buried in his own thoughts—bitterly*). And Andy, who's had the chance—what has he got out of it? His letters read like the diary of a—of a farmer! "We're in Singapore now. It's a dirty hole of a place and hotter than hell. Two of the crew are down with fever and we're short-handed on the work. I'll be damn glad when we sail again, although tacking back and forth in these blistering seas is a rotten job too!" (*Scornfully.*) That's about the way he summed up his impressions of the East.

RUTH (*her repressed voice trembling*). You needn't make fun of Andy.

ROBERT. When I think—but what's the use? You know I wasn't making fun of Andy personally, but his attitude toward things is—

RUTH (*her eyes flashing—bursting into uncontrollable rage*). You was too making fun of him! And I ain't going to stand for it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! (*ROBERT stares at her in amazement. She continues furiously.*) A

fine one to talk about anyone else—after the way you've ruined everything with your lazy loafing!—and the stupid way you do things.'

ROBERT (*angrily*). Stop that kind of talk, do you hear?

RUTH. You findin' fault—with your own brother who's ten times the man you ever was or ever will be! You're jealous, that's what! Jealous because he's 10 made a man of himself, while you're nothing but a—but a—(*She stutters incoherently, overcome by rage.*)

ROBERT. Ruth! Ruth! You'll be sorry for talking like that.

RUTH. I won't! I won't never be sorry! I'm only saying what I've been thinking for years.

ROBERT (*aghast*). Ruth! You can't mean that!

RUTH. What do you think—living with a man like you—having to suffer all the time because you've never been man enough to work and do things like other people. But no! You never own up to that. You think you're so much better than other folks, with your college education, where you never learned a thing, and always reading your stupid books instead of working. 30 I s'pose you think I ought to be *proud* to be your wife—a poor, ignorant thing like me! (*Fiercely.*) But I'm not. I hate it! I hate the sight of you. Oh, if I'd only known! If I hadn't been such a fool to listen to your cheap, silly poetry talk that you learned out of books! If I could have seen how you were in your true self—like you are now—I'd have killed myself be- 40 fore I'd have married you! I was sorry for it before we'd been together a month. I knew what you were really like—when it was too late.

ROBERT (*his voice raised loudly*). And now—I'm finding out what you're really

like—what a—a creature I've been living with. (*With a harsh laugh.*) God! It wasn't that I haven't guessed how mean and small you are—but I've kept on telling myself that I must be wrong—like a fool!—like a damned fool!

RUTH. You were saying you'd go out on the road if it wasn't for me. Well, you can go, and the sooner the better! I don't care! I'll be glad to get rid of you! The farm'll be better off too. There's been a curse on it ever since you took hold. So go! Go and be a tramp like you've always wanted. It's all you're good for. I can get along without you, don't you worry. (*Exulting fiercely.*) Andy's coming back, don't forget that! He'll attend to things like they should be. He'll show what a man can do! I don't need you. Andy's coming!

ROBERT (*they are both standing, ROBERT grabs her by the shoulders and glares into her eyes*). What do you mean? (*He shakes her violently.*) What are you thinking of? What's in your evil mind, you—you—(*His voice is a harsh shout.*)

30 RUTH (*in a defiant scream*). Yes I do mean it! I'd say it if you was to kill me! I do love Andy. I do! I do! I always loved him. (*Exultantly.*) And he loves me! He loves me! I know he does. He always did! And you know he did, too! So go! Go if you want to!

ROBERT (*throwing her away from him. She staggers back against the table—thickly*). You—you slut! (*He stands glaring at her as she leans back, supporting herself by the table, gasping for breath. A loud frightened whimper sounds from the awakened child in the bedroom. It continues. The man and woman stand looking at one another in horror, the extent of their terrible quarrel suddenly brought home to them. A pause. The*

noise of a horse and carriage comes from the road before the house. The two, suddenly struck by the same premonition, listen to it breathlessly, as to a sound heard in a dream. It stops. They hear ANDY'S voice from the road shouting a long hail—"Ahoy there!"

RUTH (with a strangled cry of joy). Andy! Andy! (She rushes and grabs the knob of the screen door, about to fling it open.)

ROBERT (in a voice of command that forces obedience). Stop! (He goes to the door and gently pushes the trembling RUTH away from it. The child's crying rises to a louder pitch.) I'll meet Andy. You better go in to Mary, Ruth. (She looks at him defiantly for a moment, but there is something in his eyes that makes her turn and walk slowly into the bedroom.)

ANDY'S VOICE (in a louder shout). Ahoy 20 there, Rob!

ROBERT (in an answering shout of forced cheeriness). Hello, Andy! (He opens the door and walks out as
(The Curtain Falls)

SCENE TWO

The top of a hill on the farm. It is about eleven o'clock the next morning. The day is hot and cloudless. In the distance the sea can 30 be seen.

The top of the hill slopes downward slightly toward the left. A big boulder stands in the center toward the rear. Further right, a large oak tree. The faint trace of a path leading upward to it from the left foreground can be detected through the bleached, sun-scorched grass.

ROBERT is discovered sitting on the boulder, his chin resting on his hands, staring out toward the horizon seaward. His face is pale and haggard, his expression one of utter despondency. MARY is sitting on the grass near him in the shade, playing with her doll, singing happily to herself. Presently she casts a curious glance at her father, and, propping her

doll up against the tree, comes over and clambers to his side.

MARY (pulling at his hand—solicitously). Dada sick?

ROBERT (looking at her with a forced smile). No, dear. Why?

MARY. Play wif Mary.

ROBERT (gently). No, dear, not today. 10 Dada doesn't feel like playing today.

MARY (protestingly). Yes, Dada!

ROBERT. No, dear. Dada does feel sick—a little. He's got a bad headache.

MARY. Mary see. (He bends his head. She pats his hair.) Bad head.

ROBERT (kissing her—with a smile). There! It's better now, dear, thank you. (She cuddles up close against him. There is a pause during which each of them looks out seaward. Finally ROBERT turns to her tenderly.) Would you like Dada to go away?—far, far away?

MARY (tearfully). No! No! No, Dada, no!

ROBERT. Don't you like Uncle Andy—the man that came yesterday—not the old man with the white mustache—the other?

MARY. Mary loves Dada.

ROBERT (with fierce determination). He won't go away, baby. He was only joking. He couldn't leave his little Mary. (He presses the child in his arms.)

MARY (with an exclamation of pain). Oh! Hurt!

ROBERT. I'm sorry, little girl. (He lifts her down to the grass.) Go play with Dolly, that's a good girl; and be careful to keep in the shade. (She reluctantly leaves him and takes up her doll again. A moment later she points down the hill to the left.)

MARY. Mans, Dada.

ROBERT (looking that way). It's your Uncle Andy. (A moment later ANDREW comes up from the left, whistling cheerfully. He has changed but little in appear-

ance, except for the fact that his face has been deeply bronzed by his years in the tropics; but there is a decided change in his manner. The old easy-going good-nature seems to have been partly lost in a breezy, business-like briskness of voice and gesture. There is an authoritative note in his speech as though he were accustomed to give orders and have them obeyed as a matter of course. He is dressed in the simple blue uniform and cap of a merchant ship's officer.)

ANDREW. Here you are, eh?

ROBERT. Hello, Andy.

ANDREW (going over to MARY). And who's this young lady I find you all alone with, eh? Who's this pretty young lady? (He tickles the laughing, squirming MARY, then lifts her up at arm's length over his head.) Upsy—daisy! (He sets her down on the ground again.) And there you are! (He walks over and sits down on the boulder beside ROBERT who moves to one side to make room for him.) Ruth told me I'd probably find you up top-side here; but I'd have guessed it, anyway. (He digs his brother in the ribs affectionately.) Still up to your old tricks, you old beggar! I can remember how you used to come up here to mope and dream in the old days.

ROBERT (with a smile). I come up here now because it's the coolest place on the farm. I've given up dreaming.

ANDREW (grinning). I don't believe it. You can't have changed that much. (After a pause—with boyish enthusiasm.) Say, it sure brings back old times to be up here with you having a chin all by our lonesomes again. I feel great being back home.

ROBERT. It's great for us to have you back.

ANDREW (after a pause—meaningly). I've been looking over the old place with Ruth. Things don't seem to be—

ROBERT (his face flushing—interrupts his brother shortly). Never mind the damn farm! Let's talk about something interesting. This is the first chance I've had to have a word with you alone. Tell me about your trip.

ANDREW. Why, I thought I told you everything in my letters.

ROBERT (smiling). Your letters were—sketchy, to say the least.

ANDREW. Oh, I know I'm no author. You needn't be afraid of hurting my feelings. I'd rather go through a typhoon again than write a letter.

ROBERT (with eager interest). Then you were through a typhoon?

ANDREW. Yes—in the China sea. Had to run before it under bare poles for two days. I thought we were bound down for Davy Jones, sure. Never dreamed waves could get so big or the wind blow so hard. If it hadn't been for Uncle Dick being such a good skipper we'd have gone to the sharks, all of us. As it was we came out minus a main top-mast and had to beat back to Hong-Kong for repairs. But I must have written you all this.

ROBERT. You never mentioned it.

ANDREW. Well, there was so much dirty work getting things ship-shape again I must have forgotten about it.

ROBERT (looking at ANDREW—marveling). 'Forget a typhoon? (With a trace of scorn.) You're a strange combination, Andy. And is what you've told me all you remember about it?

ANDREW. Oh, I could give you your bellyful of details if I wanted to turn loose on you. It was all-wool-and-a-yard-wide-Hell, I'll tell you. You ought to have been there. I remember thinking about you at the worst of it, and saying to myself: "This'd cure Rob of them ideas of his about the beautiful sea, if he could see it." And

it would have too, you bet! (*He nods emphatically.*)

ROBERT (*dryly*). The sea doesn't seem to have impressed you very favorably.

ANDREW. I should say it didn't! I'll never set foot on a ship again if I can help it—except to carry me some place I can't get to by train.

ROBERT. But you studied to become an officer!

ANDREW. Had to do something or I'd gone mad. The days were like years. (*He laughs.*) And as for the East you used to rave about—well, you ought to see it, and *smell* it! One walk down one of their filthy narrow streets with the tropic sun beating on it would sicken you for life with the “wonder and mystery” you used to dream of.

ROBERT (*shrinking from his brother with a glance of aversion*). So all you found in the East was a stench?

ANDREW. A stench! Ten thousand of them!

ROBERT. But you did like some of the places, judging from your letters—Sydney, Buenos Aires—

ANDREW. Yes, Sydney's a good town. (*Enthusiastically.*) But Buenos Aires—there's the place for you. Argentine's a country where a fellow has a chance to make good. You're right I like it. And I'll tell you, Rob, that's right where I'm going just as soon as I've seen you folks for a while and can get a ship. I can get a berth as second officer, and I'll jump the ship when I get there. I'll need every cent of the wages Uncle's paid me to get a start at something in B. A.

ROBERT (*staring at his brother—slowly*). So you're not going to stay on the farm?

ANDREW. Why sure not! Did you think I was? There wouldn't be any sense. One of us is enough to run this little place.

ROBERT. I suppose it does seem small to you now.

ANDREW (*not noticing the sarcasm in ROBERT's tone*). You've no idea, Rob, what a splendid place Argentine is. I had a letter from a marine insurance chap that I'd made friends with in Hong-Kong to his brother, who's in the grain business in Buenos Aires. He took quite a fancy to me, and what's more important, he offered me a job if I'd come back there. I'd have taken it on the spot, only I couldn't leave Uncle Dick in the lurch, and I'd promised you folks to come home. But I'm going back there, you bet, and then you watch me get on! (*He slaps ROBERT on the back.*) But don't you think it's a big chance, Rob?

ROBERT. It's fine—for you, Andy.

ANDREW. We call this a farm—but you ought to hear about the farms down there—ten square miles where we've got an acre. It's a new country where big things are opening up—and I want to get in on something big before I die. I'm no fool when it comes to farming, and I know something about grain. I've been reading up a lot on it, too, lately. (*He notices ROBERT's absent-minded expression and laughs.*) Wake up, you old poetry book worm, you! I know my talking about business makes you want to choke me, doesn't it?

ROBERT (*with an embarrassed smile*). No, Andy, I—I just happened to think of something else. (*Frowning.*) There've been lots of times lately that I've wished I had some of your faculty for business.

ANDREW (*soberly*). There's something I want to talk about, Rob—the farm. You don't mind, do you?

ROBERT No.

ANDREW. I walked over it this morning with Ruth—and she told me about things—(*Evasively.*) I could see the place had run down; but you mustn't blame yourself. When luck's against anyone—

ROBERT. Don't, Andy! It *is* my fault. You know it as well as I do. The best I've ever done was to make ends meet.

ANDREW (*after a pause*). I've got over a 10 thousand saved, and you can have that.

ROBERT (*firmly*). No. You need that for your start in Buenos Aires.

ANDREW. I don't. I can—

ROBERT (*determinedly*). No, Andy! Once and for all, no! I won't hear of it!

ANDREW (*protestingly*). You obstinate old son of a gun!

ROBERT. Oh, everything'll be on a sound 20 footing after harvest. Don't worry about it.

ANDREW (*doubtfully*). Maybe. (*After a pause.*) It's too bad Pa couldn't have lived to see things through. (*With feeling.*) It cut me up a lot—hearing he was dead. He never—softened up, did he—about me, I mean?

ROBERT. He never understood, that's a kinder way of putting it. He does now. 30

ANDREW (*after a pause*). You've forgotten all about what—caused me to go, haven't you, Rob? (ROBERT *nods but keeps his face averted.*) I was a slushier damn fool in those days than you were. But it was an act of Providence I did go. It opened my eyes to how I'd been fooling myself. Why, I'd forgotten all about—that—before I'd been at sea six months.

ROBERT (*turns and looks into ANDREW's eyes searchingly*). You're speaking of—Ruth?

ANDREW (*confused*). Yes. I didn't want you to get false notions in your head, or I wouldn't say anything. (*Looking*

ROBERT *squarely in the eyes.*) I'm telling you the truth when I say I'd forgotten long ago. It don't sound well for me, getting over things so easy, but I guess it never really amounted to more than a kid idea I was letting rule me. I'm certain now I never was in love—I was getting fun out of thinking I was—and being a hero to myself. (*He heaves a great sigh of relief.*) There! Gosh, I'm glad that's off my chest. I've been feeling sort of awkward ever since I've been home, thinking of what you two might think. (*A trace of appeal in his voice.*) You've got it all straight now, haven't you, Rob?

ROBERT (*in a low voice*). Yes, Andy.

ANDREW. And I'll tell Ruth, too, if I can get up the nerve. She must feel kind of funny having me round—after what used to be—and not knowing how I feel about it.

ROBERT (*slowly*). Perhaps—for her sake—you'd better not tell her.

ANDREW. For her sake? Oh, you mean she wouldn't want to be reminded of my foolishness? Still, I think it'd be worse if—

ROBERT (*breaking out—in an agonized voice*). Do as you please, Andy; but for God's sake, let's not talk about it! (*There is a pause. ANDREW stares at ROBERT in hurt stupefaction. ROBERT continues after a moment in a voice which he vainly attempts to keep calm.*) Excuse me, Andy. This rotten headache has my nerves shot to pieces.

ANDREW (*mumbling*). It's all right, Rob —long as you're not sore at me. 40

ROBERT. Where did Uncle Dick disappear to this morning?

ANDREW. He went down to the port to see to things on the *Sunda*. He said he didn't know exactly when he'd be back. I'll have to go down and tend

to the ship when he comes. That's why I dressed up in these togs.

MARY (*pointing down the hill to the left*). See! Mama! Mama! (*She struggles to her feet. RUTH appears at left. She is dressed in white, shows she has been fixing up. She looks pretty, flushed and full of life.*)

MARY (*running to her mother*). Mama!

RUTH (*kissing her*). Hello, dear! (*She 10 walks toward the rock and addresses ROBERT coldly.*) Jake wants to see you about something. He finished working where he was. He's waiting for you at the road.

ROBERT (*getting up—wearily*). I'll go down right away. (*As he looks at RUTH, noting her changed appearance, his face darkens with pain.*)

RUTH. And take Mary with you, please. 20 (*To MARY.*) Go with Dada, that's a good girl. Grandma has your dinner most ready for you.

ROBERT (*shortly*). Come, Mary!

MARY (*taking his hand and dancing happily beside him*). Dada! Dada! (*They go down the hill to the left.*)

RUTH (*looks after them for a moment, frowning—then turns to ANDY with a smile*). I'm going to sit down. Come 30 on, Andy. It'll be like old times. (*She jumps lightly to the top of the rock and sits down.*) It's so fine and cool up here after the house.

ANDREW (*half-sitting on the side of the boulder*). Yes. It's great.

RUTH. I've taken a holiday in honor of your arrival. (*Laughing excitedly.*) I feel so free I'd like to have wings and fly over the sea. You're a man. You 40 can't know how awful and stupid it is—cooking and washing dishes all the time.

ANDREW (*making a wry face*). I can guess.

RUTH. Besides, your mother just insisted on getting your first dinner to home,

she's that happy at having you back. You'd think I was planning to poison you the flurried way she shooed me out of the kitchen.

ANDREW. That's just like Ma, bless her! RUTH. She's missed you terrible. We all have. And you can't deny the farm has, after what I showed you and told you when we was looking over the place this morning.

ANDREW (*with a frown*). Things are run down, that's a fact! It's too darn hard on poor old Rob.

RUTH (*scornfully*). It's his own fault. He never takes any interest in things.

ANDREW (*reprovingly*). You can't blame him. He wasn't born for it; but I know he's done his best for your sake and the old folks and the little girl.

RUTH (*indifferently*). Yes, I suppose he has. (*Gayly.*) But thank the Lord, all those days are over now. The "hard luck" Rob's always blaming won't last long when you take hold, Andy. All the farm's ever needed was someone with the knack of looking ahead and preparing for what's going to happen.

ANDREW. Yes, Rob hasn't got that. He's frank to own up to that himself. I'm going to try and hire a good man for him—an experienced farmer—to work the place on a salary and percentage. That'll take it off of Rob's hands, and he needn't be worrying himself to death any more. He looks all worn out, Ruth. He ought to be careful.

RUTH (*absent-mindedly*). Yes, I s'pose. (*Her mind is filled with premonitions by the first part of his statement.*) Why do you want to hire a man to oversee things? Seems as if now that you're back it wouldn't be needful.

ANDREW. Oh, of course I'll attend to everything while I'm here. I mean after I'm gone.

RUTH (*as if she couldn't believe her ears*).
Gone!

ANDREW. Yes. When I leave for the Argentine again.

RUTH (*aghast*). You're going away to sea!

ANDREW. Not to sea, no; I'm through with the sea for good as a job. I'm going down to Buenos Aires to get in the grain business.

RUTH. But—that's far off—isn't it? 10

ANDREW (*easily*). Six thousand miles more or less. It's quite a trip. (*With enthusiasm.*) I've got a peach of a chance down there, Ruth. Ask Rob if I haven't. I've just been telling him all about it.

RUTH (*a flash of anger coming over her face*).
And didn't he try to stop you from going?

ANDREW (*in surprise*). No, of course not. 20
Why?

RUTH (*slowly and vindictively*). That's just like him—not to.

ANDREW (*resentfully*). Rob's too good a chum to try and stop me when he knows I'm set on a thing. And he could see just as soon's I told him what a good chance it was.

RUTH (*dazedly*). And you're bound on going?

ANDREW. Sure thing. Oh, I don't mean right off. I'll have to wait for a ship sailing there for quite a while, likely. Anyway, I want to stay to home and visit with you folks a spell before I go.

RUTH (*ambly*). I s'pose. (*With sudden anguish.*) Oh, Andy, you can't go! You can't. Why we've all thought—we've all been hoping and praying you was coming home to stay, to 40 settle down on the farm and see to things. You mustn't go! Think of how your Ma'll take on if you go—and how the farm'll be ruined if you leave it to Rob to look after. You can see that.

ANDREW (*frowning*). Rob hasn't done so bad. When I get a man to direct things the farm'll be safe enough.

RUTH (*insistently*). But your Ma—think of her.

ANDREW. She's used to me being away. She won't object when she knows it's best for her and all of us for me to go. You ask Rob. In a couple of years down there I'll make my pile, see if I don't; and then I'll come back and settle down and turn this farm into the crackiest place in the whole state. In the meantime, I can help you both from down there. (*Earnestly.*) I tell you, Ruth, I'm going to make good right from the minute I land, if working hard and a determination to get on can do it; and I *know* they can! (*Excitedly—in a rather boastful tone.*) I tell you, I feel ripe for bigger things than settling down here. The trip did that for me, anyway. It showed me the world is a larger proposition than ever I thought it was in the old days. I couldn't be content any more stuck here like a fly in molasses. It all seems trifling, somehow. You ought to be able to understand what I feel.

30 RUTH (*dully*). Yes—I s'pose I ought. (*After a pause—a sudden suspicion forming in her mind.*) What did Rob tell you—about me?

ANDREW. Tell? About you? Why, nothing.

RUTH (*staring at him intently*). Are you telling me the truth, Andy Mayo? Didn't he say—I—(*She stops confusedly.*)

40 ANDREW (*surprised*). No, he didn't mention you, I can remember. Why? What made you think he did?

RUTH (*wringing her hands*). Oh, I wish I could tell if you're lying or not!

ANDREW (*indignantly*). What're you talking about? I didn't used to lie to you,

did I? And what in the name of God is there to lie for?

RUTH (*still unconvinced*). Are you sure—will you swear—it isn't the reason—(*She lowers her eyes and half turns away from him.*) The same reason that made you go last time that's driving you away again? 'Cause if it is—I was going to say—you mustn't go—on that account. (*Her voice sinks to a 10 tremulous, tender whisper as she finishes.*)

ANDREW (*confused—forces a laugh*). Oh, is that what you're driving at? Well, you needn't worry about that no more—(*Soberly.*) I don't blame you, Ruth, feeling embarrassed having me around again, after the way I played the dumb fool about going away last time.

RUTH (*her hope crushed—with a gasp of 20 pain*). Oh, Andy!

ANDREW (*misunderstanding*). I know I oughtn't to talk about such foolishness to you. Still I figure it's better to get it out of my system so's we three can be together same's years ago, and not be worried thinking one of us might have the wrong notion.

RUTH. Andy! Please! Don't!

ANDREW. Let me finish now that I've 30 started. It'll help clear things up. I don't want you to think once a fool always a fool, and be upset all the time I'm here on my fool account. I want you to believe I put all that silly nonsense back of me a long time ago—and now—it seems—well—as if you'd always been my sister, that's what, Ruth.

RUTH (*at the end of her endurance—laughing 40 hysterically*). For God's sake, Andy—won't you please stop talking! (*She again hides her face in her hands, her bowed shoulders trembling.*)

ANDREW (*ruefully*). Seem's if I put my foot in it whenever I open my mouth

today. Rob shut me up with almost the same words when I tried speaking to him about it.

RUTH (*fiercely*). You told him—what you've told me?

ANDREW (*astounded*). Why sure! Why not?

RUTH (*shuddering*). Oh, my God!

ANDREW (*alarmed*). Why? Shouldn't I have?

RUTH (*hysterically*). Oh, I don't care what you do! I don't care! Leave me alone! (*ANDREW gets up and walks down the hill to the left, embarrassed, hurt, and greatly puzzled by her behavior.*)

ANDREW (*after a pause—pointing down the 50 hill*). Hello! Here they come back—and the Captain's with them. How'd he come to get back so soon, I wonder? That means I've got to hustle down to the port and get on board. Rob's got the baby with him. (*He comes back to the boulder. RUTH keeps her face averted from him.*) Gosh, I never saw a father so tied up in a kid as Rob is! He just watches every move she makes. And I don't blame him. You both got a right to feel proud of her. She's surely a little winner. (*He glances at RUTH to see if this very obvious attempt to get back in her good graces is having any effect.*) I can see the likeness to Rob standing out all over her, can't you? But there's no denying she's your young one, either. There's something about her eyes—

RUTH (*piteously*). Oh, Andy, I've a headache! I don't want to talk! Leave me alone, won't you please?

ANDREW (*stands staring at her for a moment 55 —then walks away saying in a hurt tone*). Everybody hereabouts seems to be on edge today. I begin to feel as if I'm not wanted around. (*He stands near the path, left, kicking at the grass with the toe of his shoe. A moment later CAPTAIN*

DICK SCOTT enters, followed by ROBERT carrying MARY. The CAPTAIN seems scarcely to have changed at all from the jovial, booming person he was three years before. He wears a uniform similar to ANDREW'S. He is puffing and breathless from his climb and mops wildly at his perspiring countenance. ROBERT casts a quick glance at ANDREW, noticing the latter's discomfited look, and then turns 10 his eyes on RUTH who, at their approach, has moved so her back is toward them, her chin resting on her hands as she stares out seaward.)

MARY. Mama! Mama! (ROBERT puts her down and she runs to her mother. RUTH turns and grabs her up in her arms with a sudden fierce tenderness, quickly turning away again from the others. During the following scene she keeps MARY in her 20 arms.)

SCOTT (wheezily). Phew! I got great news for you, Andy. Let me get my wind first. Phew! God A'mighty, mountin' this damned hill is worser'n goin' aloft to the skys'l yard in a blow. I got to lay to a while. (He sits down on the grass, mopping his face.)

ANDREW. I didn't look for you this soon, Uncle.

SCOTT. I didn't figger it, neither; but I run across a bit o' news down to the Seamen's Home made me 'bout ship and set all sail back here to find you.

ANDREW (eagerly). What is it, Uncle?

SCOTT. Passin' by the Home I thought I'd drop in an' let 'em know I'd be lackin' a mate next trip count o' your leavin'. Their man in charge o' the shippin' asked after you 'special 40 curious. "Do you think he'd consider a berth as Second on a steamer, Captain?" he asks. I was goin' to say no when I thinks o' you wantin' to get back down south to the Plate agen; so I asks him: "What is she and

where's she bound?" "She's the *El Paso*, a brand new tramp," he says, "and she's bound for Buenos Aires."

ANDREW (his eyes lighting up—excitedly). Gosh, that is luck! When does she sail?

SCOTT. Tomorrow mornin'. I didn't know if you'd want to ship away again so quick an' I told him so. "Tell him I'll hold the berth open for him until late this afternoon," he says. So there you be, an' you can make your own choice.

ANDREW. I'd like to take it. There may not be another ship for Buenos Aires with a vacancy in months. (His eyes roving from ROBERT to RUTH and back again—uncertainly.) Still—damn it all—tomorrow morning is soon. I wish she wasn't leaving for a week or so. That'd give me a chance—it seems hard to go right away again when I've just got home. And yet it's a chance in a thousand—(A peeping to ROBERT.) What do you think, Rob? What would you do?

ROBERT (forcing a smile). He who hesitates, you know. (Frowning.) It's a piece of good luck thrown in your way—and—I think you owe it to yourself to jump at it. But don't ask me to decide for you.

RUTH (turning to look at ANDREW—in a tone of fierce resentment). Yes, go, Andy! (She turns quickly away again. There is a moment of embarrassed silence.)

ANDREW (thoughtfully). Yes, I guess I will. It'll be the best thing for all of us in the end, don't you think so, Rob? (ROBERT nods but remains silent.)

SCOTT (getting to his feet). Then, that's settled.

ANDREW (now that he has definitely made a decision his voice rings with hopeful strength and energy). Yes, I'll take the berth. The sooner I go the sooner I'll

be back, that's a certainty; and I won't come back with empty hands next time. You bet I won't!

SCOTT. You ain't got so much time, Andy. To make sure you'd best leave here soon's you kin. I got to get right back aboard. You'd best come with me.

ANDREW. I'll go to the house and repack my bag right away.

ROBERT (*quietly*). You'll both be here for dinner, won't you?

ANDREW (*worriedly*). I don't know. Will there be time? What time is it now, I wonder?

ROBERT (*reproachfully*). Ma's been getting dinner especially for you, Andy.

ANDREW (*flushing—shamefacedly*). Hell! And I was forgetting! Of course I'll stay for dinner if I missed every damned ship in the world. (*He turns to the CAPTAIN—briskly.*) Come on, Uncle. Walk down with me to the house and you can tell me more about this berth on the way. I've got to pack before dinner. (*He and the CAPTAIN start down to the left. ANDREW calls back over his shoulder.*) You're coming soon, aren't you, Rob?

ROBERT. Yes. I'll be right down. (AN-30

DREW and the CAPTAIN leave. RUTH puts MARY on the ground and hides her face in her hands. Her shoulders shake as if she were sobbing. ROBERT stares at her with a grim, somber expression. MARY walks backward toward ROBERT, her wondering eyes fixed on her mother.)

MARY (*her voice vaguely frightened, taking her father's hand*). Dada, Mama's cryin', Dada.

ROBERT (*bending down and stroking her hair—in a voice he endeavors to keep from being harsh*). No, she isn't, little girl. The sun hurts her eyes, that's all. Aren't you beginning to feel hungry, Mary?

MARY (*decidedly*). Yes, Dada.

ROBERT (*meaningly*). It must be your dinner time now.

20 RUTH (*in a muffled voice*). I'm coming, Mary. (*She wipes her eyes quickly and, without looking at ROBERT, comes and takes MARY's hand—in a dead voice.*) Come on and I'll get your dinner for you. (*She walks out left, her eyes fixed on the ground, the skipping MARY tugging at her hand. ROBERT waits a moment for them to get ahead and then slowly follows as*

(*The Curtain Falls*)

ACT III

SCENE ONE

Same as Act Two, Scene One—The sitting room of the farm house about six o'clock in the morning of a day toward the end of October, five years later. It is not yet dawn, but as the action progresses the darkness outside the windows gradually fades to gray.

The room, seen by the light of the shadeless oil lamp with a smoky chimney which stands on the table, presents an appearance of decay, of dissolution. The curtains at the windows are torn and dirty and one of them is missing.

The closed desk is gray with accumulated dust as if it had not been used in years. Blotches of dampness disfigure the wall paper. Threadbare trails, leading to the kitchen and outer doors, show in the faded carpet. The top of the coverless table is stained with the imprints of hot dishes and spilt food. The rung of one rocker has been clumsily mended with a piece of plain board. A brown coating of rust covers the unblackened stove. A pile of wood is stacked up carelessly against the wall by the stove.

The whole atmosphere of the room, con-

trasted with that of former years, is one of an habitual poverty too hopelessly resigned to be any longer ashamed or even conscious of itself.

At the rise of the curtain RUTH is discovered sitting by the stove, with hands outstretched to the warmth as if the air in the room were damp and cold. A heavy shawl is wrapped about her shoulders, half-concealing her dress of deep mourning. She has aged horribly. Her pale, deeply lined face has the stony lack of expression of one to whom nothing more can ever happen, whose capacity for emotion has been exhausted. When she speaks her voice is without timbre, low and monotonous. The negligent disorder of her dress, the slovenly arrangement of her hair, now streaked with gray, her muddied shoes run down at the heel, give full evidence of the apathy in which she lives.

Her mother is asleep in her wheel chair 20 beside the stove toward the rear, wrapped up in a blanket.

There is a sound from the open bedroom door in the rear as if someone were getting out of bed. RUTH turns in that direction with a look of dull annoyance. A moment later ROBERT appears in the doorway, leaning weakly against it for support. His hair is long and unkempt, his face and body emaciated. There are bright patches of crimson 30 over his cheek bones and his eyes are burning with fever. He is dressed in corduroy pants, a flannel shirt, and wears worn carpet slippers on his bare feet.

RUTH (*dully*). S-s-s-h-! Ma's asleep.

ROBERT (*speaking with an effort*). I won't wake her. (*He walks weakly to a rocker by the side of the table and sinks down in it exhausted.*) 40

RUTH (*staring at the stove*). You better come near the fire where it's warm.

ROBERT. No. I'm burning up now.

RUTH. That's the fever. You know the doctor told you not to get up and move round.

ROBERT (*irritably*). That old fossil! He doesn't know anything. Go to bed and stay there—that's his only prescription.

RUTH (*indifferently*). How are you feeling now?

ROBERT (*buoyantly*). Better! Much better than I've felt in ages. Really I'm fine now—only very weak. It's the turning point, I guess. From now on I'll pick up so quick I'll surprise you—and no thanks to that old fool of a country quack, either.

RUTH. He's always tended to us.

ROBERT. Always helped us to die, you mean! He "tended" to Pa and Ma and—(*His voice breaks.*)—and to—Mary.

RUTH (*dully*). He did the best he knew, I s'pose. (*After a pause.*) Well, Andy's bringing a specialist with him when he comes. That ought to suit you.

ROBERT (*bitterly*). Is that why you're waiting up all night?

RUTH. Yes.

ROBERT. For Andy?

RUTH (*without a trace of feeling*). Somebody had got to. It's only right for someone to meet him after he's been gone five years.

ROBERT (*with bitter mockery*). Five years! It's a long time.

RUTH. Yes.

ROBERT (*meaningly*). To wait!

RUTH (*indifferently*). It's past now.

ROBERT. Yes, it's past. (*After a pause.*) Have you got his two telegrams with you? (*RUTH nods.*) Let me see them, will you? My head was so full of fever when they came I couldn't make head or tail to them. (*Hastily.*) But I'm feeling fine now. Let me read them again. (*RUTH takes them from the bosom of her dress and hands them to him.*)

RUTH. Here. The first one's on top.

ROBERT (*opening it*). New York. "Just landed from steamer. Have important business to wind up here. Will be home as soon as deal is completed." (*He smiles bitterly.*) Business first was always Andy's motto. (*He reads.*) "Hope you are all well. Andy." (*He repeats ironically.*) "Hope you are all well!"

RUTH (*dully*). He couldn't know you'd 10
been took sick till I answered that and told him.

ROBERT (*contritely*). Of course he couldn't. I'm a fool. I'm touchy about nothing lately. Just what did you say in your reply?

RUTH (*inconsequentially*). I had to send it collect.

ROBERT (*irritably*). What did you say was the matter with me? 20

RUTH. I wrote you had lung trouble.

ROBERT (*flying into a petty temper*). You are a fool! How often have I explained to you that it's *pleurisy* is the matter with me. You can't seem to get it in your head that the pleura is outside the lungs, not in them!

RUTH (*callously*). I only wrote what Doctor Smith told me.

ROBERT (*angrily*). He's a damned igno- 30
ramus!

RUTH (*dully*). Makes no difference. I had to tell Andy something, didn't I?

ROBERT (*after a pause, opening the other telegram*). He sent this last evening. Let's see. (*He reads.*) "Leave for home on midnight train. Just received your wire. Am bringing specialist to see Rob. Will motor to farm from Port." (*He calculates.*) What time is it now? 40

RUTH. Round six, must be.

ROBERT. He ought to be here soon. I'm glad he's bringing a doctor who knows something. A specialist will tell you in a second that there's nothing the matter with my lungs.

RUTH (*stolidly*). You've been coughing an awful lot lately.

ROBERT (*irritably*). What nonsense! For God's sake, haven't you ever had a bad cold yourself? (*RUTH stares at the stove in silence. ROBERT fidgets in his chair. There is a pause. Finally ROBERT's eyes are fixed on the sleeping MRS. ATKINS.*) Your mother is lucky to be able to sleep so soundly.

RUTH. Ma's tired. She's been sitting up with me most of the night.

ROBERT (*mockingly*). Is she waiting for Andy, too? (*There is a pause. ROBERT sighs.*) I couldn't get to sleep to save my soul. I counted ten million sheep if I counted one. No use! I gave up trying finally and just laid there in the dark thinking. (*He pauses, then continues in a tone of tender sympathy.*) I was thinking about you, Ruth—of how hard these last years must have been for you. (*Appealingly.*) I'm sorry, Ruth.

RUTH (*in a dead voice*). I don't know. They're past now. They were hard on all of us.

ROBERT. Yes; on all of us but Andy. (*With a flash of sick jealousy.*) Andy's made a big success of himself—the kind he wanted. (*Mockingly.*) And now he's coming home to let us admire his greatness. (*Frowning—irritably.*) What am I talking about? My brain must be sick, too. (*After a pause.*) Yes, these years have been terrible for both of us. (*His voice is lowered to a trembling whisper.*) Especially the last eight months since Mary—died. (*He forces back a sob with a convulsive shudder—then breaks out in a passionate agony.*) Our last hope of happiness! I could curse God from the bottom of my soul—if there was a God! (*He is racked by a violent fit of coughing and hurriedly puts his handkerchief to his lips.*)

RUTH (*without looking at him*). Mary's better off—being dead.

ROBERT (*gloomily*). We'd all be better off for that matter. (*With a sudden exasperation.*) You tell that mother of yours she's got to stop saying that Mary's death was due to a weak constitution inherited from me. (*On the verge of tears of weakness.*) It's got to stop, I tell you!

RUTH (*sharply*). S-h-h! You'll wake her; 10 and then she'll nag at me—not you.

ROBERT (*coughs and lies back in his chair weakly—a pause*). It's all because your mother's down on me for not begging Andy for help.

RUTH (*resentfully*). You might have. He's got plenty.

ROBERT. How can you of all people think of taking money from him?

RUTH (*dully*). I don't see the harm. He's 20 your own brother.

ROBERT (*shrugging his shoulders*). What's the use of talking to you? Well, I couldn't. (*Proudly.*) And I've managed to keep things going, thank God. You can't deny that without help I've succeeded in—(*He breaks off with a bitter laugh.*) My God, what am I boasting of? Debts to this one and that, taxes, interest unpaid! I'm a 30 fool! (*He lies back in his chair closing his eyes for a moment, then speaks in a low voice.*) I'll be frank, Ruth. I've been an utter failure, and I've dragged you with me. I couldn't blame you in all justice—for hating me.

RUTH (*without feeling*). I don't hate you. It's been my fault too, I s'pose.

ROBERT. No. You couldn't help loving—Andy.

RUTH (*dully*). I don't love anyone.

ROBERT (*waving her remark aside*). You needn't deny it. It doesn't matter. (*After a pause—with a tender smile.*) Do you know Ruth, what I've been dreaming back there in the dark?

(*With a short laugh.*) I was planning our future when I get well. (*He looks at her with appealing eyes as if afraid she will sneer at him. Her expression does not change. She stares at the stove. His voice takes on a note of eagerness.*) After all, why shouldn't we have a future? We're young yet. If we can only shake off the curse of this farm! It's the farm that's ruined our lives, damn it! And now that Andy's coming back—I'm going to sink my foolish pride, Ruth! I'll borrow the money from him to give us a good start in the city. We'll go where people live instead of stagnating, and start all over again. (*Confidently.*) I won't be the failure there that I've been here, Ruth. You won't need to be ashamed of me there. I'll prove to you the reading I've done can be put to some use. (*Vaguely.*) I'll write, or something of that sort. I've always wanted to write. (*Pleadingly.*) You'll want to do that, won't you, Ruth?

RUTH (*dully*). There's Ma.

ROBERT. She can come with us.

RUTH. She wouldn't.

ROBERT (*angrily*). So that's your answer! (*He trembles with violent passion. His voice is so strange that RUTH turns to look at him in alarm.*) You're lying, Ruth! Your mother's just an excuse. You want to stay here. You think that because Andy's coming back that—(*He chokes and has an attack of coughing.*)

RUTH (*getting up—in a frightened voice*). What's the matter? (*She goes to him.*) I'll go with you, Rob. Stop that coughing for goodness' sake! It's awful bad for you. (*She soothes him in dull tones.*) I'll go with you to the city—soon's you're well again. Honest I will, Rob, I promise! (*ROB lies back and closes his eyes. She stands looking*

down at him anxiously.) Do you feel better now?

ROBERT. Yes. (*RUTH goes back to her chair. After a pause he opens his eyes and sits up in his chair. His face is flushed and happy.*) Then you will go, Ruth?

RUTH. Yes.

ROBERT (*excitedly*). We'll make a new start, Ruth—just you and I. Life owes us some happiness after what 10 we've been through. (*Vehemently.*) It must! Otherwise our suffering would be meaningless—and that is unthinkable.

RUTH (*worried by his excitement*). Yes, yes, of course, Rob, but you mustn't—

ROBERT. Oh, don't be afraid. I feel completely well, really I do—now that I can hope again. Oh, if you knew how glorious it feels to have something to 20 look forward to! Can't you feel the thrill of it, too—the vision of a new life opening up after all the horrible years?

RUTH. Yes, yes, but do be—

ROBERT. Nonsense! I won't be careful. I'm getting back all my strength. (*He gets lightly to his feet.*) See! I feel light as a feather. (*He walks to her chair and bends down to kiss her smilingly.*) One 30 kiss—the first in years, isn't it?—to greet the dawn of a new life together.

RUTH (*submitting to his kiss—worriedly*). Sit down, Rob, for goodness' sake!

ROBERT (*with tender obstinacy—stroking her hair*). I won't sit down. You're silly to worry. (*He rests one hand on the back of her chair.*) Listen. All our suffering has been a test through which we had to pass to prove ourselves worthy of a 40 finer realization. (*Exultingly.*) And we did pass through it! It hasn't broken us! And now the dream is to come true! Don't you see?

RUTH (*looking at him with frightened eyes as if she thought he had gone mad*). Yes,

Rob, I see; but won't you go back to bed now and rest?

ROBERT. No. I'm going to see the sun rise. It's an augury of good fortune. (*He goes quickly to the window in the rear left, and pushing the curtains aside, stands looking out.* RUTH *springs to her feet and comes quickly to the table, left, where she remains watching ROBERT in a tense, expectant attitude. As he peers out his body seems gradually to sag, to grow limp and tired. His voice is mournful as he speaks.*) No sun yet. It isn't time. All I can see is the black rim of the damned hills outlined against a creeping grayness. (*He turns around; letting the curtains fall back, stretching a hand out to the wall to support himself. His false strength of a moment has evaporated leaving his face drawn and hollow-eyed. He makes a pitiful attempt to smile.*) That's not a very happy augury, is it? But the sun'll come—soon. (*He sways weakly.*)

RUTH (*hurrying to his side and supporting him*). Please go to bed, won't you, Rob? You don't want to be all wore out when the specialist comes, do you?

ROBERT (*quickly*). No. That's right. He mustn't think I'm sicker than I am. And I feel as if I could sleep now—(*Cheerfully.*)—a good, sound, restful sleep.

RUTH (*helping him to the bedroom door*). That's what you need most. (*They go inside. A moment later she reappears calling back.*) I'll shut this door so's you'll be quiet. (*She closes the door and goes quickly to her mother and shakes her by the shoulder.*) Ma! Ma! Wake up!

MRS. ATKINS (*coming out of her sleep with a start*). Glory be! What's the matter with you?

RUTH. It was Rob. He's just been talking to me out here. I put him back to bed. (*Now that she is sure her mother is awake her fear passes and she relapses into dull in-*

difference. She sits down in her chair and stares at the stove—dully.) He acted—funny; and his eyes looked so—so wild like.

MRS. ATKINS (*with asperity*). And is that all you woke me out of a sound sleep for, and scared me near out of my wits?

RUTH. I was afraid. He talked so crazy. I couldn't quiet him. I didn't want to 10 be alone with him that way. Lord knows what he might do.

MRS. ATKINS (*scornfully*). Humph! A help I'd be to you and me not able to move a step! Why didn't you run and get Jake?

RUTH (*dully*). Jake isn't here. He quit last night. He hasn't been paid in three months.

MRS. ATKINS (*indignantly*). I can't blame 20 him. What decent person'd want to work on a place like this? (*With sudden exasperation.*) Oh, I wish you'd never married that man!

RUTH (*wearily*). You oughtn't to talk about him now when he's sick in his bed.

MRS. ATKINS (*working herself into a fit of rage*). You know very well, Ruth Mayo; if it wasn't for me helpin' you 30 on the sly out of my savin's, you'd both been in the poor house—and all 'count of his pigheaded pride in not lettin' Andy know the state thin's were in. A nice thin' for me to have to support him out of what I'd saved for my last days—and me an invalid with no one to look to!

RUTH. Andy'll pay you back, Ma. I can tell him so's Rob'll never know.

MRS. ATKINS (*with a snort*). What'd Rob think you and him was livin' on, I'd like to know?

RUTH (*dully*). He didn't think about it, I s'pose. (*After a slight pause.*) He said he'd made up his mind to ask Andy

for help when he comes. (*As a clock in the kitchen strikes six.*) Six o'clock. Andy ought to get here directly.

MRS. ATKINS. D'you think this special doctor'll do Rob any good?

RUTH (*hopelessly*). I don't know. (*The two women remain silent for a time staring dejectedly at the stove.*)

MRS. ATKINS (*shivering irritably*). For goodness' sake put some wood on that fire. I'm most freezin'!

RUTH (*pointing to the door in the rear*). Don't talk so loud. Let him sleep if he can. (*She gets wearily from the chair and puts a few pieces of wood in the stove.*) This is the last of the wood. I don't know who'll cut more now that Jake's left. (*She sighs and walks to the window in the rear, left, pulls the curtains aside, and looks out.*) It's getting gray out. (*She comes back to the stove.*) Looks like it'd be a nice day. (*She stretches out her hands to warm them.*) Must've been a heavy frost last night. We're paying for the spell of warm weather we've been having. (*The throbbing whine of a motor sounds from the distance outside.*)

MRS. ATKINS (*sharply*). S-h-h! Listen! Ain't that an auto I hear?

RUTH (*without interest*). Yes. It's Andy, I s'pose.

MRS. ATKINS (*with nervous irritation*). Don't sit there like a silly goose. Look at the state of this room! What'll this strange doctor think of us? Look at that lamp chimney all smoke! Gracious sakes, Ruth—

RUTH (*indifferently*). I've got a lamp all cleaned up in the kitchen.

40 MRS. ATKINS (*peremptorily*). Wheel me in there this minute. I don't want him to see me looking a sight. I'll lay down in the room the other side. You don't need me now and I'm dead for sleep. (*Ruth wheels her mother off right. The noise of the motor grows louder and finally*

ceases as the car stops on the road before the farmhouse. RUTH returns from the kitchen with a lighted lamp in her hand which she sets on the table beside the other. The sound of footsteps on the path is heard—then a sharp rap on the door. RUTH goes and opens it. ANDREW enters, followed by DOCTOR FAWCETT carrying a small black bag. ANDREW has changed greatly. His face seems to have grown highstrung, hardened 10 by the look of decisiveness which comes from being constantly under a strain where judgments on the spur of the moment are compelled to be accurate. His eyes are keener and more alert. There is even a suggestion of ruthless cunning about them. At present, however, his expression is one of tense anxiety. DOCTOR FAWCETT is a short, dark, middle-aged man with a Vandyke beard. He wears glasses.)

RUTH. Hello, Andy! I've been waiting

ANDREW (*kissing her hastily*). I got here as soon as I could. (*He throws off his cap and heavy overcoat on the table, introducing RUTH and the DOCTOR as he does so. He is dressed in an expensive business suit and appears stouter.*) My sister-in-law, Mrs. Mayo—Doctor Fawcett. (*They bow to each other silently. ANDREW casts a quick 30 glance about the room.*) Where's Rob?

RUTH (*pointing*). In there.

ANDREW. I'll take your coat and hat, Doctor. (*As he helps the DOCTOR with his things.*) Is he very bad, Ruth?

RUTH (*dully*). He's been getting weaker.

ANDREW. Damn! This way, Doctor. Bring the lamp, Ruth. (*He goes into the bedroom, followed by the DOCTOR and RUTH carrying the clean lamp. RUTH reappears almost immediately closing the door behind her, and goes slowly to the outside door, which she opens, and stands in the doorway looking out. The sound of ANDREW's and ROBERT's voices comes from the bedroom. A moment later ANDREW re-*

enters, closing the door softly. He comes forward and sinks down in the rocker on the right of table, leaning his head on his hand. His face is drawn in a shocked expression of great grief. He sighs heavily, staring mournfully in front of him. RUTH turns and stands watching him. Then she shuts the door and returns to her chair by the stove, turning it so she can face him.)

ANDREW (*glancing up quickly—in a harsh voice*). How long has this been going on?

RUTH. You mean—how long has he been sick?

ANDREW (*shortly*). Of course! What else?

RUTH. It was last summer he had a bad spell first, but he's been ailing ever since Mary died—eight months ago.

ANDREW (*harshly*). Why didn't you let me know—cable me? Do you want him to die, all of you? I'm damned if it doesn't look that way! (*His voice breaking.*) Poor old chap! To be sick in this out-of-the-way hole without anyone to attend to him but a country quack! It's a damned shame!

RUTH (*dully*). I wanted to send you word once, but he only got mad when I told him. He was too proud to ask anything, he said.

ANDREW. Proud? To ask me? (*He jumps to his feet and paces nervously back and forth.*) I can't understand the way you've acted. Didn't you see how sick he was getting? Couldn't you realize—why, I nearly dropped in my tracks when I saw him! He looks—(*He shudders.*)—terrible! (*With fierce scorn.*) I suppose you're so used to the idea of his being delicate that you took his sickness as a matter of course. God, if I'd only known!

RUTH (*without emotion*). A letter takes so long to get where you were—and we couldn't afford to telegraph. We owed everyone already, and I

couldn't ask Ma. She'd been giving me money out of her savings till she hadn't much left. Don't say anything to Rob about it. I never told him. He'd only be mad at me if he knew. But I had to, because—God knows how we'd have got on if I hadn't.

ANDREW. You mean to say—(*His eyes seem to take in the poverty-stricken appearance of the room for the first time.*) You 10 sent that telegram to me collect. Was it because—(*RUTH nods silently. ANDREW pounds on the table with his fist.*) Good God! And all this time I've been—why I've had everything! (*He sits down in his chair and pulls it close to RUTH's—impulsively.*) But—I can't get it through my head. Why? Why? What has happened? How did it ever come about? Tell me!

RUTH (*dully*). There's nothing much to tell. Things kept getting worse, that's all—and Rob didn't seem to care. He never took any interest since way back when your Ma died. After that he got men to take charge, and they nearly all cheated him—he couldn't tell—and left one after another. Then after Mary died he didn't pay no heed to anything any more—just 30 stayed indoors and took to reading books again. So I had to ask Ma if she wouldn't help us some.

ANDREW (*surprised and horrified*). Why, damn it, this is frightful! Rob must be mad not to have let me know. Too proud to ask help of me! What's the matter with him in God's name? (*A sudden, horrible suspicion entering his mind.*) Ruth! Tell me the truth. His 40 mind hasn't gone back on him, has it?

RUTH (*dully*). I don't know. Mary's dying broke him up terrible—but he's used to her being gone by this, I s'pose.

ANDREW (*looking at her queerly*). Do you mean to say you're used to it?

RUTH (*in a dead tone*). There's a time comes—when you don't mind any more—anything.

ANDREW (*looks at her fixedly for a moment—with great pity*). I'm sorry, Ruth—if I seemed to blame you. I didn't realize—The sight of Rob lying in bed there, so gone to pieces—it made me furious at everyone. Forgive me, Ruth.

RUTH. There's nothing to forgive. It doesn't matter.

ANDREW (*springing to his feet again and pacing up and down*). Thank God I came back before it was too late. This doctor will know exactly what to do. That's the first thing to think of. When Rob's on his feet again we can get the farm working on a sound basis once more. I'll see to that—before I leave.

RUTH. You're going away again?

ANDREW. I've got to.

RUTH. You wrote Rob you was coming back to stay this time.

ANDREW. I expected to—until I got to New York. Then I learned certain facts that make it necessary. (*With a short laugh.*) To be candid, Ruth, I'm not the rich man you've probably been led to believe by my letters—not now. I was when I wrote them. I made money hand over fist as long as I stuck to legitimate trading; but I wasn't content with that. I wanted it to come easier, so like all the rest of the idiots, I tried speculation. Oh, I won all right! Several times I've been almost a millionaire—on paper—and then come down to earth again with a bump. Finally the strain was too much. I got disgusted with myself and made up my mind to get out and come home and forget it and really live again. (*He gives a harsh laugh.*) And now comes the funny part. The

day before the steamer sailed I saw what I thought was a chance to become a millionaire again. (*He snaps his fingers.*) That easy! I plunged. Then, before things broke, I left—I was so confident I couldn't be wrong. But when I landed in New York—I wired you I had business to wind up, didn't I? Well, it was the business that wound me up! (*He smiles grimly, 10 pacing up and down, his hands in his pockets.*)

RUTH (*dully*). You found—you'd lost everything?

ANDREW (*sitting down again*). Practically. (*He takes a cigar from his pocket, bites the end off, and lights it.*) Oh, I don't mean I'm dead broke. I've saved ten thousand from the wreckage, maybe twenty. But that's a poor showing for 20 five years' hard work. That's why I'll have to go back. (*Confidently.*) I can make it up in a year or so down there—and I don't need but a shoe-string to start with. (*A weary expression comes over his face and he sighs heavily.*) I wish I didn't have to. I'm sick of it all. RUTH. It's too bad—things seem to go wrong so.

ANDREW (*shaking off his depression— 30 briskly*). They might be much worse. There's enough left to fix the farm O. K. before I go. I won't leave 'til Rob's on his feet again. In the meantime I'll make things fly around here. (*With satisfaction.*) I need a rest, and the kind of rest I need is hard work in the open—just like I used to do in the old days. (*Stopping abruptly and lowering his voice cautiously.*) Not a 40 word to Rob about my losing money! Remember that, Ruth! You can see why. If he's grown so touchy he'd never accept a cent if he thought I was hard up; see?

RUTH. Yes, Andy. (*After a pause, during*

which ANDREW puffs at his cigar abstractedly, his mind evidently busy with plans for the future, the bedroom door is opened and DOCTOR FAWCETT enters, carrying a bag. He closes the door quietly behind him and comes forward, a grave expression on his face. ANDREW springs out of his chair.)

ANDREW. Ah, Doctor! (*He pushes a chair between his own and RUTH's.*) Won't you have a chair?

FAWCETT (*glancing at his watch*). I must catch the nine o'clock back to the city. It's imperative. I have only a moment. (*Sitting down and clearing his throat—in a perfunctory, impersonal voice.*) The case of your brother, Mr. Mayo, is—(*He stops and glances at RUTH and says meaningly to ANDREW.*) Perhaps it would be better if you and I—

RUTH (*with dogged resentment*). I know what you mean, Doctor. (*Dully.*) Don't be afraid I can't stand it. I'm used to bearing trouble by this; and I can guess what you've found out. (*She hesitates for a moment—then continues in a monotonous voice.*) Rob's going to die.

ANDREW (*angrily*). Ruth!

FAWCETT (*raising his hand as if to command silence*). I am afraid my diagnosis of your brother's condition forces me to the same conclusion as Mrs. Mayo's.

ANDREW (*groaning*). But, Doctor, surely

FAWCETT (*calmly*). Your brother hasn't long to live—perhaps a few days, perhaps only a few hours. It's a marvel that he's alive at this moment. My examination revealed that both of his lungs are terribly affected.

ANDREW (*brokenly*). Good God! (*RUTH keeps her eyes fixed on her lap in a trance-like stare.*)

FAWCETT. I am sorry I have to tell you this. If there was anything that could be done——

ANDREW. There isn't anything?

FAWCETT (*shaking his head*). Six months ago there might have——

ANDREW (*in anguish*). But if we were to take him to the mountains—or to Arizona—or——

FAWCETT. That might have prolonged 10 his life six months ago. (ANDREW groans.) But now——(*He shrugs his shoulders significantly*.)

ANDREW (*appalled by a sudden thought*). Good heavens, you haven't told him this, have you, Doctor?

FAWCETT. No. I lied to him. I said a change of climate——(*He looks at his watch again nervously*.) I must leave you. (*He gets up*.)

ANDREW (*getting to his feet—insistently*). But there must still be some chance——

FAWCETT (*as if he were reassuring a child*). There is always that last chance—the miracle. (*He puts on his hat and coat—bowing to RUTH*.) Good-by, Mrs. Mayo. RUTH (*without raising her eyes—dully*). Good-by.

ANDREW (*mechanically*). I'll walk to the 30 car with you, Doctor. (*They go out of the door. RUTH sits motionlessly. The motor is heard starting and the noise gradually recedes into the distance. ANDREW re-enters and sits down in his chair, holding his head in his hands*.) Ruth! (*She lifts her eyes to his*.) Hadn't we better go in and see him? God! I'm afraid to! I know he'll read it in my face. (*The bedroom door is noiselessly opened and 40 ROBERT appears in the doorway. His cheeks are flushed with fever, and his eyes appear unusually large and brilliant. ANDREW continues with a groan*.) It can't be, Ruth. It can't be as hopeless as he said. There's always a fighting chance.

We'll take Rob to Arizona. He's got to get well. There *must* be a chance!

ROBERT (*in a gentle tone*). Why must there, Andy? (RUTH turns and stares at him with terrified eyes.)

ANDREW (*whirling around*). Rob! (*Scoldingly*.) What are you doing out of bed? (*He gets up and goes to him*.) Get right back now and obey the Doc, or you're going to get a licking from me!

ROBERT (*ignoring these remarks*). Help me over to the chair, please, Andy.

ANDREW. Like hell I will! You're going right back to bed, that's where you're going, and stay there! (*He takes hold of ROBERT'S arm*.)

ROBERT (*mockingly*). Stay there 'til I die, eh, Andy? (*Coldly*.) Don't behave like a child. I'm sick of lying down. I'll be more rested sitting up. (*As ANDREW hesitates—violently*.) I swear I'll get out of bed every time you put me there. You'll have to sit on my chest, and that wouldn't help my health any. Come on, Andy. Don't play the fool. I want to talk to you, and I'm going to. (*With a grim smile*.) A dying man has some rights, hasn't he?

ANDREW (*with a shudder*). Don't talk that way, for God's sake! I'll only let you sit down if you'll promise that. Remember. (*He helps ROBERT to the chair between his own and RUTH'S*.) Easy now! There you are! Wait, and I'll get a pillow for you. (*He goes into the bedroom. ROBERT looks at RUTH who shrinks away from him in terror. ROBERT smiles bitterly. ANDREW comes back with the pillow which he places behind ROBERT'S back*.) How's that?

ROBERT (*with an affectionate smile*). Fine! Thank you! (*As ANDREW sits down*.) Listen, Andy. You've asked me not to talk—and I won't after I've made my position clear. (*Slowly*.) In the

first place I know I'm dying. (RUTH bows her head and covers her face with her hands. She remains like this all during the scene between the two brothers.)

ANDREW. Rob! That isn't so!

ROBERT (wearily). It is so! Don't lie to me. After Ruth put me to bed before you came, I saw it clearly for the first time. (Bitterly.) I'd been making plans for our future—Ruth's and mine—so 10 it came hard at first—the realization. Then when the doctor examined me, I knew—although he tried to lie about it. And then to make sure I listened at the door to what he told you. So don't mock me with fairy tales about Arizona, or any such rot as that. Because I'm dying is no reason you should treat me as an imbecile or a coward. Now that I'm sure what's 20 happening I can say Kismet to it with all my heart. It was only the silly uncertainty that hurt. (There is a pause.

ANDREW looks around in impotent anguish, not knowing what to say. ROBERT regards him with an affectionate smile.)

ANDREW (finally blurts out). It isn't foolish. You have got a chance. If you heard all the Doctor said that ought to prove it to you.

ROBERT. Oh, you mean when he spoke of the miracle? (Dryly.) I don't believe in miracles—in my case. Besides, I know more than any doctor on earth could know—because I feel what's coming. (Dismissing the subject.) But we've agreed not to talk of it. Tell me about yourself, Andy. That's what I'm interested in. Your letters were too brief and far apart to be 40 illuminating.

ANDREW. I meant to write oftener.

ROBERT (with a faint trace of irony). I judge from them you've accomplished all you set out to do five years ago?

ANDREW. That isn't much to boast of.

ROBERT (surprised). Have you really, honestly reached that conclusion?

ANDREW. Well, it doesn't seem to amount to much now.

ROBERT. But you're rich, aren't you?

ANDREW (with a quick glance at RUTH). Yes, I s'pose so.

ROBERT. I'm glad. You can do to the farm all I've undone. But what did you do down there? Tell me. You went in the grain business with that friend of yours?

ANDREW. Yes. After two years I had a share in it. I sold out last year. (He is answering ROBERT's questions with great reluctance.)

ROBERT. And then?

ANDREW. I went in on my own.

ROBERT. Still in grain?

ANDREW. Yes.

ROBERT. What's the matter? You look as if I were accusing you of something.

ANDREW. I'm proud enough of the first four years. It's after that I'm not boasting of. I took to speculating.

ROBERT. In wheat?

ANDREW. Yes.

ROBERT. And you made money— 30 gambling?

ANDREW. Yes.

ROBERT (thoughtfully). I've been wondering what the great change was in you. (After a pause.) You—a farmer—to gamble in a wheat pit with scraps of paper. There's a spiritual significance in that picture, Andy. (He smiles bitterly.) I'm a failure, and Ruth's another—but we can both justly lay some of the blame for our stumbling on God. But you're the deepest-dyed failure of the three, Andy. You've spent eight years running away from yourself. Do you see what I mean? You used to be a creator when you loved the farm. You

and life were in harmonious partnership. And now—(*He stops as if seeking vainly for words.*) My brain is muddled. But part of what I mean is that your gambling with the thing you used to love to create proves how far astray—So you'll be punished. You'll have to suffer to win back—(*His voice grows weaker and he sighs wearily.*) It's no use. I can't say it. 10
(*He lies back and closes his eyes, breathing pantingly.*)

ANDREW (*slowly*). I think I know what you're driving at, Rob—and it's true, I guess. (*ROBERT smiles gratefully and stretches out his hand, which ANDREW takes in his.*)

ROBERT. I want you to promise me to do one thing, Andy, after—

ANDREW. I'll promise anything, as God 20 is my Judge!

ROBERT. Remember, Andy, Ruth has suffered double her share. (*His voice faltering with weakness.*) Only through contact with suffering, Andy, will you—awaken. Listen. You must marry Ruth—afterwards.

RUTH (*with a cry*). Rob! (*ROBERT lies back, his eyes closed, gasping heavily for breath.*)

ANDREW (*making signs to her to humor him—gently*). You're tired out, Rob. You better lie down and rest a while, don't you think? We can talk later on.

ROBERT (*with a mocking smile*). Later on! You always were an optimist, Andy! (*He sighs with exhaustion.*) Yes, I'll go and rest a while. (*As ANDREW comes to help him.*) It must be near sunrise, isn't it?

ANDREW. It's after six.

ROBERT (*as ANDREW helps him into the bedroom*). Shut the door, Andy. I want to be alone. (*ANDREW reappears and shuts the door softly. He comes and sits down on his chair again, supporting his*

head on his hands. His face is drawn with the intensity of his dry-eyed anguish.)

RUTH (*glancing at him—fearfully*). He's out of his mind now, isn't he?

ANDREW. He may be a little delirious. The fever would do that. (*With impotent rage.*) God, what a shame! And there's nothing we can do but sit and—wait! (*He springs from his chair and walks to the stove.*)

RUTH (*dully*). He was talking—wild—like he used to—only this time it sounded—unnatural, don't you think?

ANDREW. I don't know. The things he said to me had truth in them—even if he did talk them way up in the air, like he always sees things. Still—(*He glances at RUTH keenly.*) Why do you suppose he wanted us to promise we'd—(*Confusedly.*) You know what he said.

RUTH (*dully*). His mind was wandering, I s'pose.

ANDREW (*with conviction*). No—there was something back of it.

RUTH. He wanted to make sure I'd be all right—after he'd gone, I expect.

ANDREW. No, it wasn't that. He knows very well I'd naturally look after you 30 without—anything like that.

RUTH. He might be thinking of—something happened five years back, the time you came home from the trip.

ANDREW. What happened? What do you mean?

RUTH (*dully*). We had a fight.

ANDREW. A fight? What has that to do with me?

RUTH. It was about you—in a way.

40 ANDREW (*amazed*). About me?

RUTH. Yes, mostly. You see I'd found out I'd made a mistake about Rob soon after we were married—when it was too late.

ANDREW. Mistake? (*Slowly.*) You mean—you found out you didn't love Rob?

RUTH. Yes.

ANDREW. Good God!

RUTH. And then I thought that when Mary came it'd be different, and I'd love him; but it didn't happen that way. And I couldn't bear with his blundering and book-reading—and I grew to hate him, almost.

ANDREW. Ruth!

RUTH. I couldn't help it. No woman 10 could. It had to be because I loved someone else, I'd found out. (*She sighs wearily.*) It can't do no harm to tell you now—when it's all past and gone—and dead. *You* were the one I really loved—only I didn't come to the knowledge of it 'til too late.

ANDREW (*stunned*). Ruth! Do you know what you're saying?

RUTH. It was true—then. (*With sudden 20 fierceness.*) How could I help it? No woman could.

ANDREW. Then—you loved me—that time I came home?

RUTH (*doggedly*). I'd known your real reason for leaving home the first time—everybody knew it—and for three years I'd been thinking—

ANDREW. That I loved you?

RUTH. Yes. Then that day on the hill 30 you laughed about what a fool you'd been for loving me once—and I knew it was all over.

ANDREW. Good God, but I never thought—(*He stops, shuddering at his remembrance.*) And did Rob—

RUTH. That was what I'd started to tell. We'd had a fight just before you came and I got crazy mad—and I told him all I've told you.

ANDREW (*gaping at her speechlessly for a moment*). You told Rob—you loved me?

RUTH. Yes.

ANDREW (*shrinking away from her in horror*). You—you—you mad fool,

you! How could you do such a thing?

RUTH. I couldn't help it. I'd got to the end of bearing things—without talking.

ANDREW. Then Rob must have known every moment I stayed here! And yet he never said or showed—God, how he must have suffered! Didn't you know how much he loved you?

RUTH (*dully*). Yes. I knew he liked me.

ANDREW. Liked you! What kind of a woman are you? Couldn't you have kept silent? Did you have to torture him? No wonder he's dying! And you've lived together for five years with this between you?

RUTH. We've lived in the same house.

ANDREW. Does he still think—

RUTH. I don't know. We've never spoke a word about it since that day. Maybe, from the way he went on, he s'poses I care for you yet.

ANDREW. But you don't. It's outrageous. It's stupid! You don't love me!

RUTH (*slowly*). I wouldn't know how to feel love, even if I tried, any more.

ANDREW (*brutally*). And I don't love you, that's sure! (*He sinks into his chair, his head between his hands.*) It's damnable such a thing should be between Rob and me. Why, I love Rob better'n anybody in the world and always did. There isn't a thing on God's green earth I wouldn't have done to keep trouble away from him. And I have to be the very one—it's damnable! How am I going to face him again? What can I say to him now? (*He groans with anguished rage. After a pause.*) He asked me to promise—what am I going to do?

RUTH. You can promise—so's it'll ease his mind—and not mean anything.

ANDREW. What? Lie to him now—when he's dying? (*Determinedly.*) No!

It's *you* who'll have to do the lying, since it must be done. You've got a chance now to undo some of all the suffering you've brought on Rob. Go in to him! Tell him you never loved me—it was all a mistake. Tell him you only said so because you were mad and didn't know what you were saying! Tell him something, anything, that'll bring him peace!

RUTH (*dully*). He wouldn't believe me.

ANDREW (*furiously*). You've got to make him believe you, do you hear? You've got to—now—hurry—you never know when it may be too late. (*As she hesitates—imploringly.*) For God's sake, Ruth! Don't you see you owe it to him? You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

RUTH (*dully*). I'll go. (*She gets wearily to her feet and walks slowly toward the bedroom.*) But it won't do any good. (*ANDREW's eyes are fixed on her anxiously. She opens the door and steps inside the room. She remains standing there for a minute. Then she calls in a frightened voice.*) Rob! Where are you? (*Then she hurries back, trembling with fright.*) Andy! Andy! He's gone!

ANDREW (*misunderstanding her—his face pale with dread*). He's not—

RUTH (*interrupting him—hysterically*). He's gone! The bed's empty. The window's wide open. He must have crawled out into the yard!

ANDREW (*springing to his feet. He rushes into the bedroom and returns immediately with an expression of alarmed amazement on his face*). Come! He can't have gone far! (*Grabbing his hat he takes*

RUTH's arm and shoves her toward the door.) Come on! (*Opening the door.*) Let's hope to God—(*The door closes behind them, cutting off his words as*

(*The Curtain Falls*)

SCENE TWO

Same as Act One, Scene One—A section of country highway. The sky to the east is already alight with bright color and a thin, quivering line of flame is spreading slowly along the horizon rim of the dark hills. The roadside, however, is still steeped in the grayness of the dawn, shadowy and vague. The field in the foreground has a wild uncultivated appearance as if it had been allowed to remain fallow the preceding summer. Parts of the snake-fence in the rear have been broken down. The apple tree is leafless and seems dead.

ROBERT staggers weakly in from the left. He stumbles into the ditch and lies there for a moment; then crawls with a great effort to the top of the bank where he can see the sun rise, and collapses weakly. RUTH and ANDREW come hurriedly along the road from the left.

ANDREW (*stopping and looking about him*). There he is! I knew it! I knew we'd find him here.

ROBERT (*trying to raise himself to a sitting position as they hasten to his side—with a wan smile*). I thought I'd given you the slip.

ANDREW (*with kindly bullying*). Well you didn't, you old scoundrel, and we're going to take you right back where you belong—in bed. (*He makes a motion to lift ROBERT.*)

ROBERT. Don't, Andy. Don't, I tell you!

ANDREW. You're in pain?

ROBERT (*simply*). No. I'm dying. (*He falls back weakly. RUTH sinks down beside him with a sob and pillows his head on her lap. ANDREW stands looking down at him helplessly. ROBERT moves his head restlessly on RUTH's lap.*) I couldn't stand it back there in the room. It seemed as if all my life—I'd been cooped in a room. So I thought I'd try to end as I might have—if I'd had the courage—alone—in a ditch

by the open road—watching the sun rise.

ANDREW. Rob! Don't talk. You're wasting your strength. Rest a while and then we'll carry you—

ROBERT. Still hoping, Andy? Don't. I know. *(There is a pause during which he breathes heavily, straining his eyes toward the horizon.)* The sun comes so slowly. *(With an ironical smile.)* The doctor 10 told me to go to the far-off places—and I'd be cured. He was right. That was always the cure for me. It's too late—for this life—but—*(He has a fit of coughing which racks his body.)*

ANDREW *(with a hoarse sob)*. Rob! *(He clenches his fists in an impotent rage against Fate.)* God! God! *(RUTH sobs brokenly and wipes ROBERT'S lips with her handkerchief.)*

ROBERT *(in a voice which is suddenly ringing with the happiness of hope)*. You mustn't feel sorry for me. Don't you see I'm happy at last—free—free!—freed from the farm—free to wander on and on—eternally! *(He raises himself on his elbow, his face radiant, and points to the horizon.)* Look! Isn't it beautiful beyond the hills? I can hear the old voices calling me to come—*(Ex- 30 ultantly.)* And this time I'm going! It isn't the end. It's a free beginning—the start of my voyage! I've won to my trip—the right of release—beyond the horizon! Oh, you ought to be glad—glad—for my sake! *(He collapses weakly.)* Andy! *(ANDREW bends down to him.)* Remember Ruth

ANDREW. I'll take care of her, I swear 40 to you, Rob!

ROBERT. Ruth has suffered—remember, Andy—only through sacrifice—the secret beyond there—*(He suddenly raises himself with his last remaining strength and points to the horizon where*

the edge of the sun's disc is rising from the rim of the hills.) The sun! *(He remains with his eyes fixed on it for a moment. A rattling noise throbs from his throat. He mumbles.)* Remember! *(And falls back and is still. RUTH gives a cry of horror and springs to her feet, shuddering, her hands over her eyes. ANDREW bends on one knee beside the body, placing a hand over ROBERT'S heart, then he kisses his brother reverentially on the forehead and stands up.)* ANDREW *(facing RUTH, the body between them—in a dead voice)*. He's dead. *(With a sudden burst of fury.)* God damn you, you never told him!

RUTH *(piteously)*. He was so happy without my lying to him.

ANDREW *(pointing to the body—trembling with the violence of his rage)*. This is your doing, you damn woman, you coward, you murderess!

RUTH *(sobbing)*. Don't, Andy! I couldn't help it—and he knew how I'd suffered, too. He told you—to remember.

ANDREW *(stares at her for a moment, his rage ebbing away, an expression of deep pity gradually coming over his face. Then he glances down at his brother and speaks brokenly in a compassionate voice)*. Forgive me, Ruth—for his sake—and I'll remember—*(RUTH lets her hands fall from her face and looks at him incomprehendingly. He lifts his eyes to hers and forces out falteringly.)* I—you—we've both made a mess of things! We must try to help each other—and—in time—we'll come to know what's right—*(Desperately.)* And perhaps we—*(But RUTH, if she is aware of his words, gives no sign. She remains silent, gazing at him dully with the sad humility of exhaustion, her mind already sinking back into that spent calm beyond the further troubling of any hope.)*

(The Curtain Falls)

MAXWELL ANDERSON ·

MAXWELL ANDERSON inherited the position of first American dramatist when Eugene O'Neill temporarily withdrew from the theatre in the early 1930's. He was awarded the Pulitzer prize for *Both Your Houses* in 1933, the year of O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* In 1936 he was given the first Critics' Circle award for *Winterset*; he received the award again in 1937 for *High Tor*. These critical honors merely made official the position which Anderson had already come to occupy in the opinion of the public. They crowned more than a decade of accomplishment in the theatre and in dramatic literature. For Anderson's plays at their best have achieved the rare distinction of being at the same time successful on the competitive New York stage and important contributions to American literature.

Anderson was a minister's son, born on December 15, 1888, in Atlantic, a small railroad village in northwestern Pennsylvania, a few miles from the Ohio border where his father was pastor of the Baptist church. He was much moved about in his youth, chiefly westward, to Ohio and Iowa; and then into North Dakota when Anderson was nineteen and ready for college. He entered the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, and was graduated in 1911. Dr. Frederick H. Koch, head of the department of dramatic art and director of the Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina, was then an assistant professor at North Dakota, where in 1910 he founded the Dakota Playmakers. Anderson was under good tute-

lage on the far western plains. After graduation he taught school in North Dakota, and worked on the Grand Forks *Herald* before going on to California. He enrolled in the graduate school at Leland Stanford where he taught English and took an M.A. degree in 1914. He also taught for a brief period at Whittier College, California, but was dismissed, it is reported, for his pacifistic views in the early days of the World War.

It is doubtful in any event if the academic life of a small college in that period could long have nourished the inquiring spirit of Maxwell Anderson. He was ambitious in other and wider directions. He moved into the more animated currents of newspaper work. He wrote editorials for the San Francisco *Bulletin*, but his opinions were too forthright for that nervous time and Anderson moved on, first to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, then straight into New York in 1918. He was an editorial writer on the *New Republic*, then joined the *Evening Globe*, and finally, and more happily, the *Morning World*, where he stayed until 1924. In the meantime he had been working on his first play, *White Desert*. It failed after twelve nights in the autumn of 1923; but on September 3, 1924, his *What Price Glory?*, written in collaboration with Laurence Stallings, was produced with huge success. Thereupon Anderson was both encouraged and enabled to follow his ambition to give his energies to writing for the theatre.

These first two plays had a certain connection with Anderson's thirty-five

years of experiences. *White Desert* was set in and around a claim shack on a snow-covered North Dakota prairie in blizzard-lashed mid-winter. It studied the effect of jealousy on Michael Kane. His suspicions of his young wife Mary finally led her in anger and resentment to give them grounds with their neighbor, Sverre Peterson. Michael killed her with a shotgun. The grim tragedy was graced by the careful diction and rhythm which the editorial writer and ex-English instructor employed in the writing of this drama in verse.

Anderson was distressed over the stage failure of *White Desert*, but he was soon absorbed in the collaboration with his colleague, Laurence Stallings. Stallings, a young graduate of Wake Forest College (1915), had left his job as reporter on the *Atlantic Journal* in 1917 to enlist in the U.S. Marines. He served in France, became a captain, and had a leg shattered at Château-Thierry. Completely disillusioned with the romance of war, he enrolled in Georgetown University and took a graduate degree in 1922 with a view toward entering the academic life. He went into newspaper work instead, first in Washington, then as drama critic and book reviewer in "The First Reader" column of the *World*. The views of the two men were one, their experiences and their temperaments in this case perfectly complementary.

What Price Glory? was the fruit of this conjunction of talent. Its success was not only resounding; it was phenomenal. It was the first, and is still among the best, of the American plays dealing with the World War. Its vocabulary was more realistic than any previously spoken on the American stage, and it no doubt helped to break down resistance to the profanity and uncensored words that

later became so common in stage dialogue. It forced upon American audiences some understanding of the mud, filth, brutality, and animal horror of war. But it presented its message by implication in a play capably mixed with comic relief, with broad characterizations of Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg, and with the manner and salty speech of the soldiers themselves. The play did not go far below the surface aspects of war as a process of life. Later war plays by other authors probed more deeply than Flagg's analysis, expressive of the controlling viewpoint of the play, when he said, "There's something rotten about this profession of arms, some kind of damned religion connected with it that you can't shake. When they tell you to die, you have to do it, even if you're a better man than they are." Yet the debunking of the romantic incitements to war were earnest enough, and *What Price Glory?* was rousing in its own terms as a piece for the theatre.

Anderson worked vigorously at his new calling, but without catching the public fancy again for several seasons. Between September 7 and October 2, 1925, three Anderson plays were produced without commercial success. The first was an adaptation of Jim Tully's novel *Beggars of Life*, called *Outside Looking In*. The other two were romantic-historical plays, written with Laurence Stallings: *First Flight*, about Andrew Jackson in his young duelling days; and *The Buccaneer*, presenting the colorful seventeenth-century pirate who sacked the city of Panama, Captain Henry Morgan. These plays had many good points, and the strong element of individualism and rebellion characteristic of all of Anderson's work; but they were ineffective theatre.

Anderson returned again in January

1927 with a well-made play, *Saturday's Children*, about the contemporary problem of young love and marriage in the American middle class where the standards of living outrun the income. Its comparative success was due in large part to its make-believe device of semi-clandestine meetings between the young couple to solve the problem of keeping romance in marriage when the rent is due; and to Ruth Gordon who played the young wife, Bobby. Bobby says, "I think all day how marvelous it's going to be when you come home—and then you get here—and I don't know—it isn't marvelous at all—It's just a house and we're just married people—and—sometimes I hate it. Everything's getting spoiled—" So Bobby takes a room at Mrs. Gorlik's boarding house in East 33rd St. There in the last act her husband slips in to see her, and as the curtain falls on the little comedy of those who work hard for a living, he is fitting a bolt to the door. The play was not very important except as a playable piece with a certain edge to it.

Anderson's heated interest in the issues raised by the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was expressed in *Gods of the Lightning*, written with Harold Hickerson, and produced in October, 1928. It was a courageous and a zealous play on the miscarriage of justice. Though it was not well received on stage, it pointed toward the triumph of *Winterset* in the next decade. The following January, Anderson's *Gypsy* entered upon a run of two months. This Ibsenish study of a woman who failed to achieve freedom was considered good enough by Burns Mantel, in comparison at least with the other offerings of the season, to be included in his *The Best Plays of 1928-1929*. The public stayed away.

The year 1929 marked an abrupt

turning point in Anderson's career as a playwright. His high place in American drama rests almost completely upon the work he has done since *Gypsy*. It began with *Elizabeth the Queen*, produced by the Theatre Guild, November 3, 1930, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. This play was the outgrowth of a general revolution in Anderson's approach to the theatre and to dramatic expression. In an address on "The Essence of Tragedy" delivered at the Modern Language Association at Columbia in 1938 Anderson surveyed his career, noted the failures he had experienced, and said that he had gone back over the history of drama and dramatic theory from the Greeks to the present to see what the immutable laws of tragic drama are. He did not expect to find an infallible recipe for success, but he hoped to discover the principles without which success was at least most unlikely. Read with this purpose, the great plays from the past took on new meaning for him, and he rediscovered Aristotle. He observed the exaltation of language, its cadence and its rhythm in the supreme tragedies. He was impressed by the way noble characters confronted the powers outside themselves, or their own weaknesses, that overwhelmed them, and the paradox of victory in defeat and self-conquest in the face of annihilation. And he saw that, despite the assurance of modern critics that this old concept of tragedy was replaced by that of blind, impersonal social forces crushing to death a poor naturalistic weakling like Falder in *Justice* and Griffiths in *The Case of Clyde Griffiths*, audiences still wanted to leave the theatre believing in something noble and good. The function of the dramatist, as of the poet, is to show man that he is better than he thinks he is.

These mature views on dramatic art coincided with the shift in the public mood from the sophisticated revelry of the 1920's to the sobriety of the perturbed 1930's. Historical themes centering around heroic figures were again acceptable. Even the realistic writers were ready to admit that exact reporting of the objective facts of life in faithfully recorded dialogue had been carried almost as far as it could go, and certainly as far as it was useful. Anderson sensed this temper of the times and gave it expression in a series of plays in verse, or cadenced prose. These plays caught the attention of the 1930's, just as O'Neill's dramas had captured the imagination of the preceding decade. Audiences were surprised and delighted to experience again the pleasure of hearing the language of poetry beautifully spoken on the modern stage. A lost dimension was restored to the theatre. With the exception of the satirical comedy on Congress, *Both Your Houses* (1933), Anderson's output since 1930 has been in conformity with his expressed views on the essence of tragedy.

In *Elizabeth the Queen*, *Mary of Scotland* (1933), and *Valley Forge* (1934), Anderson had at hand and ready for use historical figures of great stature already firmly supported by their incomparable legends. They were perfectly suited to the purpose of his experiment in poetic tragedy. They were far enough in the past to enjoy a halo of romance, yet near enough in spirit to be integrated with our living present. A studied style, a slightly archaic diction, and a loose blank verse seemed quite appropriate to Elizabeth, Mary, and even George Washington. In choosing these renowned characters, therefore, Anderson was following the recipe which he had formulated after his fresh survey of

world drama: "that poetic tragedy had never been successfully written about its own place and time"; and that "there is not one tragedy by Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Corneille or Racine which did not have the advantage of a setting either far away or long ago." And to these remarks in the preface to *Winterset* he adds, "With this admonition in mind I wrote *Elizabeth the Queen* and a succession of historical plays in verse. . . ."

The enthusiastic reception given to *Elizabeth the Queen* and *Mary of Scotland* by critics and theatre goers alike was concrete proof that audiences were willing to grant the author's assumptions. The language had beauty and dignity and at the same time ease and naturalness. In the tense scenes it attained sweep and a lift of power. The comparative failure of *Valley Forge* was not due to its shortcomings as verse drama, for it has some memorable passages in it, but to its decentralization of the potent appeal of Washington himself and hence its structural weakness as a theatre play. The question still remained, however, whether it would be possible to create tragic poetry out of the men and issues among whom the dramatist lives. Anderson had made two attempts with noncontemporary materials which were not exactly heartening—his first play, *White Desert*, and, somewhat more remote, *Night over Taos* (1932), in which he used for a setting the New Mexico of 1847 to portray the overthrow of the Spanish feudal aristocracy, represented by the patriarch Montoya, by the rising capitalistic giant state to the North. But, reassured by the response of later audiences whose taste he had helped to form, and by his growing mastery of the verse play, Anderson decided to attempt the experiment anew, with full knowl-

edge of the fact that "the great masters themselves never tried to make tragic poetry out of the stuff of their own times."

The result of this experiment was *Winterset*, which opened in late September, 1935, with Burgess Meredith as Mio, and with a superlative supporting cast. The play was another triumph for Anderson. In many respects it is his greatest creation. He had no legendary Elizabeth or Mary, no Father of his Country to carry the play. He had only the appeal of a lowly outcast, a restrained indignation against evil, and an exalted sense of human dignity with which to invest with the essence of tragedy these lives in the sombre street beneath the bridge. But nothing more was needed. It was a memorable experience, not easily dimmed, to see the performance of *Winterset*; it is likewise a memorable experience to read the script. Stark Young did not exaggerate when he called *Winterset* "the most notable effort in the poetic dramatic medium that, up to now, we have had in the American theatre."

Winterset was buttressed in its tragic emotion by its indirect use of the Sacco and Vanzetti case which, as we have noted, Anderson had already dramatized in *The Gods of the Lightning*. The emphasis, however, falls not upon the basic melodrama of the swift-paced action, but upon the enduring themes of the nature of abstract justice and its relation to the practical administration of the courts; the study of vengeance; the power of love and the fundamental integrity of the mind to ennoble these dismal lives with a cloak of human dignity; and the exhilaration of victory in the soul through death in the flesh. For a purpose so exalted, language at its peak of intensity, beauty, and expres-

siveness was not only appropriate, it was compulsory.

Anderson brought to the writing of the play his full resources as a dramatic poet. He created an exact, easy-flowing, cadenced style somewhere between blank verse and economical, realistic speech to give utterance to his themes. In this regard he was following, with the authority of his own developed artistry, the practice of the great tragic dramatists before him. It is incontrovertibly the function of playwrights to record the speech of the time and to reproduce it for the stage on the tongues of characters realistically presented, as *Dead End*, for example, presented them. It is also the responsibility of dramatists to give the fullest possible expression to their characters by lending to them winged words to phrase their dim and halting thoughts and emotions as they would be phrased if the feeling and the words were one. Anderson chose to accept this responsibility in *Winterset*. Of course the vagrant Mio did not speak as Anderson represents him as speaking. His love for Miriamne would, in the *Dead End* realism, have been expressed in a few monosyllables. Anderson gave wisdom and the power of reflection to the bewildered minds, he gave emotion to the disturbed hearts, he gave beauty and precision of language to the inarticulate and the mute.

Something like a meteoric shower of plays by Anderson burst into production after *Winterset*: *The Wingless Victory* on December 23, 1936; *High Tor* on January 9, 1937; *The Masque of Kings* on February 8, 1937; *The Star-Wagon* on September 29, 1937; *Knickerbocker Holiday* on October 19, 1938; and *Key Largo* on November 27, 1939—the last two produced by the newly organized Playwrights' Producing Company made up

of Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Elmer Rice, S. N. Behrman, and the late Sidney Howard.

These plays had a kind of Anderson formula but they were remarkably varied in subject and in form; in fact three of them, *High Tor*, *The Star-Wagon*, and *Knickerbocker Holiday*, were novelties. All exploited to the full the fresh popularity of Anderson's free verse rhythm—all except *The Star-Wagon*. This popular comedy, set in a typical small Ohio industrial town somewhere to the west of Anderson's own birthplace, used the device of a time machine "Star-Wagon" to project Steve, his friend Hanus, and his wife Martha, backward some thirty-five years from their arid fifties to the year 1902. "What are you going to do—now you're back here, Steve?" Hanus asks. "I'm going to change everything." But he doesn't. Only one short scene at the close of the second act and Stephen's final speech are in verse. The rest is in realistic, sometimes rather boisterous prose. *Knickerbocker Holiday* was an exuberant, topical libretto-drama, in the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, accompanied by the music of Kurt Weill. It was set back in 1647, was gay with comedy, but bore at all times a serious overtone of political comment which was made specific in Anderson's preface to the play in such aphorisms as "Men who are fed by their government will soon be driven down to the status of slaves or cattle." The "message," however, was pretty well overshadowed by the tumultuous Pieter Stuyvesant on his silver leg, and by the bold stagebusiness of the comedy.

The other four plays, though evidently done somewhat hastily, and perhaps too facilely, were all serious in purpose and distinguished in whole or in

part for their poetic treatment of themes interesting as dramatic material and important in their bearing upon the stresses of contemporary life. *The Wingless Victory* was a study of race hatred, and of human dignity rising to tragic heights in the surcharged emotional impact of the final scene. Its setting in Puritan New England merely lent perspective to a theme of paramount concern to the present day. *High Tor* made good capital of the legend-haunted mountains overhanging the Hudson River near New City where Anderson lives. It dramatized, and brought to bear upon the present moment, the traditional individualism of the Daniel Boone-Henry David Thoreau tradition in conflict with expanding, industrialized America. Its daring combination of the ghosts of Hudson's men, of Van Dorn's love-fantasy, and a modern steamshovel holding two shyster exploiters suspended in mid-air above the symbolic Tor, made for exhilarating theatre even if it did not contribute greatly to the solution of the economic and philosophic problems which it undertook to discuss.

The Masque of Kings was also an effective stage piece because of the romance and tragedy inherent in the story of the mysterious death of Prince Rudolph of Austria and Mary Vetsera in the shooting lodge at Mayerling. Anderson, however, gave the episode a modern political slant by having Prince Rudolph attempt to found a just government upon revolution, only to abandon it and commit suicide when he saw that he was caught in the same insane processes that lead "fools like myself . . . to power to set men free And hold themselves in power by killing men." *Key Largo* used the disillusion that followed upon the revolution in Spain to study the ques-

tion whether there is anything important enough to command loyalty even to death in this distraught world of ours. All these plays had moments of passion and great beauty, and all brought into the theatre some of the richness of a poet and a great spirit.

With this series of plays Anderson made the greatest continuous contribution to American drama during the decade of the 1930's. His work in the 1940's has been more uneven. In *Journey to Jerusalem* (1940) Anderson sought an answer to the problem of Hitler and the rule of force. He found it in "the mystery of the emergence of Jesus," and in the belief, through faith, "that there is purpose and pattern in the universe, that man can contribute to this purpose." His play is built around the episode of Jesus in the court of the Sanhedrin, "finding His way to the meaning of the universe as He walks alone among the columns." But even a great dramatist sometimes finds it embarrassing to teach an audience the meaning of the universe in a stage scene. The fundamental source of the play's failure is obvious.

Candle in the Wind (1941) was enhanced on the stage by Helen Hayes. Like *Watch on the Rhine*, it dramatized the spreading terror of the Nazi plague that had just ravaged Europe and had swept on to within a hair's breadth of destroying England. Despite its weaknesses, the total effect of the play was powerful.

Anderson was deeply disturbed by the world cataclysm long before it struck America. His two plays on World War II pressed home upon American citizens the true nature of the test they were facing. The theme of *The Eve of St. Mark* (1942) is stated by Anderson in the dedication to Sergeant Lee Chambers, "one of the first to go, one of the first to die,

that we may keep this earth for free men." The time extends from October, 1941, to the high tide of disaster in June, 1942. The twelve scenes alternate between two farm homes in America and the barracks, debarkation pier, and the fighting front on an island in the Philippines. The play finds grounds for hope in the tenacity of dedication displayed by the people on both fronts when the price of freedom is exacted.

Storm Operation (1944) met with hostility from most reviewers, and it was quickly withdrawn. Anderson had gone to North Africa to see the war for himself. His drama aimed to show how the American soldiers had matured into strong fighting men who knew what they and their allies were battling for. But events on the global stage are so dramatic that they tend to dwarf any single play about them. Moreover, the picture magazines, the news reels, the radio broadcasts, and the brilliant reporting of Ernie Pyle from the African theatre had bombarded the public with accounts of the front and robbed it of its news value. And the New York upon which the play depended for support was in an escapist mood. Perhaps if the drama had been less facile, if Anderson had not fallen into the easy habit of imitating himself and of lecturing his audience with words in a too familiar idiom and rhythm, he might have brought to life the values about which he feels so deeply. His failure was at least a noble one.

Anderson has made a rich contribution to the American stage. When he fails it is because he attempts too much and is hurrying along too fast; not because he is ever trivial. *Winterset*, in our opinion, shows his extraordinary qualities at their highest effectiveness up to this time.

WINTERSET

CHARACTERS

TROCK
SHADOW
GARTH
MIRIAMNE
ESDRAS
THE HOBO
1ST GIRL
2ND GIRL
JUDGE GAUNT
MIO
CARR

HERMAN
LUCIA
PINY
A SAILOR
STREET URCHIN
POLICEMAN
RADICAL
SERGEANT
Non-speaking
URCHINS
TWO MEN IN BLUE SERGE

ACT I

SCENE ONE

The scene is the bank of a river under a bridgehead. A gigantic span starts from the rear of the stage and appears to lift over the heads of the audience and out to the left. At the right rear is a wall of solid supporting masonry. To the left an apartment building abuts against the bridge and forms the left wall of the stage with a dark basement window and a door in the brick wall. To the right, and in the foreground, an outcropping of original rock makes a barricade behind which one may enter through a cleft. To the rear, against the masonry, two sheds have been built by waifs and strays for shelter. The river bank, in the foreground, is black rock worn smooth by years of

trampling. There is room for exit and entrance to the left around the apartment house, also around the rock to the right. A single street lamp is seen at the left—and a glimmer of apartment lights in the background beyond. It is an early, dark December morning.

TWO YOUNG MEN IN SERGE *lean against the masonry, matching bills. TROCK and SHADOW come in from the left.*

TROCK. Go back and watch the car.

[*The TWO YOUNG MEN go out. TROCK walks to the corner and looks toward the city.*]

You roost of punks and gulls! Sleep, sleep it off,
whatever you had last night, get down in warm,

WINTERSET: Copyright, 1935, by Anderson House. Reprinted by permission of the publishers. Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *Winterset*, being fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, and the rights of translation in foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of readings, permission for which must be secured from the author's agent in writing. All inquiries should be addressed to the author's agent, Harold Freedman, 101 Park Avenue, New York City.

one big ham-fat against another—
 sleep,
 cling, sleep and rot! Rot out your
 pasty guts
 with diddling, you had no brain to be-
 gin. If you had
 there'd be no need for us to sleep on
 iron
 who had too much brains for you.

SHADOW. Now look, Trock, look, 10
 what would the warden say to talk
 like that?

TROCK. May they die as I die!
 By God, what life they've left me
 they shall keep me well! I'll have that
 out of them—
 these pismires that walk like men!

SHADOW. Because, look, chief,
 it's all against science and penology
 for you to get out and begin to cuss 20
 that way
 before your prison vittles are out of
 you. Hell,
 you're supposed to leave the pen full
 of high thought,
 kind of noble-like, loving toward all
 mankind,
 ready to kiss their feet—or whatever
 parts
 they stick out toward you. Look at 30
 me!

TROCK. I see you.
 And even you may not live as long as
 you think.
 You think too many things are funny.
 Well, laugh.
 But it's not so funny.

SHADOW. Come on, Trock, you know me.
 Anything you say goes, but give me
 leave 40
 to kid a little.

TROCK. Then laugh at somebody else!
 it's a lot safer! They've soaked me
 once too often
 in that vat of poisoned hell they keep
 up-state

to soak men in, and I'm rotten inside,
 I'm all
 one liquid puke inside where I had
 lungs
 once, like yourself! And now they
 want to get me
 and stir me in again—and that'd kill
 me—
 and that's fine for them. But before
 that happens to me
 a lot of these healthy boys'll know
 what it's like
 when you try to breathe and have no
 place to put air—
 they'll learn it from me!

SHADOW. They've got nothing on you,
 chief.

TROCK. I don't know yet. That's what
 I'm here to find out.

If they've got what they might have.
 It's not a year this time—
 no, nor ten. It's screwed down under
 a lid.—

I can die quick enough, without help.

SHADOW. You're the skinny kind
 that lives forever.

TROCK. He gave me a half a year,
 the doc at the gate.

SHADOW. Jesus.

TROCK. Six months I get,
 and the rest's dirt, six feet.

[LUCIA, the street-piano man, comes in right
 from behind the rock and goes to the shed
 where he keeps his piano. PINY, the
 apple-woman, follows and stands in the
 entrance. LUCIA speaks to ESTRELLA,
 who still stands facing SHADOW.]

LUCIA. Morning.

[TROCK and SHADOW go out round the apart-
 ment house without speaking.]

PINY. Now what would you call them?

LUCIA. Maybe someting da river washed
 up.

PINY. Nothing ever washed him—that
 black one.

LUCIA. Maybe not, maybe so. More like

his pa and ma raise-a heem in da cellar. (*He wheels out the piano.*)

PINY. He certainly gave me a turn.

(*She lays a hand on the rock.*)

LUCIA. You don' live-a right, ol' gal.

Take heem easy. Look on da bright-a side. Never say-a die. Me, every day in every way I getta be da regular heller. (*He starts out.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE TWO

A cellar apartment under the apartment building, floored with cement and roofed with huge boa constrictor pipes that run slantwise from left to right, dwarfing the room. An outside door opens to the left and a door at the right rear leads to the interior of the place. A low squat window to the left. A table at the rear and a few chairs and books make up the furniture. GARTH, son of ESDRAS, sits alone, holding a violin upside down to inspect a crack at its base. He lays the bow on the floor and runs his fingers over the joint. MIRIAMNE enters from the rear, a girl of fifteen. GARTH looks up, then down again.

MIRIAMNE. Garth—

GARTH. The glue lets go. It's the steam, I guess.

It splits the hair on your head.

MIRIAMNE. It can't be mended?

GARTH. I can't mend it.

No doubt there are fellows somewhere

who'd mend it for a dollar—and glad to do it.

That is if I had a dollar.—Got a dollar?

No, I thought not.

MIRIAMNE. Garth, you've sat at home

here three days now. You haven't gone out at all.

Something frightens you.

GARTH. Yes?

MIRIAMNE. And father's frightened.

He reads without knowing where.

When a shadow falls across the page he waits for a blow to follow after the shadow. Then in a little while he puts his book down softly and goes out

to see who passed.

10 GARTH. A bill collector, maybe.

We haven't paid the rent.

MIRIAMNE. No.

GARTH. You're a bright girl, sis.—

You see too much. You run along and cook.

Why don't you go to school?

MIRIAMNE. I don't like school.

They whisper behind my back.

GARTH. Yes? about what?

20 MIRIAMNE. What did the lawyer mean that wrote to you?

GARTH (*rising*).

What lawyer?

MIRIAMNE. I found a letter

on the floor of your room. He said, "Don't get me wrong,

but stay in out of the rain the next few days, just for instance."

30 GARTH. I thought I burned that letter.

MIRIAMNE. Afterward you did. And then what was printed

about the Estrella gang—you hid it from me,

you and father. What is it—about this murder—?

GARTH. Will you shut up, you fool!

MIRIAMNE. But if you know why don't you tell them, Garth?

40 If it's true—what they say—you knew all the time Romagna wasn't guilty,

and could have said so—

GARTH. Everybody knew Romagna wasn't guilty! But they weren't listening

to evidence in his favor. They didn't want it.

They don't want it now.

MIRIAMNE. But was that why they never called on you?—

GARTH. So far as I know they never'd heard of me—and I can assure you

I knew nothing about it—

MIRIAMNE. But something's wrong—and it worries father—

GARTH. What could be wrong?

MIRIAMNE. I don't know.

[*A pause.*]

GARTH. And I don't know. You're a good kid, Miriamne, but you see too many movies. I wasn't mixed up in any murder, and I don't mean to be.

If I had a dollar to get my fiddle fixed and another to hire a hall, by God I'd fiddle

some of the prodigies back into Sunday School

where they belong, but I won't get either, and so

I sit here and bite my nails—but if you hoped

I had some criminal romantic past you'll have to look again!

MIRIAMNE. Oh, Garth, forgive me—

But I want you to be so far above such things

nothing could frighten you. When you seem to shrink

and be afraid, and you're the brother I love,

I want to run there and cry, if there's any question

they care to ask, you'll be quick and glad to answer,

for there's nothing to conceal!

GARTH. And that's all true—

MIRIAMNE. But then I remember—how you dim the lights—

and we go early to bed—and speak in whispers—

and I could think there's a death somewhere behind us—

an evil death—

GARTH (*hearing a step*).

Now for God's sake, be quiet!

[ESDRAS, *an old rabbi with a kindly face, enters from the outside. He is hurried and troubled.*]

ESDRAS. I wish to speak alone with someone here

if I may have this room. Miriamne—

MIRIAMNE (*turning to go*).

Yes, father.

[*The outer door is suddenly thrown open.*

TROCK *appears.*]

TROCK (*after a pause*).

You'll excuse me for not knocking.

(SHADOW *follows TROCK in.*)

Sometimes it's best to come in quiet.

Sometimes

it's a good way to go out. Garth's home, I see.

He might not have been here if I made a point

of knocking at doors.

GARTH. How are you, Trock?

TROCK. I guess

you can see how I am.

(*To MIRIAMNE.*)

Stay here. Stay where you are.

We'd like to make your acquaintance.

—If you want the facts

I'm no better than usual, thanks. Not enough sun,

my physician tells me. Too much close confinement.

A lack of exercise and an overplus of beans in the diet. You've done well, no doubt?

GARTH. I don't know what makes you think so.

TROCK. Who's the family?

GARTH. My father and my sister.

TROCK. Happy to meet you.

Step inside a minute. The boy and I have something to talk about.

ESDRAS. No, no—he's said nothing—nothing, sir, nothing!

TROCK. When I say go out, you go—

ESDRAS (*pointing to the door*).

Miriamne—

GARTH. Go on out, both of you!

ESDRAS. Oh, sir—I'm old—old and unhappy—

GARTH. Go on!

[MIRIAMNE and ESDRAS go inside.]

TROCK. And if you listen

I'll riddle that door!

(*SHADOW shuts the door behind them and stands against it.*)

I just got out, you see, and I pay my first call on you.

GARTH. Maybe you think

I'm not in the same jam you are.

TROCK. That's what I do think.

Who started looking this up?

GARTH. I wish I knew,

and I wish he was in hell! Some damned professor

with nothing else to do. If you saw his stuff

you know as much as I do.

TROCK. It wasn't you turning state's evidence?

GARTH. Hell, Trock, use your brain!

The case was closed. They burned Romagna for it and that finished it. Why should I look for trouble

and maybe get burned myself?

TROCK. Boy, I don't know,

but I just thought I'd find out.

GARTH. I'm going straight, Trock.

I can play this thing, and I'm trying to make a living.

I haven't talked and nobody's talked to me.

Christ—it's the last thing I'd want!

TROCK. Your old man knows.

GARTH. That's where I got the money that last time

when you needed it. He had a little saved up,

but I had to tell him to get it. He's as safe

as Shadow there.

TROCK (*looking at SHADOW*).

There could be people safer

10 than that son-of-a-bitch.

SHADOW. Who?

TROCK. You'd be safer dead along with some other gorillas.

SHADOW. It's beginning to look as if you'd feel safer with everybody dead,

the whole god-damn world.

TROCK. I would. These Jesus-bitten professors! Looking up their half-ass cases!

20

We've got enough without that.

GARTH. There's no evidence to reopen the thing.

TROCK. And suppose they called on you and asked you to testify?

GARTH. Why then I'd tell 'em that all I know is what I read in the papers.

And I'd stick to that.

30 TROCK. How much does your sister know?

GARTH. I'm honest with you, Trock.

She read my name

, in the professor's pamphlet, and she was scared

the way anybody would be. She got nothing

from me, and anyway she'd go to the chair

herself before she'd send me there.

40 TROCK. Like hell.

GARTH. Besides, who wants to go to trial again

except the radicals?—You and I won't spill

and unless we did there's nothing to take to court

as far as I know. Let the radicals go on
howling
about getting a dirty deal. They al-
ways howl
and nobody gives a damn. This pro-
fessor's red—
everybody knows it.

TROCK. You're forgetting the judge.

Where's the damn judge?

GARTH. What judge?

TROCK. Read the morning papers.

It says Judge Gaunt's gone off his nut.

He's got

that damn trial on his mind, and been
going round

proving to everybody he was right all
the time

and the radicals were guilty—stop-
ping people

in the street to prove it—and now he's 20
nuts entirely

and nobody knows where he is.

GARTH. Why don't they know?

TROCK. Because he's on the loose some-
where! They've got

the police of three cities looking for
him.

GARTH. Judge Gaunt?

TROCK. Yes. Judge Gaunt.

SHADOW. Why should that worry 30
you?

He's crazy, ain't he? And even if he
wasn't

he's arguing on your side. You're jit-
tery, chief.

God, all the judges are looney. You've
got the jitters,

and you'll damn well give yourself
away some time

peeing yourself in public.

(TROCK half turns toward SHADOW in
anger.)

Don't jump the gun now,
I've got pockets in my clothes, too.

(His hand is in his coat pocket.)

TROCK. All right. Take it easy.

[He takes his hand from his pocket, and
SHADOW does the same.]

(To GARTH.)

Maybe you're lying to me and maybe
you're not.

Stay at home a few days.

GARTH. Sure thing. Why not?

TROCK. And when I say stay home I
mean stay home.

10 If I have to go looking for you you'll
stay a long time

wherever I find you.

(To SHADOW.) Come on. We'll get out
of here.

(To GARTH.) Be seeing you.

[SHADOW and TROCK go out. After a pause
GARTH walks over to his chair and
picks up the violin. Then he puts it
down and goes to the inside door, which
he opens.]

GARTH. He's gone.

[MIRIAMNE enters, ESDRAS behind her.]

MIRIAMNE (going up to GARTH).

Let's not stay here.

(She puts her hands on his arms.)

I thought he'd come for something—
horrible.

Is he coming back?

GARTH. I don't know.

MIRIAMNE. Who is he, Garth?

GARTH. He'd kill me if I told you who he
is,

that is, if he knew.

MIRIAMNE. Then don't say it—

GARTH. Yes, and I'll say it! I was with a
gang one time

that robbed a pay roll. I saw a murder
done,

and Trock Estrella did it. If that got
out

I'd go to the chair and so would he—
that's why

he was here today—

MIRIAMNE. But that's not true—

ESDRAS. He says it
to frighten you, child.

GARTH. Oh, no I don't! I say it
 because I've held it in too long! I'm
 damned
 if I sit here forever and look at the
 door,
 waiting for Trock with his sub-
 machine gun, waiting
 for police with a warrant!—I say I'm
 damned, and I am,
 no matter what I do! These piddling 10
 scales
 on a violin—first position, third, fifth,
 arpeggios in E—and what I'm think-
 ing
 is Romagna dead for the murder—
 dead while I sat here
 dying inside—dead for the thing
 Trock did
 while I looked on—and I could have
 saved him, yes— 20
 but I sat here and let him die in-
 stead of me
 because I wanted to live! Well, it's no
 life,
 and it doesn't matter who I tell, be-
 cause

I mean to get it over!

MIRIAMNE. Garth, it's not true!

GARTH. I'd take some scum down with
 me if I died—
 that'd be one good deed—

ESDRAS. Son, son, you're mad—
 someone will hear—

GARTH. Then let them hear! I've lived
 with ghosts too long, and lied too
 long. God damn you
 if you keep me from the truth!—
 (*He turns away.*) Oh, God damn the
 world!

I don't want to die!

ESDRAS. I should have known.

I thought you hard and sullen,
 Garth, my son. And you were a child,
 and hurt
 with a wound that might be healed.
 —All men have crimes,

and most of them are hidden, and
 many are heavy
 as yours must be to you.

(GARTH *sobs.*)

They walk the streets
 to buy and sell, but a spreading crim-
 son stain
 tinges the inner vestments, touches
 flesh,
 and burns the quick. You're not
 alone.

GARTH. I'm alone
 in this.

ESDRAS. Yes, if you hold with the world
 that only
 those who die suddenly should be re-
 venged.

But those whose hearts are cancered,
 drop by drop

in small ways, little by little, till
 they've borne

all they can bear, and die—these
 deaths will go

unpunished now as always. When
 we're young

we have faith in what is seen, but
 when we're old

we know that what is seen is traced in
 air

and built on water. There's no guilt
 under heaven,

just as there's no heaven, till men be-
 lieve it—

no earth, till men have seen it, and
 have a word

to say this is the earth.

GARTH. Well, I say there's an earth,
 and I say I'm guilty on it, guilty as
 hell.

40 ESDRAS. Yet till it's known you bear no
 guilt at all—

unless you wish. The days go by like
 film,

like a long written scroll, a figured
 veil

unrolling out of darkness into fire

and utterly consumed. And on this
veil,
running in sounds and symbols of
men's minds
reflected back, life flickers and is
shadow
going toward flame. Only what men
can see

exists in that shadow. Why must you
rise and cry out:

That was I, there in the ravelled
tapestry,
there, in that pistol flash, when the
man was killed.

I was there, and was one, and am
bloodstained!

Let the wind
and fire take that hour to ashes out of
time

and out of mind! This thing that men 20
call justice,

this blind snake that strikes men down
in the dark,

mindless with fury, keep your hand
back from it,

pass by in silence—let it be forgotten,
forgotten!—

Oh, my son, my son—have pity!

MIRIAMNE. But if it was true

and someone died—then it was more 30
than shadow—

and it doesn't blow away—

GARTH. Well, it was true.

ESDRAS. Say it if you must. If you have
heart to die,

say it, and let them take what's left—
there was little

to keep, even before—

GARTH. Oh, I'm a coward—

I always was. I'll be quiet and live. 40
I'll live

even if I have to crawl. I know.

(*He gets up and goes into the inner room.*)

MIRIAMNE. Is it better

to tell a lie and live?

ESDRAS. Yes, child. It's better.

MIRIAMNE. But if I had to do it—
I think I'd die.

ESDRAS. Yes, child. Because you're
young.

MIRIAMNE. Is that the only reason?

ESDRAS. The only reason.

CURTAIN

SCENE THREE

10 *Under the bridge, evening of the same day.*
When the curtain rises MIRIAMNE is sitting
alone on the ledge at the rear of the apartment
house. A spray of light falls on her from a
street lamp above. She shivers a little in her
thin coat, but sits still as if heedless of the
weather. Through the rocks on the other side a
TRAMP comes down to the river bank, hunting
a place to sleep. He goes softly to the apple-
woman's hut and looks in, then turns away,
evidently not daring to preëempt it. He looks at
MIRIAMNE doubtfully. The door of the street-
piano man is shut. The vagabond passes it and
picks carefully among some rags and shavings
to the right. MIRIAMNE looks up and sees him
but makes no sign. She looks down again, and
the man curls himself up in a makeshift bed in
the corner, pulling a piece of sacking over his
shoulders. TWO GIRLS come in round the
apartment house.

1ST GIRL. Honest, I never heard of any-
thing so romantic. Because you
never liked him.

2ND GIRL. I certainly never did.

1ST GIRL. You've got to tell me how it
happened. You've got to.

2ND GIRL. I couldn't. As long as I live I
couldn't. Honest, it was terrible. It
was terrible.

1ST GIRL. What was so terrible?

2ND GIRL. The way it happened.

1ST GIRL. Oh, please—not to a soul,
never.

2ND GIRL. Well, you know how I hated
him because he had such a big
mouth. So he reached over and

grabbed me, and I began all falling to pieces inside, the way you do—and I said, "Oh no you don't mister," and started screaming and kicked a hole through the windshield and lost a shoe, and he let go and was cursing and growling because he borrowed the car and didn't have money to pay for the windshield, and he started to cry, 10 and I got so sorry for him I let him, and now he wants to marry me.

1ST GIRL. Honest, I never heard of anything so romantic! (*She sees the sleeping TRAMP.*) My God, what you won't see!

[*They give the TRAMP a wide berth, and go out right. The TRAMP sits up looking about him. JUDGE GAUNT, an elderly, quiet man, well dressed but in clothes 20 that have seen some weather, comes in uncertainly from the left. He holds a small clipping in his hand and goes up to the HOBO.*]

GAUNT (*tentatively*). Your pardon, sir. Your pardon, but perhaps you can tell me the name of this street.

HOBO. Huh?

GAUNT. The name of this street?

HOBO. This ain't no street.

GAUNT. There, where the street lamps are.

HOBO. That's the alley.

GAUNT. Thank you. It has a name, no doubt?

HOBO. That's the alley.

GAUNT. I see. I won't trouble you. You wonder why I ask, I daresay.—I'm a stranger.—Why do you look at me? (*He steps back.*) I—I'm not the man you think. You've mistaken 40 me, sir.

HOBO. Huh?

JUDGE. Perhaps misled by a resemblance. But you're mistaken—I had an errand in this city. It's only by accident that I'm here—

HOBO (*muttering*). You go to hell.

JUDGE (*going nearer to him, bending over him*). Yet why should I deceive you? Before God, I held the proofs in my hands. I hold them still. I tell you the defense was cunning beyond belief, and unscrupulous in its use of propaganda—they gagged at nothing—not even—(*He rises.*) No, no—I'm sorry—this will hardly interest you. I'm sorry. I have an errand.

[*He looks toward the street. ESDRAS enters from the basement and goes to MIRIAMNE. The JUDGE steps back into the shadows.*]

ESDRAS. Come in, my daughter. You'll be cold here.

MIRIAMNE. After a while.

ESDRAS. You'll be cold. There's a storm coming.

MIRIAMNE. I didn't want him to see me crying. That was all.

ESDRAS. I know.

MIRIAMNE. I'll come soon.

[*ESDRAS turns reluctantly and goes out the way he came. MIRIAMNE rises to go in, pausing to dry her eyes. MIO and CARR, road boys of seventeen or so, come round the apartment house. The JUDGE has disappeared.*]

CARR. Thought you said you were never coming east again.

MIO. Yeah, but—I heard something changed my mind.

CARR. Same old business?

MIO. Yes, just as soon not talk about it.

CARR. Where did you go from Portland?

MIO. Fishing—I went fishing. God's truth.

CARR. Right after I left?

MIO. Fell in with a fisherman's family on the coast and went after the beautiful mackerel fish that swim in the beautiful sea. Family of Greeks—Aristides Marinos was his lovely

name. He sang while he fished. Made the pea-green Pacific ring with his bastard Greek chanties. Then I went to Hollywood High School for a while.

CARR. I'll bet that's a seat of learning.

MIO. It's the hind end of all wisdom. They kicked me out after a time.

CARR. For cause?

MIO. Because I had no permanent address, you see. That means nobody's paying school taxes for you, so out you go. (*To MIRIAMNE.*) What's the matter, Kid?

MIRIAMNE. Nothing. (*She looks up at him, and they pause for a moment.*) Nothing.

MIO. I'm sorry.

MIRIAMNE. It's all right. (*She withdraws her eyes from his and goes out past him.* 20 *He turns and looks after her.*)

CARR. Control your chivalry.

MIO. A pretty kid.

CARR. A baby.

MIO. Wait for me.

CARR. Be a long wait? (*MIO steps swiftly out after MIRIAMNE, then returns.*) Yeah?

MIO. She's gone.

CARR. Think of that.

MIO. No, but I mean—vanished. Presto—into nothing—prodigioso.

CARR. Damn good thing, if you ask me. The homely ones are bad enough, but the lookers are fatal.

MIO. You exaggerate, Carr.

CARR. I doubt it.

MIO. Well, let her go. This river bank's loaded with typhus rats, too. Might as well die one death as another. 40

CARR. They say chronic alcoholism is nice but expensive. You can always starve to death.

MIO. Not always. I tried it. After the second day I walked thirty miles to Niagara Falls and made a tour of

the plant to get the sample of shredded wheat biscuit on the way out.

CARR. Last time I saw you you couldn't think of anything you wanted to do except curse God and pass out. Still feeling low?

MIO. Not much different. (*He turns away, then comes back.*) Talk about the lost generation, I'm the only one fits that title. When the State executes your father, and your mother dies of grief, and you know damn well he was innocent, and the authorities of your home town politely inform you they'd consider it a favor if you lived somewhere else—that cuts you off from the world—with a meat-axe.

CARR. They asked you to move?

MIO. It came to that.

CARR. God, that was white of them.

MIO. It probably gave them a headache just to see me after all that agitation. They knew as well as I did my father never staged a holdup. Anyway, I've got a new interest in life now.

CARR. Yes—I saw her.

30 MIO. I don't mean the skirt.—No, I got wind of something, out west, some college professor investigating the trial and turning up new evidence. Couldn't find anything he'd written out there, so I beat it east and arrived on this blessed island just in time to find the bums holing up in the public library for the winter. I know now what the unemployed have been doing since the depression started. They've been catching up on their reading in the main reference room. Man, what a stench! Maybe I stank, too, but a hobo has the stench of ten because his shoes are poor.

CARR. Tennyson.

MIO. Right. Jeez, I'm glad we met up again! Never knew anybody else that could track me through the driven snow of Victorian literature.

CARR. Now you're cribbing from some half-forgotten criticism of Ben Jonson's Roman plagiarisms.

MIO. Where did you get your education, sap? 10

CARR. Not in the public library, sap. My father kept a news-stand.

MIO. Well, you're right again. (*There is a faint rumble of thunder.*) What's that? Winter thunder?

CARR. Or Mister God, beating on His little tocsin. Maybe announcing the advent of a new social order.

MIO. Or maybe it's going to rain coffee and doughnuts. 20

CARR. Or maybe it's going to rain.

MIO. Seems more likely. (*Lowering his voice.*) Anyhow, I found Professor Hobhouse's discussion of the Romagna case. I think he has something. It occurred to me I might follow it up by doing a little sleuthing on my own account.

CARR. Yes?

MIO. I have done a little. And it leads me 30 to somewhere in that tenement house that backs up against the bridge. That's how I happen to be here.

CARR. They'll never let you get anywhere with it, Mio. I told you that before.

MIO. I know you did.

CARR. The State can't afford to admit it was wrong, you see. Not when 40 there's been that much of a row kicked up over it. So for all practical purposes the State was right and your father robbed the pay roll.

MIO. There's still such a thing as evidence.

CARR. It's something you can buy. In fact, at the moment I don't think of anything you can't buy, including life, honor, virtue, glory, public office, conjugal affection and all kinds of justice, from the traffic court to the immortal nine. Go out and make yourself a pot of money and you can buy all the justice you want. Convictions obtained, convictions averted. Lowest rates in years.

MIO. I know all that.

CARR. Sure.

MIO. This thing didn't happen to you.

They've left you your name and whatever place you can take. For my heritage

They've left me one thing only, and that's to be

my father's voice crying up out of the earth

and quicklime where they stuck him.

Electrocution

doesn't kill, you know. They eviscerate them

with a turn of the knife in the dissecting room.

The blood spurts out. The man was alive. Then into

the lime pit, leave no trace. Make it short shrift

and chemical dissolution. That's what they thought

of the man that was my father. Then my mother—

I tell you these county burials are swift

and cheap and run for profit! Out of the house

and into the ground, you wife of a dead dog. Wait,

here's some Romagna spawn left.

Something crawls here—

something they called a son. Why couldn't he die

along with his mother? Well, ease him
out of town,
ease him out, boys, and see you're not
too gentle.

He might come back. And, by their
own living Jesus,
I will go back, and hang the carrion
around their necks that made it!
Maybe I can sleep then.

Or even live.

CARR. You have to try it?

MIO. Yes.

Yes. It won't let me alone. I've tried
to live

and forget it—but I was birthmarked
with hot iron

into the entrails. I've got to find out
who did it

and make them see it till it scalds
their eyes

and make them admit it till their
tongues are blistered

with saying how black they lied!

[HERMAN, a gawky shoe salesman, enters from
the left.]

HERMAN. Hello. Did you see a couple of
girls go this way?

CARR. Couple of girls? Did we see a cou-
ple of girls?

MIO. No.

CARR. No. No girls.

[HERMAN hesitates, then goes out right.

LUCIA comes in from the left, trundling
his piano. PINY follows him, weeping.]

PINY. They've got no right to do it—

LUCIA. All right, hell what, no matter, I
got to put him away, I got to put

him away, that's what the hell!
(TWO STREET URCHINS follow him in.)

PINY. They want everybody on the relief
rolls and nobody making a liv-
ing?

LUCIA. The cops, they do what the big
boss say. The big boss, that's the
mayor, he says he heard it once too
often, the sextette—

PINY. They want graft, that's all. It's a
new way to get graft—

LUCIA. Oh, no, no, no! He's a good man,
the mayor. He's just don't care for
music, that's all.

PINY. Why shouldn't you make a living
on the street? The National Biscuit
Company ropes off Eighth Avenue
—and does the mayor do any-
thing? No, the police hit you over
the head if you try to go through!

LUCIA. You got the big dough, you get
the pull, fine. No big dough, no
pull, what the hell, get off the city
property! Tomorrow I start cook-
ing chestnuts . . . (*He strokes the
piano fondly. The TWO GIRLS and HER-
MAN come back from the right.*) She's a
good little machine, this baby. Cost
plenty—and two new records I
only played twice. See this one. (*He
starts turning the crank, talking while he
plays.*) Two weeks since they play
this one in a picture house. (*A
SAILOR wanders in from the left. One
of the STREET URCHINS begins suddenly
to dance a wild rumba, the others watch.*)
Good boy—see, it's a lulu—it itches
in the feet!

30 [HERMAN, standing with his girl, tosses the
boy a penny. He bows and goes on danc-
ing; the other URCHIN joins him. The
SAILOR tosses a coin.]

SAILOR. Go it, Cuba! Go it!

[LUCIA turns the crank, beaming.]

2ND GIRL. Oh, Herman! (*She throws her
arms round HERMAN and they dance.*)

1ST URCHIN. Hey, pipe the professionals!

1ST GIRL. Do your glide, Shirley! Do
your glide!

LUCIA. Maybe we can't play in front,
maybe we can play behind! (*The
HOBBO gets up from his nest and comes
over to watch. A YOUNG RADICAL wan-
ders in.*) Maybe you don't know,
folks! Tonight we play good-bye to

the piano! Good-bye forever! No more piano on the streets! No more music! No more money for the music-man! Last time, folks! Good-bye to the piano—good-bye forever! (*MIRIAMNE comes out the rear door of the apartment and stands watching. The SAILOR goes over to the 1ST GIRL and they dance together.*) Maybe you don't know, folks! Tomorrow will be sad as hell, tonight we dance! Tomorrow no more Verdi, no more rumba, no more good time! Tonight we play good-bye to the piano, good-bye forever! (*The RADICAL edges up to MIRIAMNE and asks her to dance. She shakes her head and he goes to PINY, who dances with him. The HOBO begins to do a few lonely curvets on the side above.*) Hoy! Hoy! Pick 'em up and take 'em around! Use the head, use the feet! Last time forever! (*He begins to sing to the air.*)

MIO. Wait for me, will you?

CARR. Now's your chance.

[*MIO goes over to MIRIAMNE and holds out a hand, smiling. She stands for a moment uncertain, then dances with him. ESDRAS comes out to watch. JUDGE GAUNT comes in from the left. There is a rumble of thunder.*]

LUCIA. Hoy Hoy! Maybe it rains tonight, maybe it snows tomorrow! Tonight we dance good-bye. (*He sings the air lustily. A POLICEMAN comes in from the left and looks on. TWO OR THREE PEDESTRIANS follow him.*)

POLICEMAN. Hey you! (*LUCIA goes on singing.*) Hey, you!

LUCIA (*still playing*). What you want?

POLICEMAN. Sign off!

LUCIA. What you mean? I get off the street!

POLICEMAN. Sign off!

LUCIA (*still playing*). What you mean? (*The POLICEMAN walks over to him.*)

LUCIA stops playing and the DANCERS pause.)

POLICEMAN. Cut it.

LUCIA. Is this a street?

POLICEMAN. I say cut it out.

[*The HOBO goes back to his nest and sits in it, watching.*]

LUCIA. It's the last time. We dance good-bye to the piano.

POLICEMAN. You'll dance good-bye to something else if I catch you cranking that thing again.

LUCIA. All right.

PINY. I'll bet you don't say that to the National Biscuit Company!

POLICEMAN. Lady, you've been selling apples on my beat for some time now, and I said nothing about it

PINY. Selling apples is allowed—

POLICEMAN. You watch yourself—(*He takes a short walk around the place and comes upon the HOBO.*) What are you doing here? (*The HOBO opens his mouth, points to it, and shakes his head.*) Oh, you are, are you? (*He comes back to LUCIA.*) So you trundle your so-called musical instrument to wherever you keep it, and don't let me hear it again.

[*The RADICAL leaps on the base of the rock at right. The 1ST GIRL turns away from the SAILOR toward the 2ND GIRL and HERMAN.*]

SAILOR. Hey, captain, what's the matter with the music?

POLICEMAN. Not a thing, admiral.

SAILOR. Well, we had a little party going here—

POLICEMAN. I'll say you did.

2ND GIRL. Please, officer, we want to dance.

POLICEMAN. Go ahead. Dance.

2ND GIRL. But we want music!

POLICEMAN (*turning to go*). Sorry. Can't help you.

RADICAL. And there you see it, the perfect example of capitalistic oppression! In a land where music should be free as air and the arts should be encouraged, a uniformed minion of the rich, a guardian myrmidon of the Park Avenue pleasure hunters, steps in and puts a limit on the 10 innocent enjoyments of the poor! We don't go to theatres! Why not? We can't afford it! We don't go to night clubs, where women dance naked and the music drips from saxophones and leaks out of Rudy Vallee—we can't afford that either! —But we might at least dance on the river bank to the strains of a barrel organ—!

[GARTH *comes out of the apartment and listens.*]

POLICEMAN. It's against the law!

RADICAL. What law? I challenge you to tell me what law of God or man—what ordinance—is violated by this spontaneous diversion? None! I say none! An official whim of the masters who should be our servants!—

POLICEMAN. Get down! Get down and shut up!

RADICAL. By what law, by what ordinance do you order me to be quiet?

POLICEMAN. Speaking without a flag. You know it.

RADICAL (*pulling out a small American flag*). There's my flag! There's the flag of this United States which used to 40 guarantee the rights of man—the rights of man now violated by every statute of the commonweal

POLICEMAN. Don't try to pull tricks on me! I've seen you before! You're

not making any speech, and you're climbing down—

JUDGE GAUNT (*who has come quietly forward*). One moment, officer. There is some difference of opinion even on the bench as to the elasticity of police power when applied in minor emergencies to preserve civil order. But the weight of authority would certainly favor the defendant in any equable court, and he would be upheld in his demand to be heard.

POLICEMAN. Who are you?

GAUNT. Sir, I am not accustomed to answer that question.

POLICEMAN. I don't know you.

GAUNT. I am a judge of some standing, not in your city but in another with similar statutes. You are aware, of course, that the Bill of Rights is not to be set aside lightly by the officers of any municipality—

POLICEMAN (*looking over GAUNT's somewhat bedraggled costume*). Maybe they understand you better in the town you come from, but I don't get your drift.—(*To the RADICAL.*) I don't want any trouble, but if you ask for it you'll get plenty. Get down!

RADICAL. I'm not asking for trouble, but I'm staying right here. (*The POLICEMAN moves towards him.*)

GAUNT (*taking the POLICEMAN's arm, but shaken off roughly*). I ask this for yourself, truly, not for the dignity of the law nor the maintenance of precedent. Be gentle with them when their threats are childish—be tolerant while you can—for your least harsh word will return on you in the night—return in a storm of cries!—(*He takes the POLICEMAN's arm again.*) Whatever they may have said or done, let them disperse

in peace! It is better that they go softly, lest when they are dead you see their eyes pleading, and their outstretched hands touch you, fingering cold on your heart!—I have been harsher than you. I have sent men down that long corridor into blinding light and blind darkness! (*He suddenly draws himself erect and speaks defiantly.*) And it was well 10 that I did so! I have been an upright judge! They are all liars! Liars!

POLICEMAN (*shaking GAUNT off so that he falls*). Why, you fool, you're crazy!

GAUNT. Yes, and there are liars on the force! They came to me with their shifty lies! (*He catches at the POLICEMAN, who pushes him away with his foot.*)

POLICEMAN. You think I've got nothing better to do than listen to a crazy fool?

1ST GIRL. Shame, shame!

POLICEMAN. What have I got to be ashamed of? And what's going on here, anyway? Where in hell did you all come from?

RADICAL. Tread on him! That's right! Tread down the poor and the inno- 30 cent! (*There is a protesting murmur in the crowd.*)

SAILOR (*moving in a little*). Say, big boy, you don't have to step on the guy.

POLICEMAN (*facing them, stepping back*). What's the matter with you! I haven't stepped on anybody!

MIO (*at the right, across from the POLICEMAN*). 40

Listen now, fellows, give the badge a chance.

He's doing his job, what he gets paid to do, the same as any of you. They're all picked men,

these metropolitan police, hand picked for loyalty and a fine up-standing pair of shoulders on their legs—it's not so easy to represent the law. Think what he does for all of us, stamping out crime! Do you want to be robbed and murdered in your beds?

SAILOR. What's eating you?

RADICAL. He must be a capitalist.

MIO. They pluck them fresh, from Ireland, and a paucity of head-piece is a prime prerequisite. You from Ireland, buddy?

POLICEMAN (*surly*).

Where are you from?

20 MIO. Buddy, I tell you flat

I wish I was from Ireland, and could boast

some Tammany connections. There's only one drawback

about working on the force. It infects the brain,

it eats the cerebrum. There've been cases known,

fine specimens of manhood, too, where autopsies,

conducted in approved scientific fashion,

revealed conditions quite incredible

in policemen's upper layers. In some, a trace, ,

in others, when they've swung a stick too long,

there was nothing there!—but nothing! Oh, my friends,

this fine athletic figure of a man

that stands so grim before us, what will they find

when they saw his skull for the last inspection?

I fear me a little puffball dust will blow away

rejoining earth, our mother—and this
same dust,
this smoke, this ash on the wind, will
represent
all he had left to think with!

THE HOBO. Hooray!

[*The POLICEMAN turns on his heel and looks
hard at the HOBO, who slinks away.*]

POLICEMAN. Oh, yeah?

MIO. My theme

gives ears to the deaf and voice to the
dumb! But now

forgive me if I say you were most un-
kind

in troubling the officer. He's a simple
man

of simple tastes, and easily confused
when faced with complex issues. He
may reflect

on returning home, that is, so far as he

is capable of reflection, and conclude
that he was kidded out of his uniform
pants,

and in his fury when this dawns on
him

may smack his wife down!

POLICEMAN. That'll be about enough
from you, too, professor!

MIO. May I say that I think you have
managed this whole situation
rather badly, from the beginning?

POLICEMAN. You may not!

[*TROCK slips in from the background. The
TWO YOUNG MEN IN SERGE come with
him.*]

MIO. Oh, but your pardon, sir! It's ap-
parent to the least competent
among us that you should have
gone about your task more subtly—
the glove of velvet, the hand of iron,
and all that sort of thing—

POLICEMAN. Shut that hole in your face!

MIO. Sir, for that remark I shall be satis-
fied with nothing less than an un-
conditional apology! I have an old

score to settle with policemen,
brother, because they're fools and
fat-heads, and you're one of the
most fatuous fat-heads that ever
walked his feet flat collecting graft!
Tell that to your sergeant back in
the booby-hatch.

POLICEMAN. Oh, you want an apology,
do you? You'll get an apology out
of the other side of your mouth!
(*He steps toward MIO. CARR suddenly
stands in his path.*) Get out of my
way! (*He pauses and looks round him;
the crowd looks less and less friendly.
He lays a hand on his gun and backs to
a position where there is nobody behind
him.*) Get out of here, all of you!
Get out! What are you trying to
do—start a riot?

MIO. There now, that's better! That's in
the best police tradition. Incite a riot
yourself and then accuse the crowd.

POLICEMAN. It won't be pleasant if I de-
cide to let somebody have it! Get
out!

[*The onlookers begin to melt away. The
SAILOR goes out left with the GIRLS and
HERMAN. CARR and MIO go out right,
CARR whistling "The Star Spangled
Banner." The HOBO follows them. The
RADICAL walks past with his head in
the air. PINY and LUCIA leave the piano
where it stands and slip away to the left.
At the end the POLICEMAN is left stand-
ing in the center, the JUDGE near him.
ESDRAS stands in the doorway. MIR-
IAMNE is left sitting half in shadow and
unseen by ESDRAS.*]

JUDGE GAUNT (*to the POLICEMAN*). Yes,
but should a man die, should it be
necessary that one man die for the
good of many, make not yourself
the instrument of death, lest you
sleep to wake sobbing! Nay, it
avails nothing that you are the law
—this delicate ganglion that is the

brain, it will not bear these things
—!

[*The POLICEMAN gives the JUDGE the once-over, shrugs, decides to leave him there and starts out left. GARTH goes to his father—a fine sleet begins to fall through the street lights. TROCK is still visible.*]

GARTH. Get him in here, quick.

ESDRAS. Who, son?

GARTH. The Judge, damn him!

ESDRAS. Is it Judge Gaunt?

GARTH. Who did you think it was? He's crazy as a bedbug and telling the world. Get him inside! (*He looks round.*)

ESDRAS (*going up to GAUNT*). Will you come in, sir?

GAUNT. You will understand, sir. We old men know how softly we must 20 proceed with these things.

ESDRAS. Yes, surely, sir.

GAUNT. It was always my practice—always. They will tell you that of me where I am known. Yet even I am not free of regret—even I. Would you believe it?

ESDRAS. I believe we are none of us free of regret.

GAUNT. None of us? I would it were true. 30 I would I thought it were true.

ESDRAS. Shall we go in, sir? This is sleet that's falling.

GAUNT. Yes. Let us go in.

[*ESDRAS, GAUNT and GARTH enter the basement and shut the door. TROCK goes out with his men. After a pause MIO comes back from the right, alone. He stands at a little distance from MIRIAMNE.*]

MIO. Looks like rain. (*She is silent.*) You 40 live around here? (*She nods gravely.*) I guess

you thought I meant it—about waiting here to meet me. (*She nods again.*) I'd forgotten about it till I got that winter

across the face. You'd better go inside. I'm not your kind. I'm nobody's kind but my own.

I'm waiting for this to blow over.

(*She rises.*)

I lied. I meant it—

I meant it when I said it—but there's too much black

whirling inside me—for any girl to know.

So go on in. You're somebody's angel child

and they're waiting for you.

MIRIAMNE. Yes. I'll go. (*She turns.*)

MIO. And tell them

when you get inside where it's warm,

And you love each other,

and mother comes to kiss her darling, tell them

to hang on to it while they can, believe while they can

it's a warm safe world, and Jesus finds his lambs

and carries them in his bosom.—I've seen some lambs

that Jesus missed. If they ever want the truth

tell them that nothing's guaranteed in this climate

except it gets cold in winter, nor on this earth

except you die sometime.

(*He turns away.*)

MIRIAMNE. I have no mother.

And my people are Jews.

MIO. Then you know something about it.

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

MIO. Do you have enough to eat?

MIRIAMNE. Not always.

MIO. What do you believe in?

MIRIAMNE. Nothing.

MIO. Why?

MIRIAMNE. How can one?

MIO. It's easy if you're a fool. You see the words

in books. Honor, it says there, chivalry, freedom,
heroism, enduring love—and these
are words on paper. It's something to
have them there.

You'll get them nowhere else.

MIRIAMNE. What hurts you?

MIO. Just that.

You'll get them nowhere else.

MIRIAMNE. Why should you want them? 10

MIO. I'm alone, that's why. You see those
lights,
along the river, cutting across the
rain—?

those are the hearths of Brooklyn, and
up this way
the love-nests of Manhattan—they
turn their points
like knives against me—outcast of the
world, 20
snake in the streets.—I don't want a
hand-out.

I sleep and eat.

MIRIAMNE. Do you want me to go with
you?

MIO. Where?

MIRIAMNE. Where you go.

[*A pause. He goes nearer to her.*]

MIO. Why, you god-damned little fool—
what made you say that? 30

MIRIAMNE. I don't know.

MIO. If you have a home
stay in it. I ask for nothing. I've
schooled myself
to ask for nothing, and take what I
can get,
and get along. If I fell for you, that's
my look-out,
and I'll starve it down.

MIRIAMNE. Wherever you go, I'd go. 40

MIO. What do you know about loving?

How could you know?

Have you ever had a man?

MIRIAMNE (*after a slight pause*). No. But I
know.

Tell me your name.

MIO. Mio. What's yours?

MIRIAMNE. Miriamne.

MIO. There's no such name.

MIRIAMNE. But there's no such name as
Mio!

M.I.O. It's no name.

MIO. It's for Bartolomeo.

MIRIAMNE. My mother's name was
Miriam,

so they called me Miriamne.

MIO. Meaning little Miriam?

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

MIO. So now little Miriamne will go
in

and take up quietly where she
dropped them all
her small housewifely cares.—When I
first saw you,
not a half-hour ago, I heard myself
saying,

this is the face that launches ships for
me—

and if I owned a dream—yes, half a
dream—

we'd share it. But I have no dream.

This earth

came tumbling down from chaos, fire
and rock,
and bred up worms, blind worms that
sting each other

here in the dark. These blind worms
of the earth

took out my father—and killed him,
and set a sign

on me—the heir of the serpent—and
he was a man

such as men might be if the gods were
men—

but they killed him—

as they'll kill all others like him

till the sun cools down to the stabler
molecules,

yes, till men spin their tent-worm
webs to the stars

and what they think is done, even in
the thinking,

and they are the gods, and immortal,
and constellations
turn for them all like mill wheels—
still as they are
they will be, worms and blind. En-
during love,

'oh gods and worms, what mockery!—
And yet

I have blood enough in my veins. It
goes like music,

singing, because you're here. My
body turns

as if you were the sun, and warm.

This men called love
in happier times, before the Freudians
taught us

to blame it on the glands. Only go in
before you breathe too much of my
atmosphere

and catch death from me.

MIRIAMNE. I will take my hands
and weave them to a little house, and
there

you shall keep a dream——

MIO. God knows I could use a dream
and even a house.

MIRIAMNE. You're laughing at me, Mio!

MIO. The worms are laughing.

I tell you there's death about me

and you're a child! And I'm alone 30
and half mad

with hate and longing. I shall let you
love me

and love you in return, and then, why
then

God knows what happens!

MIRIAMNE. Something most unpleasant?

MIO. Love in a box car—love among the
children.

I've seen too much of it. Are we to live 40
in this same house you make with
your two hands

mystically, out of air?

MIRIAMNE. No roof, no mortgage!

Well, I shall marry a baker out in
Flatbush,

it gives hot bread in the morning! Oh,
Mio, Mio,

in all the unwanted places and waste
lands

that roll up into the darkness out of
sun

and into sun out of dark, there should
be one empty

for you and me.

10 MIO. No.

MIRIAMNE. Then go now and leave me.

I'm only a girl you saw in the tene-
ments,

and there's been nothing said.

MIO. Miriamne.

[*She takes a step toward him.*]

MIRIAMNE. Yes. (*He kisses her lips lightly.*)

MIO. Why, girl, the transfiguration on
the mount

20 was nothing to your face. It lights
from within—

a white chalice holding fire, a flower
in flame,

this is your face.

MIRIAMNE. And you shall drink the flame
and never lessen it. And round your
head

the aureole shall burn that burns
there now,

forever. This I can give you. And so
forever

the Freudians are wrong.

MIO. They're well-forgotten

'at any rate.

MIRIAMNE. Why did you speak to me
when you first saw me?

MIO. I knew then.

MIRIAMNE. And I came back

because I must see you again. And we
danced together

and my heart hurt me. Never, never,
never,

though they should bind me down
and tear out my eyes,

would I ever hurt you now. Take me
with you, Mio,

let them look for us, whoever there is
to look,
but we'll be away.

[MIO turns away toward the tenement.]

MIO. When I was four years old
we climbed through an iron gate, my
mother and I,
to see my father in prison. He stood in
the death-cell
and put his hand through the bars 10
and said, My Mio,
I have only this to leave you, that I
love you,
and will love you after I die. Love me
then, Mio,
when this hard thing comes on you,
that you must live
a man despised for your father. That
night the guards,
walking in flood-lights brighter than 20
high noon,
led him between them with his trou-
sers slit
and a shaven head for the cathodes.
This sleet and rain
that I feel cold here on my face and
hands
will find him under thirteen years of
clay
in prison ground. Lie still and rest, 30
my father,
for I have not forgotten. When I for-
get
may I lie blind as you. No other love,
time passing, nor the spaced light-
years of suns
shall blur your voice, or tempt me
from the path
that clears your name—
till I have these rats in my grip
or sleep deep where you sleep.
(To MIRIAMNE.) I have no house,
nor home, nor love of life, nor fear of
death,
nor care for what I eat, or who I sleep
with,

or what color of calcimine the Gov-
ernment

will wash itself this year or next to lure
the sheep and feed the wolves. Love
somewhere else,
and get your children in some other
image
more acceptable to the State! This
face of mine

is stamped for sewage!

[She steps back, surmising.]

MIRIAMNE. Mio——

MIO. My road is cut
in rock, and leads to one end. If I hurt
you, I'm sorry.

One gets over hurts.

MIRIAMNE. What was his name—
your father's name?

MIO. Bartolomeo Romagna.

I'm not ashamed of it.

MIRIAMNE. Why are you here?

MIO. For the reason

I've never had a home. Because I'm a
cry

out of a shallow grave, and all roads
are mine

that might revenge him!

MIRIAMNE. But Mio—why here—why
here?

MIO. I can't tell you that.

MIRIAMNE. No—but—there's someone
lives here—lives not far—and you
mean to see him—

you mean to ask him——(She pauses.)

MIO. Who told you that?

MIRIAMNE. His name
is Garth—Garth Esdras——

MIO (after a pause, coming nearer).

Who are you, then? You seem

40 to know a good deal about me.—
Were you sent

to say this?

MIRIAMNE. You said there was death
about you! Yes,

but nearer than you think! Let it be
as it is—

let it all be as it is, never see this place
nor think of it—forget the streets you
came

when you're away and safe! Go be-
fore you're seen
or spoken to!

MIO. Will you tell me why?

MIRIAMNE. As I love you

I can't tell you—and I can never see
you—

MIO. I walk where I please—

MIRIAMNE. Do you think it's easy for me
to send you away? (*She steps back as if
to go.*)

MIO. Where will I find you then
if I should want to see you?

MIRIAMNE. Never—I tell you

I'd bring you death! Even now. Lis-
ten!

[SHADOW and TROCK enter between the bridge 20
and the tenement house. MIRIAMNE pulls
MIO back into the shadow of the rock to
avoid being seen.]

TROCK. Why, fine.

SHADOW. You watch it now—just for the
record, Trock—

you're going to thank me for staying
away from it

and keeping you out. I've seen men
get that way,

thinking they had to plug a couple of
guys

and then a few more to cover it up,
and then

maybe a dozen more. You can't own
all

and territory adjacent, and you can't
slough all the witnesses, because every
man

you put away has friends—

TROCK. I said all right.

I said fine.

SHADOW. They're going to find this
judge,
and if they find him dead it's just too
bad,

and I don't want to know anything
about it—

and you don't either.

TROCK. You all through?

SHADOW. Why sure.

TROCK. All right.

We're through, too, you know.

SHADOW. Yeah? (*He becomes wary.*)

TROCK. Yeah, we're through.

10 SHADOW. I've heard that said before,
and afterwards
somebody died.

(TROCK is silent.) Is that what you
mean?

TROCK. You can go.

I don't want to see you.

SHADOW. Sure, I'll go.

Maybe you won't mind if I just find
out

what you've got on you. Before I turn
my back.

I'd like to know.

(*Silently and expertly he touches TROCK's
pockets, extracting a gun.*)

Not that I'd distrust you,
but you know how it is. (*He pockets the
gun.*)

So long, Trock.

TROCK. So long.

30 SHADOW. I won't talk.

You can be sure of that.

TROCK. I know you won't.

[SHADOW turns and goes out right, past the
rock and along the bank. As he goes the
TWO YOUNG MEN IN BLUE SERGE enter
from the left and walk slowly after
SHADOW. They look toward TROCK as
they enter and he motions with his thumb
in the direction taken by SHADOW. They
follow SHADOW out without haste.

TROCK watches them disappear, then
slips out the way he came. MIO comes a
step forward, looking after the two men.
Two or three shots are heard, then si-
lence. MIO starts to run after SHADOW.]

MIRIAMNE. Mio!

MIO. What do you know about this?

MIRIAMNE. The other way,

Mio—quick!

[CARR slips in from the right, in haste.]

CARR. Look, somebody's just been shot.

He fell in the river. The guys that did the shooting ran up the bank.

MIO. Come on.

[MIO and CARR run out right. MIRIAMNE 10 CARR. So long, then.

watches uncertainly, then slowly turns and walks to the rear door of the tenement. She stands there a moment, looking after MIO, then goes in, closing the door. CARR and MIO return.]

CARR. There's a rip tide past the point.

You'd never find him.

MIO. No.

CARR. You know a man really ought to carry insurance living around here. 20

—God, it's easy, putting a fellow away. I never saw it done before.

MIO (*looking at the place where MIRIAMNE stood*). They have it all worked out.

CARR. What are you doing now?

MIO. I have a little business to transact in this neighborhood.

CARR. You'd better forget it.

MIO. No.

CARR. Need any help?

MIO. Well, if I did I'd ask you first. But I don't see how it would do any good. So you keep out of it and take care of yourself.

CARR. So long, then.

MIO. So long, Carr.

CARR (*looking down-stream*). He was drifting face up. Must be halfway to the island the way the tide runs. (*He shivers.*) God, it's cold here. Well

[*He goes out to the left. MIO sits on the edge of the rock. LUCIA comes stealthily back from between the bridge and the tenement, goes to the street-piano and wheels it away. PINY comes in. They take a look at MIO, but say nothing. LUCIA goes into his shelter and PINY into hers. MIO rises, looks up at the tenement, and goes out to the left.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

The basement as in Scene Two of Act I. The same evening. ESDRAS sits at the table reading, MIRIAMNE is seated at the left, listening and intent. The door of the inner room 30 is half open and GARTH'S violin is heard. He is playing the theme from the third movement of Beethoven's Archduke Trio. ESDRAS looks up.

ESDRAS. I remember when I came to the end

of all the Talmud said, and the commentaries,

then I was fifty years old—and it was 40 time

to ask what I had learned. I asked this question

and gave myself the answer. In all the Talmud

there was nothing to find but the names of things,

set down that we might call them by those names

and walk without fear among things known. Since then

I have had twenty years to read on and on

and end with Ecclesiastes. Names of names,

evanid days, evanid nights and days

and words that shift their meaning.

Space is time,

that which was is now—the men of tomorrow

live, and this is their yesterday. All things that were and are and will be, have their being then and now and to come. If this means little when you are young, remember it. It will return to mean more when you are old.

MIRIAMNE. I'm sorry—I was listening for something.

ESDRAS. It doesn't matter.

It's a useless wisdom. It's all I have, but useless. It may be there is no time, but we grow old. Do you know his name?

MIRIAMNE. Whose name?

ESDRAS. Why, when we're young and listen for a step

the step should have a name——

[MIRIAMNE, not hearing, rises and goes to the window. GARTH enters from within, carrying his violin and carefully closing the door.]

GARTH (as ESDRAS looks at him). Asleep.

ESDRAS. He may sleep on through the whole night—then in the morning we can let them know.

GARTH. We'd be wiser to say nothing—let him find his own way back.

ESDRAS. How did he come here?

GARTH. He's not too crazy for that. If he wakes again

we'll keep him quiet and shift him off tomorrow.

Somebody'd pick him up.

ESDRAS. How have I come to this sunken end of a street, at a life's end——?

GARTH. It was cheaper here—not to be transcendental——

So—we say nothing——?

ESDRAS. Nothing.

MIRIAMNE. Garth, there's no place in this whole city—not one—

where you would be safer than here—tonight—or tomorrow.

GARTH (*bitterly*). Well, that may be.

What of it?

MIRIAMNE. If you slipped away and took a place somewhere where Trock couldn't find you——

GARTH. Yes——

using what for money? and why do you think

I've sat here so far—because I love my home

so much? No, but if I stepped round the corner

it'd be my last corner and my last step.

MIRIAMNE. And yet——

if you're here—they'll find you here—Trock will come again——

20 and there's worse to follow——

GARTH. Do you want to get me killed?

MIRIAMNE. No.

GARTH. There's no way out of it. We'll wait

and take what they send us.

ESDRAS. Hush! You'll wake him.

GARTH. I've done it.

I hear him stirring now.

[*They wait quietly. JUDGE GAUNT opens the door and enters.*]

GAUNT (*in the doorway*). I beg your pardon——

no, no, be seated—keep your place—I've made

your evening difficult enough, I fear; and I must thank you doubly for your

kindness,

for I've been ill—I know it.

ESDRAS. You're better, sir?

40 GAUNT. Quite recovered, thank you.

Able, I hope,

to manage nicely now. You'll be rewarded

for your hospitality—though at this moment

(*He smiles.*) I'm low in funds.

- (*He inspects his billfold.*) Sir, my embarrassment
is great indeed—and more than monetary,
for I must own my recollection's vague
of how I came here—how we came together—
and what we may have said. My name is Gaunt,
Judge Gaunt, a name long known in 10
the criminal courts,
and not unhonored there.
- ESDRAS. My name is Esdras—
and this is Garth, my son. And Miriamne,
the daughter of my old age.
- GAUNT. I'm glad to meet you.
Esdras. Garth Esdras.
(*He passes a hand over his eyes.*)
It's not a usual name.
Of late it's been connected with a
case—
a case I knew. But this is hardly the
man.
Though it's not a usual name.
(*They are silent.*) Sir, how I came here,
as I have said, I don't well know.
Such things
are sometimes not quite accident.
- ESDRAS. We found you
outside our door and brought you in.
- GAUNT. The brain
can be overworked, and weary, even
when the man
would swear to his good health. Sir,
on my word
I don't know why I came here, nor
how, nor when,
nor what would explain it. Shall we
say the machine
begins to wear? I felt no twinge of it.—
You will imagine how much more
than galling
I feel it, to ask my way home—and
where I am—
but I do ask you that.
- ESDRAS. This is New York City—
or part of it.
- GAUNT. Not the best part, I presume?
(*He smiles grimly.*) No, not the best.
- ESDRAS. Not typical, no.
- GAUNT. And you—(*To GARTH.*)
you are Garth Esdras?
- GARTH. That's my name.
- GAUNT. Well, sir, (*To ESDRAS.*)
I shall lie under the deepest obligation
if you will set an old man on his path,
for I lack the homing instinct, if the
truth
were known. North, east and south
mean nothing to me
here in this room.
- ESDRAS. I can put you in your way.
- GARTH. Only you'd be wiser to wait a
while—
- 20 if I'm any judge.—
- GAUNT. It happens I'm the judge—
(*With stiff humor.*)
in more ways than one. You'll forgive
me if I say
I find this place and my predicament
somewhat distasteful.
(*He looks round him.*)
- GARTH. I don't doubt you do;
but you're better off here.
- 30 GAUNT. Nor will you find it wise
to cross my word as lightly as you
seem
inclined to do. You've seen me ill
and shaken—
and you presume on that.
- GARTH. Have it your way.
- GAUNT. Doubtless what information is
required
we'll find nearby.
- 40 ESDRAS. Yes, sir—the terminal,—
if you could walk so far.
- GAUNT. I've done some walking—
to look at my shoes.
(*He looks down, then puts out a hand to
steady himself.*) That—that was why
I came—

never mind—it was there—and it's gone.

(To GARTH.) Professor Hobhouse—that's the name—he wrote some trash about you

and printed it in a broadside.

—Since I'm here I can tell you

it's a pure fabrication—lacking facts and legal import. Senseless and impudent,

written with bias—with malicious intent

to undermine the public confidence

in justice and the courts. I knew it then—

all he brings out about this testimony you might have given. It's true I could have called you,

but the case was clear—Romagna was known guilty,

and there was nothing to add. If I've endured

some hours of torture over their attacks upon my probity—and in this torture have wandered from my place, wandered perhaps

in mind and body—and found my way to face you—

why, yes, it is so—I know it—I beg of you

say nothing. It's not easy to give up a fair name after a full half century of service to a state. It may well rock the surest reason. Therefore I ask of you

say nothing of this visit.

GARTH. I'll say nothing.

ESDRAS. Nor any of us.

GAUNT. Why, no—for you'd lose, too.

You'd have nothing to gain.

ESDRAS. Indeed we know it.

GAUNT. I'll remember you kindly. When I've returned,

there may be some mystery made of where I was—

we'll leave it a mystery?

GARTH. Anything you say.

GAUNT. Why, now I go with much more peace of mind—if I can call you friends.

ESDRAS. We shall be grateful for silence on your part, Your Honor.

GAUNT. Sir—

if there were any just end to be served by speaking out, I'd speak! There is

none. No—

bear that in mind!

ESDRAS. We will, Your Honor.

GAUNT. Then—

I'm in some haste. If you can be my guide,

we'll set out now.

ESDRAS. Yes, surely.

[*There is a knock at the door. The four look at each other with some apprehension.*

MIRIAMNE rises.]

I'll answer it.

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

[*She goes into the inner room and closes the door. ESDRAS goes to the outer door. The knock is repeated. He opens the door. MIO is there.*]

ESDRAS. Yes, sir.

MIO. May I come in?

ESDRAS. Will you state your business, sir?

30 It's late—and I'm not at liberty—

MIO. Why, I might say

that I was trying to earn my tuition fees

'by peddling magazines. I could say that,

or collecting old newspapers—paying cash—

highest rates—no questions asked—
(*He looks round sharply.*)

40 GARTH. We've nothing to sell.

What do you want?

MIO. Your pardon, gentlemen.

My business is not of an ordinary kind,

and I felt the need of this slight introduction

while I might get my bearings. Your
name is Esdras,
or they told me so outside.

GARTH. What do you want?

MIO. Is that the name?

GARTH. Yes.

MIO. I'll be quick and brief.

I'm the son of a man who died many
years ago

for a pay roll robbery in New Eng- 10

land. You

should be Garth Esdras, by what I've
heard. You have

some knowledge of the crime, if one
can believe

what he reads in the public prints,
and it might be

that your testimony, if given, would
clear my father

of any share in the murder. You may 20
not care

whether he was guilty or not. You
may not know.

But I do care—and care deeply, and
I've come

to ask you face to face.

GARTH. To ask me what?

MIO. What do you know of it?

ESDRAS. This man Romagna,
did he have a son? 30

MIO. Yes, sir, this man Romagna,
as you choose to call him, had a son,
and I

am that son, and proud.

ESDRAS. Forgive me.

MIO. Had you known him,

and heard him speak, you'd know
why I'm proud, and why
he was no malefactor.

ESDRAS. I quite believe you. 40

If my son can help he will. But at this
moment,

as I told you—could you, I wonder,
come tomorrow,
at your own hour?

MIO. Yes.

ESDRAS. By coincidence

we too of late have had this thing in
mind—

there have been comments printed,
and much discussion

which we could hardly avoid.

MIO. Could you tell me then

in a word?—What you know—

is it for him or against him?—

that's all I need.

ESDRAS. My son knows nothing.

GARTH. No.

The picture-papers lash themselves to
a fury

over any rumor—make them up when
they're short

of bedroom slops.—This is what hap-
pened. I

had known a few members of a gang
one time

up there—and after the murder they
picked me up

because I looked like someone that
was seen

in what they called the murder car.
They held me

a little while, but they couldn't iden-
tify me

for the most excellent reason I wasn't
there

when the thing occurred. A dozen
years later now

a professor comes across this, and sees
red

and asks why I wasn't called on as a
witness

and yips so loud they syndicate his
picture

in all the rotos. That's all I know
about it.

I wish I could tell you more.

ESDRAS. Let me say too

that I have read some words your
father said,

and you were a son fortunate in your
father,

whatever the verdict of the world.

MIO. There are few

who think so, but it's true, and I

thank you. Then—

that's the whole story?

GARTH. All I know of it.

MIO. They cover their tracks well, the
inner ring

that distributes murder. I came three
thousand miles

to this dead end.

ESDRAS. If he was innocent

and you know him so, believe it, and

let the others

believe as they like.

MIO. Will you tell me how a man's

to live, and face his life, if he can't
believe

that truth's like a fire,

and will burn through and be seen 20

though it takes all the years there are?

While I stand up and have breath in
my lungs

I shall be one flame of that fire;

it's all the life I have.

ESDRAS. Then you must live so.

One must live as he can.

MIO. It's the only way

of life my father left me.

ESDRAS. Yes? Yet it's true

the ground we walk on is impacted
down

and hard with blood and bones of
those who died

unjustly. There's not one title to land
or life,

even your own, but was built on rape
and murder,

back a few years. It would take a fire
indeed

to burn out all this terror.

MIO. Then let it burn down,

all of it!

ESDRAS. We ask a great deal of the world
at first—then less—and then less.

We ask for truth

and justice. But this truth's a thing
unknown

in the lightest, smallest matter—and
as for justice,

who has once seen it done? You loved
your father,

and I could have loved him, for every
word he spoke

in his trial was sweet and tolerant, but
the weight

of what men are and have, rests heavy
on

the graves of those who lost. They'll
not rise again,

and their causes lie there with them.

GAUNT. If you mean to say

that Bartolomeo Romagna was inno-
cent,

you are wrong. He was guilty.

There may have been injustice

from time to time, by regrettable
chance, in our courts,

but not in that case, I assure you.

MIO. Oh, you assure me!

You lie in your scrag teeth, whoever
you are!

My father was murdered!

GAUNT. Romagna was found guilty

by all due process of law, and given
his chance

to prove his innocence.

MIO. What chance? When a court

panders to mob hysterics, and the
jury

comes in loaded to soak an anarchist

and a foreigner, it may be due process
of law

but it's also murder!

GAUNT. He should have thought of that

40 before he spilled blood.

MIO. He?

GAUNT. Sir, I know too well

that he was guilty.

MIO. Who are you? How do you know?

I've searched the records through, the
trial and what

came after, and in all that million
words

I found not one unbiased argument
to fix the crime on him.

GAUNT. And you yourself,
were you unprejudiced?

MIO. Who are you?

ESDRAS. Sir,
this gentleman is here, as you are
here, 10
to ask my son, as you have asked,
what ground
there might be for this talk of new evi-
dence
in your father's case. We gave him the
same answer
we've given you.

MIO. I'm sorry. I'd supposed
his cause forgotten except by myself.

There's still
a defense committee then?

GAUNT. There may be. I
am not connected with it.

ESDRAS. He is my guest,
and asks to remain unknown.

MIO (*after a pause, looking at GAUNT*).

The judge at the trial
was younger, but he had your face.

Can it be
that you're the man?—Yes—Yes.— 30

The jury charge—
I sat there as a child and heard your
voice,
and watched that Brahminical
mouth. I knew even then
you meant no good to him. And now
you're here

to winnow out truth and justice—the
fountain-head
of the lies that slew him! Are you 40
Judge Gaunt?

GAUNT. I am.

MIO. Then tell me what damnation to
what inferno
would fit the toad that sat in robes
and lied

when he gave the charge, and knew
he lied! Judge that,
and then go to your place in that hell!

GAUNT. I know and have known
what bitterness can rise against a
court

when it must say, putting aside all
weakness,
that a man's to die. I can forgive you
that,

for you are your father's son, and you
think of him

as a son thinks of his father. Certain
laws

seem cruel in their operation; it's
necessary

that we be cruel to uphold them. This
cruelty

is kindness to those I serve.

20 MIO. I don't doubt that.

I know who it is you serve.

GAUNT. Would I have chosen
to rack myself with other men's de-
spairs,

stop my ears, harden my heart, and
listen only

to the voice of law and light, if I had
hoped

some private gain for serving? In all
my years

on the bench of a long-established
commonwealth

not once has my decision been in
question

save in this case. Not once before or
since.

For hope of heaven or place on earth,
or power

or gold, no man has had my voice, nor
will

while I still keep the trust that's laid
on me

to sentence and define.

MIO. Then why are you here?

GAUNT. My record's clean. I've kept it
so. But suppose

with the best intent, among the myriad tongues
that come to testify, I had missed my way
and followed a perjured tale to a lethal end
till a man was forsworn to death?

Could I rest or sleep
while there was doubt of this,
even while there was question in a 10
layman's mind?

For always, night and day,
there lies on my brain like a weight,
the admonition:

see truly, let nothing sway you;
among all functions
there's but one godlike, to judge.

Then see to it
you judge as a god would judge, with clarity,

with truth, with what mercy is found
consonant

with order and law. Without law men
are beasts,
and it's a judge's task to lift and hold
them

above themselves. Let a judge be once
mistaken

or step aside for a friend, and a gap is
made

in the dykes that hold back anarchy
and chaos,
and leave men bond but free.

MIO. Then the gap's been made,
and you made it.

GAUNT. I feared that too. May you be a
judge

sometime, and know in what fear,
through what nights long

in fear, I scanned and verified and 40
compared

the transcripts of the trial.

MIO. Without prejudice,
no doubt. It was never in your mind
to prove
that you'd been right.

GAUNT. And conscious of that, too—
that that might be my purpose—
watchful of that,
and jealous as his own lawyer of the
rights

that should hedge the defendant!

And still I found no error,
shook not one staple of the bolts that
linked

the doer to the deed! Still following
on from step to step, I watched all
modern comment,
and saw it centered finally on one
fact—

Garth Esdras was not called. This is
Garth Esdras,
and you have heard him. Would his
deposition

have justified a new trial?

20 MIO. No. It would not.

GAUNT. And there I come, myself. If the
man were still

in his cell, and waiting, I'd have no
faint excuse
for another hearing.

MIO. I've told you that I read
the trial from beginning to end.

Every word you spoke
was balanced carefully to keep the
letter

of the law and still convict—convict,
by Christ,

if it tore the seven veils! You stand
here now

running cascades of casuistry, to
prove

to yourself and me that no judge of
rank and breeding
could burn a man out of hate! But
that's what you did
under all your varnish!

GAUNT. I've sought for evidence,
and you have sought. Have you found
it? Can you cite
one fresh word in defence?

MIO. The trial itself

was shot full of legerdemain, prearranged to lead

the jury astray—

GAUNT. Could you prove that?

MIO. Yes!

GAUNT. And if

the jury were led astray, remember it's the jury, by our Anglo-Saxon custom, that finds for guilt or innocence. The judge

is powerless in that matter.

MIO. Not you! Your charge

misled the jury more than the evidence, accepted every biased meaning, distilled

the poison for them!

GAUNT. But if that were so

I'd be the first, I swear it, to step down among all men, and hold out both my hands

for manacles—yes, publish it in the streets, that all I've held most sacred was defiled

by my own act. A judge's brain becomes

a delicate instrument to weigh men's lives

for good and ill—too delicate to bear much tampering. If he should push aside

the weights and throw the beam, and say, this once

the man is guilty, and I will have it so though his mouth cry out from the ground,

and all the world

revoke my word, he'd have a short way to go

to madness. I think you'd find him in the squares,

stopping the passers-by with arguments,—

see, I was right, the man was guilty there—

this was brought in against him, this—and this—

and I was left no choice! It's no light thing

when a long life's been dedicate to one end

to wrench the mind awry!

MIO. By your own thesis

you should be mad, and no doubt you are.

GAUNT. But my madness

is only this—that I would fain look back

on a life well spent—without one stain—one breath

of stain to flaw the glass—not in men's minds

nor in my own. I take my God as witness

I meant to earn that clearness, and believe

that I have earned it. Yet my name is clouded

with the blackest, fiercest scandal of our age

that's touched a judge. What I can do to wipe

that smutch from my fame I will. I think you know

how deeply I've been hated, for no cause

that I can find there. Can it not be—and I ask this

quite honestly—that the great injustice lies

on your side and not mine? Time and time again

men have come before me perfect in their lives,

loved by all who knew them, loved at home,

gentle, not vicious, yet caught so ripe red-handed

in some dark violence there was no denying

where the onus lay.

MIO. That was not so with my father!

GAUNT. And yet it seemed so to me. To other men

who sat in judgment on him. Can you be sure—

I ask this in humility—that you, who were touched closest by the tragedy,

may not have lost perspective—may have brooded

day and night on one theme—till your eyes are tranced

and show you one side only?

MIO. I see well enough.

GAUNT. And would that not be part of the malady—

to look quite steadily at the drift of things

but see there what you wish—not what is there—

not what another man to whom the story

was fresh would say is there?

MIO. You think I'm crazy.

Is that what you meant to say?

GAUNT. I've seen it happen

with the best and wisest men. I but ask the question.

I can't speak for you. Is it not true wherever

you walk, through the little town where you knew him well,

or flying from it, inland or by the sea, still walking at your side, and sleeping

only

when you too sleep, a shadow not your own

follows, pleading and holding out its hands

to be delivered from shame?

MIO. How you know that

by God I don't know.

GAUNT. Because one spectre haunted you and me—

and haunts you still, but for me it's laid to rest

now that my mind is satisfied. He died

justly and not by error. (*A pause.*)

MIO (*stepping forward*). Do you care to know

you've come so near to death it's miracle

that pulse still beats in your splotchy throat?

10 Do you know

there's murder in me?

GAUNT. There was murder in your sire, and it's to be expected! I say he died justly, and he deserved it!

MIO. Yes, you'd like too well

to have me kill you! That would prove your case

and clear your name, and dip my father's name

20 in stench forever! You'll not get that from me!

Go home and die in bed, get it under cover,

your lux-et-lex putrefaction of the right thing,

you man that walks like a god!

GAUNT. Have I made you angry by coming too near the truth?

MIO. This sets him up,

30 this venomous slug, this sets him up in a gown,

deciding who's to walk above the earth

' and who's to lie beneath! And giving reasons!

The cobra giving reasons; I'm a god, by Buddha, holy and worshipful my

fang,

and can I sink it in!

40 (*He pauses, turns as if to go, then sits.*)

This is no good.

This won't help much.

[*The JUDGE and ESDRAS look at each other.*]

GAUNT. We should be going.

ESDRAS. Yes. (*They prepare to go.*)

I'll lend you my coat.

GAUNT (*looking at it with distaste*).

No, keep it. A little rain
shouldn't matter to me.

ESDRAS. It freezes as it falls,
and you've a long way to go.

GAUNT. I'll manage, thank you.

[GAUNT and ESDRAS go out, ESDRAS obsequious, closing the door.]

GARTH (*looking at MIO's back*). Well?

MIO (*not moving*). Let me sit here a moment.

[GARTH shrugs his shoulders and goes toward the inner door. MIRIAMNE opens it and comes out. GARTH looks at her, then at MIO, then lays his fingers on his lips. She nods. GARTH goes out. MIRIAMNE sits and watches MIO. After a little he turns and sees her.]

MIO. How did you come here?

MIRIAMNE. I live here.

MIO. Here?

MIRIAMNE. My name is Esdras. Garth is my brother. The walls are thin.

I heard what was said.

MIO (*stirring wearily*). I'm going. This is no place for me.

MIRIAMNE. What place
would be better?

MIO. None. Only it's better to go.

Just to go.

[*She comes over to him, puts her arm around him and kisses his forehead.*]

MIRIAMNE. Mio.

MIO. What do you want?

Your kisses burn me—and your arms.
Don't offer

what I'm never to have! I can have
nothing. They say
they'll cross the void sometime to the
other planets

and men will breathe in that air.

Well, I could breathe there,
but not here now. Not on this ball of
mud.

I don't want it.

MIRIAMNE. They can take away so little

with all their words. For you're a king
among them.

I heard you, and loved your voice.

MIO. I thought I'd fallen
so low there was no further, and now a
pit
opens beneath. It was bad enough
that he

should have died innocent, but if he
were guilty—

then what's my life—what have I left
to do—?

The son of a felon—and what they
spat on me

was earned—and I'm drenched with
the stuff.

Here on my hands
and cheeks, their spittle hanging! I
liked my hands

because they were like his. I tell you
I've lived

by his innocence, lived to see it flash
and blind them all—

MIRIAMNE. Never believe them, Mio,
never. (*She looks toward the inner door.*)

MIO. But it was truth I wanted, truth—
not the lies you'd tell yourself, or tell a
woman,

or a woman tells you! The judge with
his cobra mouth

may have spat truth—and I may be
mad! For me—

your hands are too clean to touch me.
I'm to have

the scraps from hotel kitchens—and
instead of love

those mottled bodies that hitch them-
selves through alleys

to sell for dimes or nickels. Go, keep
yourself chaste

for the baker bridegroom—baker and
son of a baker,

let him get his baker's dozen on you!

MIRIAMNE. No—

say once you love me—say it once;
I'll never

ask to hear it twice, nor for any kindness,
and you shall take all I have!

[GARTH opens the inner door and comes out.]

GARTH. I interrupt
a love scene, I believe. We can do
without

your adolescent mawkishness.

(To MIRIAMNE.) You're a child.

You'll both remember that.

MIRIAMNE. I've said nothing to harm
you—

and will say nothing.

GARTH. You're my sister, though,
and I take a certain interest in you.

Where

have you two met?

MIRIAMNE. We danced together.

GARTH. Then
the dance is over, I think.

MIRIAMNE. I've always loved you
and tried to help you, Garth. And
you've been kind.

Don't spoil it now.

GARTH. Spoil it how?

MIRIAMNE. Because I love him.

I didn't know it would happen. We
danced together.

And the world's all changed. I see 30
you through a mist,
and our father, too. If you brought
this to nothing

I'd want to die.

GARTH (to MIO). You'd better go.

MIO. Yes, I know.

[He rises. There is a trembling knock at the
door. MIRIAMNE goes to it. The HOBO is
there shivering.]

HOBO. Miss, could I sleep under the 40
pipes tonight, miss?

Could I, please?

MIRIAMNE. I think—not tonight.

HOBO. There won't be any more nights

—
if I don't get warm, miss.

MIRIAMNE. Come in.

[The HOBO comes in, looks round deprecatingly, then goes to a corner beneath a
huge heating pipe, which he crawls under
as if he'd been there before.]

HOBO. Yes, miss, thank you.

GARTH. Must we put up with that?

MIRIAMNE. Father let him sleep there—
last winter.

10 GARTH. Yes, God, yes.

MIO. Well, good night.

MIRIAMNE. Where will you go?

MIO. Yes, where? As if it mattered.

GARTH. Oh, sleep here, too.

We'll have a row of you under the
pipes.

MIO. No, thanks.

MIRIAMNE. Mio, I've saved a little
money. It's only

20 some pennies, but you must take it.
(She shakes some coins out of a box into her
hand.)

MIO. No, thanks.

MIRIAMNE. And I love you.

You've never said you love me.

MIO. Why wouldn't I love you
when you're clean and sweet,
and I've seen nothing sweet or clean
this last ten years? I love you. I leave
you that
for what good it may do you. It's none
to me.

MIRIAMNE. Then kiss me.

MIO (looking at GARTH).

With that scowling over us? No.

When it rains, some spring
on the planet Mercury, where the
spring comes often,
I'll meet you there, let's say. We'll
wait for that.

It may be some time till then.

[The outside door opens and ESDRAS enters
with JUDGE GAUNT, then, after a slight
interval, TROCK follows. TROCK sur-
veys the interior and its occupants one by
one, carefully.]

TROCK. I wouldn't want to cause you inconvenience,
any of you, and especially the Judge.
I think you know that. You've all got
things to do—
trains to catch, and so on. But trains
can wait.
Hell, nearly anything can wait, you'll
find,
only I can't. I'm the only one that I
can't

because I've got no time. Who's all
this here?

Who's that? (*He points to the HOBO.*)

ESDRAS. He's a poor half-wit, sir,
that sometimes sleeps there.

TROCK. Come out. I say come out,
whoever you are.

(*The HOBO stirs and looks up.*)

Yes, I mean you. Come out.

(*The HOBO emerges.*)

What's your name?

HOBO. They mostly call me Oke.

TROCK. What do you know?

HOBO. No, sir.

TROCK. Where are you from?

HOBO. I got a piece of bread.

(*He brings it out, trembling.*)

TROCK. Get back in there!

(*The HOBO crawls back into his corner.*) 30

Maybe you want to know why I'm
doing this.

Well, I've been robbed, that's why—
robbed five or six times;

the police can't find a thing—so I'm
out for myself—

if you want to know.

(*To MIO.*) Who are you?

MIO. Oh, I'm a half-wit,
came in here by mistake. The differ- 40
ence is

I've got no piece of bread.

TROCK. What's your name?

MIO. My name?

Theophrastus Such. That's respect-
able.

You'll find it all the way from here to
the coast

on the best police blotters.

Only the truth is we're a little touched
in the head,

Oke and me. You'd better ask some-
body else.

TROCK. Who is he?

ESDRAS. His name's Romagna. He's the
son.

TROCK. Then what's he doing here?
You said you were on the level.

GARTH. He just walked in. On account
of the stuff in the papers. We didn't
ask him.

TROCK. God, we are a gathering. Now if
we had Shadow we'd be all here,
huh? Only I guess we won't see
Shadow. No, that's too much to ask.

20 MIO. Who's Shadow?

TROCK. Now you're putting questions.
Shadow was just nobody, you see.
He blew away. It might happen to
anyone. (*He looks at GARTH.*) Yes,
anyone at all.

MIO. Why do you keep your hand in
your pocket, friend?

TROCK. Because I'm cold, punk. Because
I've been outside and it's cold as
the tomb of Christ. (*To GARTH.*)
Listen, there's a car waiting up at
the street to take the Judge home.
We'll take him to the car.

GARTH. That's not necessary.

ESDRAS. No.

TROCK. I say it is, see? You wouldn't
want to let the Judge walk, would
you? The Judge is going to ride
where he's going, with a couple of
chauffeurs, and everything done in
style. Don't you worry about the
Judge. He'll be taken care of. For
good.

GARTH. I want no hand in it.

TROCK. Anything happens to me hap-
pens to you too, musician.

GARTH. I know that.

TROCK. Keep your mouth out of it then.

And you'd better keep the punk here tonight, just for luck. (*He turns toward the door. There is a brilliant lightning flash through the windows, followed slowly by dying thunder.*

TROCK opens the door. The rain begins to pour in sheets.) Jesus, somebody tipped it over again! (*A cough racks him.*) Wait till it's over. It takes ten days off me every time I step into it. (*He closes the door.*) Sit down and wait.

[*Lightning flashes again. The thunder is fainter.* ESDRAS, GARTH and the JUDGE sit down.]

GAUNT. We were born too early. Even you who are young are not of the elect. In a hundred years 20 man will put his finger on life itself, and then he will live as long as he likes. For you and me we shall die soon—one day, one year more or less, when or where, it's no matter. It's what we call an indeterminate sentence. I'm hungry.

[*GARTH looks at MIRIAMNE.*]

MIRIAMNE. There was nothing left tonight.

HOB0. I've got a piece of bread.

[*He breaks his bread in two and hands half to the JUDGE.*]

GAUNT. I thank you, sir. (*He eats.*)

This is not good bread. (*He rises.*)

Sir, I am used

to other company. Not better, per- 40 haps, but their clothes

were different. These are what it's

the fashion to call

the underprivileged.

TROCK. Oh, hell!

(*He turns toward the door.*)

MIO (*to TROCK*). It would seem that you and the Judge know each other.

[*TROCK faces him.*]

TROCK. I've been around.

MIO. Maybe you've met before.

TROCK. Maybe we have.

MIO. Will you tell me where?

TROCK. How long do you want to live?

10 MIO. How long? Oh, I've got big ideas about that.

TROCK. I thought so. Well, so far I've got nothing against you but your name, see? You keep it that way.

[*He opens the door. The rain still falls in torrents. He closes the door. As he turns from it, it opens again, and SHADOW, white, bloodstained and dripping, stands in the doorway. GARTH rises. TROCK turns.*]

GAUNT (*to the HOB0*). Yet if one were careful of his health, ate sparingly, drank not at all, used himself wisely, it might be that even an old man could live to touch immortality. They may come on the secret sooner than we dare hope. You see? It does no harm to try.

TROCK (*backing away from SHADOW*). By 30 God, he's out of his grave!

SHADOW (*leaning against the doorway, holding a gun in his hands*). Keep your hands where they belong, Trock.

You know me.

TROCK. Don't! Don't! I had nothing to do with it!

(*He backs to the opposite wall.*)

SHADOW. You said the doctor gave you six months to live—well, I don't give you that much. That's what you had, six months, and so you start bumping off your friends to make sure of your damn six months. I got it from you.

I know where I got it.

Because I wouldn't give it to the Judge.

So he wouldn't talk.

TROCK. Honest to God—

SHADOW. What God?

The one that let you put three holes in me

when I was your friend? Well, He let me get up again

and walk till I could find you. That's 10 as far as I get,

but I got there, by God! And I can hear you

even if I can't see!

(*He takes a staggering step forward.*)

A man needs blood

to keep going.—I got this far.—And now I can't see!

It runs out too fast—too fast—

when you've got three slugs clean through you.

Show me where he is, you fools! He's here!

I got here! (*He drops the gun.*)

Help me! Help me! Oh, God! Oh, God!

I'm going to die! Where does a man lie down?

I want to lie down!

[MIRIAMNE starts toward SHADOW. GARTH 30

and ESDRAS help him into the next room, MIRIAMNE following. TROCK squats in his corner, breathing hard, looking at the door. MIO stands, watching TROCK. GARTH returns, wiping his hand with a handkerchief. MIO picks up and pockets the gun. MIRIAMNE comes back and leans against the door jamb.]

GAUNT. You will hear it said that an old man makes a good judge, being 40 calm, clear-eyed, without passion. But this is not true. Only the young love truth and justice. The old are savage, wary, violent, swayed by maniac desires, cynical of friendship or love, open to bribery and

the temptations of lust, corrupt and dastardly to the heart. I know these old men. What have they left to believe, what have they left to lose? Whorers of daughters, licksters of girls' shoes, contrivers of nastiness in the night, purveyors of perversion, worshippers of possession! Death is the only radical. He comes late, but he comes at last to put away the old men and give the young their places. It was time.

(*He leans.*)

Here's one I heard yesterday:

Marmaduke behind the barn got his sister in a fix;

he says damn instead of darn; ain't he cute? He's only six!

THE HOBO. He, he, he!

20 GAUNT.

And the hoot-owl hoots all night, and the cuckoo cooks all day, and what with a minimum grace of God

we pass the time away.

THE HOBO. He, he, he—I got ya!

(*He makes a sign with his thumb.*)

GAUNT (*sings*).

And he led her all around and laid her on the ground and he ruffled up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest!

HOBO. Ho, ho, ho!

GAUNT. I am not taken with the way you laugh. You should cultivate restraint.

[ESDRAS reenters.]

TROCK. Shut the door.

ESDRAS. He won't come back again.

40 TROCK. I want the door shut! He was dead, I tell you! (ESDRAS closes the door.) And Romagna was dead, too, once! Can't they keep a man under ground?

MIO. No. No more! They don't stay under ground any more, and they

don't stay under water! Why did you have him killed?

TROCK. Stay away from me! I know you!

MIO. Who am I, then?

TROCK. I know you, damn you! Your name's Romagna!

MIO. Yes! And Romagna was dead, too, and Shadow was dead, but the time's come when you can't keep them down, these dead men! They won't stay down! They come in with their heads shot off and their entrails dragging! Hundreds of them! One by one—all you ever killed! Watch the door! See!—It moves!

TROCK (*looking, fascinated, at the door*). Let me out of here! (*He tries to rise.*)

MIO (*the gun in his hand*). Oh, no! You'll sit there and wait for them! One by one they'll come through that door, pulling their heads out of the gunny-sacks where you tied them—glauming over you with their rotten hands! They'll see without eyes and crawl over you—Shadow and the paymaster and all the rest of them—putrescent bones without eyes! Now! Look! Look! For I'm first among them!

TROCK. I've done for better men than you! And I'll do for you!

GAUNT (*rapping on the table*). Order, gentlemen, order! The witness will remember that a certain decorum is essential in the court-room!

MIO. By God, he'll answer me!

GAUNT (*thundering*). Silence! Silence! Let me remind you of courtesy toward the witness! What case is this you try?

MIO. The case of the state against Bartolomeo Romagna for the murder of the paymaster!

GAUNT. Sir, that was disposed of long ago!

MIO. Never disposed of, never, not while I live!

GAUNT. Then we'll have done with it now! I deny the appeal! I have denied the appeal before and I do so again!

HOB0. He, he!—He think's he's in the moving pictures! (*A flash of lightning.*)

GAUNT. Who set that flash! Bailiff, clear the court! This is not Flemington, gentlemen! We are not conducting this case to make a journalistic holiday! (*The thunder rumbles faintly. GARTH opens the outside door and faces a solid wall of rain.*) Stop that man! He's one of the defendants!

[GARTH closes the door.]

MIO. Then put him on the stand!

GARTH. What do you think you're doing?

MIO. Have you any objection?

GAUNT. The objection is not sustained. We will hear the new evidence. Call your witness.

MIO. Garth Esdras!

GAUNT. He will take the stand!

GARTH. If you want me to say what I said before I'll say it!

30 MIO. Call Trock Estrella then!

GAUNT. Trock Estrella to the stand!

TROCK. No, by God!

MIO. Call Shadow, then! He'll talk! You thought he was dead, but he'll get up again and talk!

TROCK (*screaming*). What do you want of me?

MIO. You killed the paymaster! You!

TROCK. You lie! It was Shadow killed him!

MIO. And now I know! Now I know!

GAUNT. Again I remind you of courtesy toward the witness!

MIO. I know them now!

Let me remind you of courtesy toward the dead!

He says that Shadow killed him! If
 Shadow were here
 he'd say it was Trock! There were
 three men involved
 in the new version of the crime for
 which
 my father died! Shadow and Trock
 Estrella
 as principals in the murder—Garth
 as witness!— 10
 Why are they here together?—and
 you—the Judge—
 why are you here? Why, because you
 were all afraid
 and you drew together out of that
 fear to arrange
 a story you could tell! And Trock
 killed Shadow
 and meant to kill the Judge out of
 that same fear— 20
 to keep them quiet! This is the thing
 I've hunted
 over the earth to find out, and I'd be
 blind
 indeed if I missed it now!
 (To GAUNT.) You heard what he said:
 It was Shadow killed him! Now let
 the night conspire
 with the sperm of hell! It's plain be-
 yond denial 30
 even to this fox of justice—and all his
 words
 are curses on the wind! You lied! You
 lied!
 You knew this too!
 GAUNT (*low*). Let me go. Let me go!
 MIO. Then why
 did you let my father die?
 GAUNT. Suppose it known,
 but there are things a judge must not 40
 believe
 though they should head and fester
 underneath
 and press in on his brain. Justice once
 rendered
 in a clear burst of anger, righteously,

upon a very common laborer,
 confessed an anarchist, the verdict
 found
 and the precise machinery of law
 invoked to know him guilty—think
 what furor
 would rock the state if the court then
 flatly said:
 all this was lies—must be reversed?
 It's better,
 as any judge can tell you, in such
 cases,
 holding the common good to be
 worth more
 than small injustice, to let the record
 stand,
 let one man die. For justice, in the
 main,
 is governed by opinion. Communities
 will have what they will have, and
 it's quite as well,
 after all, to be rid of anarchists. Our
 rights
 as citizens can be maintained as
 rights
 only while we are held to be the peers
 of those who live about us. A vendor
 of fish
 is not protected as a man might be
 who kept a market. I own I've some-
 times wished
 this was not so, but it is. The man you
 defend
 was unfortunate—and his misfortune
 bore
 almost as heavily on me.—I'm
 broken—
 broken across. You're much too
 young to know
 how bitter it is when a worn connec-
 tion chars
 and you can't remember—can't re-
 member.
 (*He steps forward.*) You
 will not repeat this? It will go no fur-
 ther?

MIO. No.

No further than the moon takes the
tides—no further
than the news went when he died—
when you found him guilty
and they flashed that round the earth.

Wherever men
still breathe and think, and know
what's done to them
by the powers above, they'll know. 10

That's all I ask.

That'll be enough.

[TROCK has risen and looks darkly at MIO.]

GAUNT. Thank you. For I've said some
things

a judge should never say.

TROCK. Go right on talking.

Both of you. It won't get far, I guess.

MIO. Oh, you'll see to that?

TROCK. I'll see to it. Me and some others. 20

Maybe I lost my grip there just for a
minute.

That's all right.

MIO. Then see to it! Let it rain!

What can you do to me now when the
night's on fire
with this thing I know? Now I could
almost wish
there was a god somewhere—I could
almost think

there was a god—and he somehow
brought me here
and set you down before me here in
the rain

where I could wring this out of you!

For it's said,
and I've heard it, and I'm free! He
was as I thought him,
true and noble and upright, even
when he went

to a death contrived because he was
as he was

and not your kind! Let it rain! Let
the night speak fire
and the city go out with the tide, for
he was a man

and I know you now, and I have my
day!

[There is a heavy knock at the outside door.
MIRIAMNE opens it, at a glance from
GARTH. The POLICEMAN is there in
oilskins.]

POLICEMAN. Evening.

(He steps in, followed by a SERGEANT,
similarly dressed.)

We're looking for someone
might be here. Seen an old man
around

acting a little off?

(To ESDRAS.) You know the one

I mean. You saw him out there. Jeez!

You've got

a funny crowd here!

(He looks round. The HOB0 shrinks into
his corner.) That's the one I saw.

What do you think?

SERGEANT. That's him. You mean to say
you didn't know him by his pictures?

(He goes to GAUNT.) Come on, old man.

You're going home.

GAUNT. Yes, sir. I've lost my way.

I think I've lost my way.

SERGEANT. I'll say you have.

About three hundred miles. Now
don't you worry.

30 We'll get you back.

GAUNT. I'm a person of some rank
in my own city.

SERGEANT. We know that. One look at
you

and we'd know that.

GAUNT. Yes, sir.

POLICEMAN. If it isn't Trock!

Trock Estrella. How are you, Trock?

TROCK. Pretty good,

40 Thanks.

POLICEMAN. Got out yesterday again, I
hear?

TROCK. That's right.

SERGEANT. Hi'ye, Trock?

TROCK. O. K.

SERGEANT. You know we got orders

to watch you pretty close. Be good now, baby, or back you go. Don't pull try to anything, not in my district.

TROCK. No, sir.

SERGEANT. No bumping off.

If you want my advice quit carrying a gun.

Try earning your living for once. 10

TROCK. Yeah.

SERGEANT. That's an idea.

Because if we find any stiff on the river bank

we'll know who to look for.

MIO. Then look in the other room!

I accuse that man of murder! Trock Estrella!

He's a murderer!

POLICEMAN. Hello. I remember you. 20

SERGEANT. Well, what murder?

MIO. It was Trock Estrella

that robbed the pay roll thirteen years ago

and did the killing my father died for! You know

the Romagna case! Romagna was innocent,

and Trock Estrella guilty!

SERGEANT (*disgusted*). Oh, what the hell! 30

That's old stuff—the Romagna case.

POLICEMAN. Hey, Sarge!

(*The SERGEANT and POLICEMAN come closer together.*)

The boy's a professional kidder. He took me over

about half an hour ago. He kids the police

and then ducks out!

SERGEANT. Oh, yeah? 40

MIO. I'm not kidding now.

You'll find a dead man there in the next room

and Estrella killed him!

SERGEANT. Thirteen years ago?

And nobody smelled him yet?

MIO (*pointing*). I accuse this man of two murders! He killed the pay-master long ago and had Shadow killed tonight. Look, look for yourself!

He's there all right!

POLICEMAN. Look boy. You stood out there

and put the booby sign on the dumb police

because they're fresh out of Ireland.

Don't try it twice.

SERGEANT (to GARTH). Any corpses here?

GARTH. Not that I know of.

SERGEANT. I thought so.

(*MIO looks at MIRIAMNE.*)

(*To MIO.*) Think up a better one.

MIO. Have I got to drag him out here where you can see him?

(*He goes toward the inner door.*) Can't you scent a murder

when it's under your nose? Look in!

MIRIAMNE. No, no—there's no one—there's no one there!

SERGEANT (*looking at MIRIAMNE*). Take a look inside.

POLICEMAN. Yes, sir.

(*He goes into the inside room. The SERGEANT goes up to the door. The POLICEMAN returns.*)

He's kidding, Sarge. If there's a cadaver

in here I don't see it.

MIO. You're blind then!

(*He goes into the room, the SERGEANT following him.*)

SERGEANT. What do you mean?

(*He comes out, MIO following him.*)

When you make a charge of murder

it's better to have

the corpus delicti, son. You're the kind puts in

fire alarms to see the engine!

MIO. By God, he was there.

He went in there to die.

SERGEANT. I'll bet he did.

And I'm Haile Selassie's aunt! What's your name?

MIO. Romagna. (*To GARTH.*) What have you done with him?

GARTH. I don't know what you mean.

SERGEANT (*to GARTH*). What's he talking about?

GARTH. I wish I could tell you.

I don't know.

SERGEANT. He must have seen something. 10

POLICEMAN. He's got the Romagna case on the brain. You watch yourself, chump, or you'll get run in.

MIO. Then they're in it together!

All of them!

(*To MIRIAMNE.*) Yes, and you!

GARTH. He's nuts, I say.

MIRIAMNE (*gently*).

You have dreamed something—isn't it true?

You've dreamed—

But truly, there was no one—

(*MIO looks at her comprehendingly.*)

MIO. You want me to say it. (*He pauses.*)

Yes, by God, I was dreaming.

SERGEANT (*to POLICEMAN*). I guess you're right.

We'd better be going. Haven't you got a coat?

GAUNT. No, sir.

SERGEANT. I guess I'll have to lend you mine.

(*He puts his oilskins on GAUNT.*) Come on, now. It's getting late.

[GAUNT, the POLICEMAN and the SERGEANT go out.]

TROCK. They're welcome to him.

His fuse is damp. Where is that walking fool

with the three slugs in him?

ESDRAS. He fell in the hall beyond and we left him there.

TROCK. That's lucky for some of us. Is he out this time

or is he still butting around?

ESDRAS. He's dead.

TROCK. That's perfect.

(*To MIO.*) Don't try using your fire-arms, amigo baby,

the Sarge is outside. (*He turns to go.*)

Better ship that carrion back in the river! The one that walks when he's dead;

maybe he'll walk the distance for you.

GARTH. Coming back?

TROCK. Well, if I come back you'll see me. If I don't, you won't.

Let the punk

go far as he likes. Turn him loose and let him go.

And may you all rot in hell.

[*He pulls his coat around him and goes to left. MIRIAMNE climbs up to look out a window.*]

MIRIAMNE. He's climbing up to the street, along the bridgehead.

(*She turns.*) Quick, Mio! It's safe now! Quick!

GARTH. Let him do as he likes.

MIRIAMNE. What do you mean? Garth! He means to kill him!

You know that!

GARTH. I've no doubt Master Romagna can run his own campaign.

30 MIRIAMNE. But he'll be killed!

MIO. Why did you lie about Shadow?

(*There is a pause. GARTH shrugs, walks across the room, and sits.*) You were one of the gang!

GARTH. I can take a death if I have to!

Go tell your story, only watch your step, for I warn you, Trock's out gunning

and you may not walk very far. Oh, I could defend it

but it's hardly worth while.

If they get Trock they get me too.

Go tell them. You owe me nothing.

ESDRAS. This Trock you saw, no one defends him. He's earned his death so often

- there's nobody to regret it. But his
crime,
his same crime that has dogged you,
dogged us down
from what little we had, to live here
among the drains,
where the waterbugs break out like a
scrofula
on what we eat—and if there's lower
to go
we'll go there when you've told your
story. And more
that I haven't heart to speak—
MIO (*to GARTH*). My father died
in your place. And you could have
saved him!
You were one of the gang!
GARTH. Why, there you are.
You certainly owe me nothing.
MIRIAMNE (*moaning*). I want to die.
I want to go away.
MIO. Yes, and you lied!
And trapped me into it!
MIRIAMNE. But Mio, he's my brother.
I couldn't give them my brother.
MIO. No. You couldn't.
You were quite right. The gods were
damned ironic
tonight, and they've worked it out.
ESDRAS. What will be changed
if it comes to trial again? More blood
poured out
to a mythical justice, but your father,
lying still
where he lies now.
MIO. The bright, ironical gods!
What fun they have in heaven! When
a man prays hard
for any gift, they give it, and then one
more
to boot that makes it useless.
(*To MIRIAMNE.*) You might have
picked
some other stranger to dance with!
MIRIAMNE. I know.
MIO. Or chosen
some other evening to sit outside in
the rain.
But no, it had to be this. All my life
long
I've wanted only one thing, to say to
the world
and prove it: the man you killed was
clean and true
and full of love as the twelve-year-old
that stood
and taught in the temple. I can say
that now
and give my proofs—and now you
stick a girl's face
between me and the rites I've sworn
the dead
shall have of me! You ask too much!
Your brother
can take his chance! He was ready
enough to let
an innocent man take certainty for
him
to pay for the years he's had. That
parts us, then,
but we're parted anyway, by the same
dark wind
that blew us together. I shall say what
I have to say.
(*He steps back.*) And I'm not welcome
here.
MIRIAMNE. But don't go now! You've
stayed
too long! He'll be waiting!
MIO. Well, is this any safer?
Let the winds blow, the four winds of
the world,
and take us to the four winds.
[*The three are silent before him. He turns and
goes out.*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

The river banks outside the tenement, a little before the close of the previous act. The rain still falls through the street lamps. The TWO NATTY YOUNG MEN IN SERGE AND GRAY are leaning against the masonry in a ray of light, concentrating on a game of chance. Each holds in his hand a packet of ten or fifteen crisp bills. They compare the numbers on the top notes and immediately a bill changes hands. This goes on with varying fortune until the tide begins to run toward the 1ST GUNMAN, who has accumulated nearly the whole supply. They play on in complete silence, evidently not wishing to make any noise. Occasionally they raise their heads slightly to look carefully about. Luck begins to favor the 2ND GUNMAN, and the notes come his way. Neither evinces the slightest interest in how the game goes. They merely play on, bored, half-absorbed. There is a slight noise at the tenement door. They put 20 the bills away and watch. TROCK comes out, pulls the door shut and comes over to them. He says a few words too low to be heard, and without changing expression the YOUNG MEN saunter toward the right. TROCK goes out to the left, and the 2ND PLAYER, catching that out of the corner of his eye, lingers in a glimmer of light to go on with the game. The 1ST, with an eye on the tenement door, begins to play without ado, and the bills again shift back and forth, then concentrate in the hands of the 1ST GUNMAN. The 2ND shrugs his shoulders, searches his pockets, finds one bill, and playing with it begins to win heavily. They hear the door opening, and putting the notes away, slip out in front of the rock. MIO emerges, closes the door, looks around him and walks to the left. Near the corner of the tenement he pauses, reaches out his hand to try the rain, looks up toward the street, and stands uncertainly a 30 moment. He returns and leans against the tenement wall. MIRIAMNE comes out. MIO continues to look off into space as if unaware of her. She looks away.

MIO. This rather takes one off his high horse.—What I mean, tough weather for a hegira. You see, this is my sleeping suit, and if I get it wet—basta!

MIRIAMNE. If you could only hide here.

MIO. Hide?

MIRIAMNE. Lucia would take you in. The street-piano man.

MIO. At the moment I'm afflicted with claustrophobia. I prefer to die in the open, seeking air.

MIRIAMNE. But you could stay there till daylight.

MIO. You're concerned about me.

MIRIAMNE. Shall I ask him?

MIO. No. On the other hand there's a certain reason in your concern. I looked up the street and our old friend Trock hunches patiently under the warehouse eaves.

MIRIAMNE. I was sure of that.

MIO. And here I am, a young man on a cold night, waiting the end of the rain. Being read my lesson by a boy, a blind boy—you know the one I mean. Knee-deep in the salt-marsh, Miriamne, bitten from within, fought.

MIRIAMNE. Wouldn't it be better if you came back in to house?

MIO. You forget my claustrophobia.

MIRIAMNE. Let me walk with you, then. Please. If I stay beside you he wouldn't dare.

MIO. And then again he might.—We don't speak the same language, Miriamne.

MIRIAMNE. I betrayed you. Forgive me.

MIO. I wish I knew this region. There's probably a path along the bank.

MIRIAMNE. Yes. Shadow went that way.

MIO. That's true, too. So here I am, a young man on a wet night, and

blind in my weather eye. Stay and talk to me.

MIRIAMNE. If it happens—it's my fault.

MIO. Not at all, sweet. You warned me to keep away. But I would have it. Now I have to find a way out. It's like a chess game. If you think long enough there's always a way out.—For one or the other.—I wonder why white always wins and black 10 always loses in the problems. White to move and mate in three moves. But what if white were to lose—ah, what then? Why, in that case, obviously black would be white and white would be black.—As it often is.—As we often are.—Might makes white. Losers turn black. Do you think I'd have time to draw a gun? 20

MIRIAMNE. No.

MIO. I'm a fair shot. Also I'm fair game.

[*The door of the tenement opens and GARTH comes out to look about quickly. Seeing only MIO and MIRIAMNE he goes in and comes out again almost immediately carrying one end of a door on which a body lies covered with a cloth. The HOBO carries the other end. They go to the right with 30 their burden.*]

This is the burial of Shadow, then; feet first he dips, and leaves the haunts of men.

Let us make mourn for Shadow, wetly lying,

in elegiac stanzas and sweet crying.

Be gentle with him, little cold waves and fishes;

nibble him not, respect his skin and 40 tissues—

MIRIAMNE. Must you say such things?

MIO. My dear, some requiem is fitting over the dead, even for Shadow. But the last rhyme was bad.

Whittle him not, respect his dying wishes.

That's better. And then to conclude:

His aromatic virtues, slowly rising will circumnamb the isle, beyond disguising.

He clung to life beyond the wont of men.

Time and his silence drink us all. Amen.

How I hate these identicals. The French allow them, but the French have no principles anyway. You know, Miriamne, there's really nothing mysterious about human life. It's purely mechanical, like an electric appliance. Stop the engine that runs the generator and the current's broken. When we think the brain gives off a small electrical discharge—quite measurable, and constant within limits. But that's not what makes your hair stand up when frightened.

MIRIAMNE. I think it's a mystery.

MIO. Human life? We'll have to wear veils if we're to keep it a mystery much longer. Now if Shadow and I were made up into sausages we'd probably make very good sausages.

MIRIAMNE. Don't—

MIO. I'm sorry. I speak from a high place, far off, long ago, looking down. The cortège returns. (GARTH and the HOBO return, carrying the door, the cloth lying loosely over it.) I hope you placed an obol in his mouth to pay the ferryman? Even among the Greeks a little money was prerequisite to Elysium. (GARTH and the HOBO go inside, silent.) No? It's grim to think of Shadow lingering among lesser shades on the hither side. For lack of a small gratuity.

[ESDRAS comes out the open door and closes it behind him.]

ESDRAS. You must wait here, Mio, or go inside. I know

you don't trust me, and I haven't earned your trust.

You're young enough to seek truth—and there is no truth; and I know that—

but I shall call the police and see that you

get safely off.

MIO. It's a little late for that.

ESDRAS. I shall try.

MIO. And your terms? For I daresay you make terms?

ESDRAS. No.

MIO. Then let me remind you what will happen.

The police will ask some questions.

When they're answered

they'll ask more, and before they're 20 done with it

your son will be implicated.

ESDRAS. Must he be?

MIO. I shall not keep quiet.

[A pause.]

ESDRAS. Still, I'll go.

MIO. I don't ask help, remember. I made no truce.

He's not on my conscience, and I'm not on yours.

ESDRAS. But you could make it easier, so easily.

He's my only son. Let him live.

MIO. His chance of survival's better than mine, I'd say.

ESDRAS. I'll go.

MIO. I don't urge it.

ESDRAS. No. I put my son's life in your hands.

When you're gone, that may come to your mind.

MIO. Don't count on it.

ESDRAS. Oh,

I count on nothing.

(He turns to go. MIRIAMNE runs over to him and silently kisses his hands.)

Not mine, not mine, my daughter! They're guilty hands.

(He goes out left. GARTH'S violin is heard within.)

MIO. There was a war in heaven once, all the angels on one side, and all

the devils on the other, and since that time

10 disputes have raged among the learned, concerning

whether the demons won, or the angels. Maybe

the angels won, after all.

MIRIAMNE. And again, perhaps there are no demons or angels.

MIO. Oh, there are none.

But I could love your father.

MIRIAMNE. I love him. You see, he's afraid because he's old. The less one has

to lose the more he's afraid.

MIO. Suppose one had

only a short stub end of life, or held a flashlight with the batteries run down

till the bulb was dim, and knew that he could live

while the glow lasted. Or suppose one knew

30 that while he stood in a little shelter of time

under a bridgehead, say, he could live, and then,

from then on, nothing. Then to lie and turn

with the earth and sun, and regard them not in the least

when the bulb was extinguished or he stepped beyond

40 his circle into the cold? How could he live

that last dim quarter-hour, before he went,

minus all recollection, to grow in grass between cobblestones?

MIRIAMNE. Let me put my arms round you, Mio.

Then if anything comes, it's for me, too. (*She puts both arms round him.*)

MIO. Only suppose this circle's charmed! To be safe until he steps from this lighted space into dark! Time pauses here and high eternity grows in one 10 quarter-hour in which to live.

MIRIAMNE. Let me see if anyone's there—there in the shadows.

(*She looks toward the right.*)

MIO. It might blast our eternity—blow it to bits. No, don't go. This is forever, here where we stand. And I ask you, Miriamne, how does one spend a forever?

MIRIAMNE. You're frightened?

MIO. Yes.

So much that time stands still.

MIRIAMNE. Why didn't I speak—tell them—when the officers were here? I failed you in that one moment!

MIO. His life for mine? Oh, no.

I wouldn't want it, and you couldn't 30 give it.

And if I should go on living we're cut apart

by that brother of yours.

MIRIAMNE. Are we?

MIO. Well, think about it.

A body lies between us, buried in quicklime.

Your allegiance is on the other side of that grave and not to me. 40

MIRIAMNE. No, Mio! Mio, I love you!

MIO. I love you, too, but in case my life went on beyond that barrier of dark—then Garth would run his risk of dying.

MIRIAMNE. He's punished, Mio.

His life's been torment to him. Let him go, for my sake, Mio.

MIO. I wish I could. I wish I'd never seen him—or you. I've steeped too long in this thing. It's in my teeth and bones. I can't

let go or forget. And I'll not add my lie

to the lies that cumber his ground.

We live our days

in a storm of lies that drifts the truth too deep

for path or shovel; but I've set my foot on a truth

for once, and I'll trail it down!

[*A silence. MIRIAMNE looks out to the right.*]

20 MIRIAMNE. There's someone there—I heard—

[*CARR comes in from the right.*]

MIO. It's Carr.

CARR. That's right. No doubt about it. Excuse me.

MIO. Glad to see you. This is Miriamne. Carr's a friend of mine.

CARR. You're better employed than when I saw you last.

MIO. Bow to the gentleman, Miriamne. That's meant for you.

MIRIAMNE. Thank you, I'm sure.

Should I leave you, Mio? You want to talk?

MIO. Oh, no, we've done our talking.

MIRIAMNE. But—

CARR. I'm the one's out of place—

I wandered back because I got worried about you,

that's the truth.—Oh—those two fellows with the hats

down this way, you know, the ones that ran

after we heard the shooting—they're back again,

lingering or malingering down the bank,
revisiting the crime, I guess. They may mean well.

MIO. I'll try to avoid them.

CARR. I didn't care

for the way they looked at me.—No luck, I suppose,

with that case history? The investigation

you had on hand?

MIO. I can't say. By the way, the stiff that fell in the water and we saw swirling

down the eddy, he came trudging up, later on,

long enough to tell his name. His name was Shadow

but he's back in the water now. It's all in an evening.

These things happen here.

CARR. Good God!

MIO. I know.

I wouldn't believe it if you told it.

CARR. But—

the man was alive?

MIO. Oh, not for long! He's dunked for good this time. That's all that's happened.

CARR. Well, if you don't need me—

MIRIAMNE. You had a message to send—have you forgotten—?

MIO. I?—Yes, I had a message—but I won't send it—not now.

MIRIAMNE. Then I will—!

MIO. No.

Let it go the way it is! It's all arranged

another way. You've been a good scout, Carr,

the best I ever knew on the road.

CARR. That sounds like making your will.

MIO. Not yet, but when I do

I've thought of something to leave you. It's the view of Mt. Rainier from the Seattle jail, snow over cloud. And the rusty chain in my pocket from a pair of handcuffs my father wore. That's all the worldly goods I'm seized of.

CARR. Look, Mio—hell—if you're in trouble—

MIO. I'm not. Not at all. I have a genius that attends me where I go, and guards me now. I'm fine.

CARR. Well, that's good news.

He'll have his work cut out.

MIO. Oh, he's a genius.

CARR. I'll see you then.

I'll be at the Grand Street place.

I'm lucky tonight, and I can pay. I could even pay for two.

MIO. Thanks, I may take you up.

CARR. Good night.

MIO. Right, Carr.

CARR (*to MIRIAMNE*). Good night.

MIRIAMNE (*after a pause*). Good night.

[CARR goes out to the left.]

Why did you do that? He's your genius, Mio, and you let him go.

30 MIO. I couldn't help it.

MIRIAMNE. Call him.

Run after him and call him!

MIO. I tried to say it

'and it strangled in my throat. I might have known you'd win in the end.

MIRIAMNE. Is it for me?

MIO. For you?

It stuck in my throat, that's all I know.

40 MIRIAMNE. Oh, Mio,

I never asked for that! I only hoped Garth could go clear.

MIO. Well, now he will.

MIRIAMNE. But you—

It was your chance!

MIO. I've lost
my taste for revenge if it falls on you.
Oh, God,
deliver me from the body of this death
I've dragged behind me all these
years! Miriamne!
Miriamne!

MIRIAMNE. Yes!

MIO. Miriamne, if you love me
teach me a treason to what I am, 10
and have been,
till I learn to live like a man! I think
I'm waking
from a long trauma of hate and fear
and death
that's hemmed me from my birth—
and glimpse a life
to be lived in hope—but it's young in
me yet, I can't
get free, or forgive! But teach me 20
how to live
and forget to hate!

MIRIAMNE. He would have forgiven.

MIO. He?

MIRIAMNE. Your father. (*A pause.*)

MIO. Yes. (*Another pause.*)

You'll think it strange, but I've never
remembered that.

MIRIAMNE. How can I help you?

MIO. You have.

MIRIAMNE. If I were a little older—if I
knew
the things to say! I can only put out
my hands
and give you back the faith you
bring to me
by being what you are. Because to
me
you are all hope and beauty and
brightness drawn
across what's black and mean! 40

MIO. He'd have forgiven—

Then there's no more to say—I've
groped long enough
through this everglades of old re-
venges—here

the road ends.—Miriamne, Miri-
amne,
the iron I wore so long—it's eaten
through
and fallen from me. Let me have
your arms.
They'll say we're children—Well—
the world's made up of children.

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

MIO. But it's too late for me.

MIRIAMNE. No.

(*She goes into his arms, and they kiss for
the first time.*)

Then we'll meet again?

MIO. Yes.

MIRIAMNE. Where?

MIO. I'll write—

or send Carr to you.

MIRIAMNE. You won't forget?

MIO. Forget?

Whatever streets I walk, you'll walk
them, too,
from now on, and whatever roof or
stars

I have to house me, you shall share
my roof
and stars and morning. I shall not
forget.

MIRIAMNE. God keep you!

30 MIO. And keep you. And this to re-
member!

if I should die, Miriamne, this half-
hour
is our eternity. I came here seeking
light in darkness, running from the
dawn,
and stumbled on a morning.

[*One of the YOUNG MEN IN SERGE strolls in
casually from the right, looks up and
down without expression, then, seemingly
having forgotten something, retraces his
steps and goes out. ESDRAS comes in
slowly from the left. He has lost his hat,
and his face is bleeding from a slight
cut on the temple. He stands abjectly
near the tenement.*]

MIRIAMNE. Father—what is it?

(*She goes toward ESDRAS.*)

ESDRAS. Let me alone.

(*He goes nearer to MIO.*)

He wouldn't let me pass.

The street's so icy up along the bridge
I had to crawl on my knees—he
kicked me back

three times—and then he held me
there—I swear

what I could do I did! I swear to you
I'd save you if I could.

MIO. What makes you think
that I need saving?

ESDRAS. Child, save yourself if you can!
He's waiting for you.

MIO. Well, we knew that before.

ESDRAS. He won't wait much longer.

He'll come here—

he told me so. Those damned six 20
months of his—

he wants them all—and you're to die
—you'd spread

his guilt—I had to listen to it—

MIO. Wait—

(*He walks forward and looks casually to
the right, then returns.*)

There must be some way up through
the house and out
across the roof—

ESDRAS. He's watching that. But come
in—

and let me look.—

MIO. I'll stay here, thanks. Once in
and I'm a rat in a deadfall—I'll
stay here—

look for me if you don't mind.

ESDRAS. Then watch for me—

I'll be on the roof—

(*He goes in hurriedly.*)

MIO (looking up). Now all you silent
powers

that make the sleet and dark, and
never yet

have spoken, give us a sign, let the
throw be ours

this once, on this longest night, when
the winter sets

his foot on the threshold leading up
to spring

and enters with remembered cold—
let fall

some mercy with the rain. We are
two lovers

here in your night, and we wish to
live.

MIRIAMNE. Oh, Mio—

if you pray that way, nothing good
will come!

You're bitter, Mio.

MIO. How many floors has this build-
ing?

MIRIAMNE. Five or six. It's not as high
as the bridge.

MIO. No, I thought not. How many
pomegranate seeds did you eat,
Persephone?

MIRIAMNE. Oh, darling, darling,
if you die, don't die alone.

MIO. I'm afraid I'm damned
to hell, and you're not damned at
all. Good God,

how long he takes to climb!

MIRIAMNE. The stairs are steep.

(*A slight pause.*)

30 MIO. I'll follow him.

MIRIAMNE. He's there—at the window
—now.

He waves you to go back, not to go in.

* Mio, see, that path between the
rocks—

they're not watching that—they're
out at the river—

I can see them there—they can't
watch both—

40 it leads to a street above.

MIO. I'll try it, then.

Kiss me. You'll hear. But if you never
hear—

then I'm the king of hell, Persephone,
and I'll expect you.

MIRIAMNE. Oh, lover, keep safe.

MIO. Good-bye.

[*He slips out quickly between the rocks. There is a quick machine gun rat-tat. The violin stops. MIRIAMNE runs toward the path. MIO comes back slowly, a hand pressed under his heart.*]

It seems you were mistaken.

MIRIAMNE. Oh, God, forgive me!

(*She puts an arm around him. He sinks to his knees.*)

Where is it, Mio? Let me help you in! Quick, quick, let me help you!

MIO. I hadn't thought to choose—this—ground—

but it will do. (*He slips down.*)

MIRIAMNE. Oh, God, forgive me!

MIO. Yes?

The king of hell was not forgiven then,

Dis is his name and Hades is his home—

and he goes alone—

MIRIAMNE. Why does he bleed so? Mio, if you go

I shall go with you.

MIO. It's better to stay alive.

I wanted to stay alive—because of you—

I leave you that—and what he said to me dying:

I love you, and will love you after I die.

Tomorrow, I shall still love you, as I've loved

the stars I'll never see, and all the mornings

that might have been yours and mine.

Oh, Miriamne, you taught me this.

MIRIAMNE. If only I'd never seen you then you could live—

MIO. That's blasphemy—Oh, God, there might have been some easier way of it.

You didn't want me to die, did you, Miriamne—?

You didn't send me away—?

MIRIAMNE. Oh, never, never—

MIO. Forgive me—kiss me—I've got blood on your lips—

I'm sorry—it doesn't matter—I'm sorry—

[*ESDRAS and GARTH come out.*]

MIRIAMNE. Mio—

I'd have gone to die myself—you must hear this, Mio,

I'd have died to help you—you must listen, sweet,

you must hear it—(*She rises.*)

I can die, too, see! You! There!

You in the shadows!—You killed him to silence him!

(*She walks toward the path.*)

But I'm not silenced! All that he knew I know,

and I'll tell it tonight! Tonight—

tell it and scream it

through all the streets—that Trock's a murderer

and he hired you for this murder!

Your work's not done—

and you won't live long! Do you hear?

You're murderers, and I know who you are!

[*The machine gun speaks again. She sinks to her knees. GARTH runs to her.*]

GARTH. You little fool!

(*He tries to lift her.*)

MIRIAMNE. Don't touch me!

(*She crawls toward MIO.*)

Look, Mio! They killed me, too.

Oh, you can believe me

now, Mio. You can believe I wouldn't hurt you,

because I'm dying! Why doesn't he answer me?

Oh, now he'll never know!

[*She sinks down, her hand over her mouth, choking. GARTH kneels beside her, then rises, shuddering. The HOBOS come out. LUCIA and PINY look out.*]

ESDRAS. It lacked only this.

GARTH. Yes.

[ESDRAS *bends over MIRIAMNE, then rises slowly.*]

Why was the bastard born? Why did he come here?

ESDRAS. Miriamne—Miriamne—yes, and Mio,

one breath shall call you now—for-give us both—

forgive the ancient evil of the earth 10
that brought you here——

GARTH. Why must she be a fool?

ESDRAS. Well, they were wiser than you and I. To die

when you are young and untouched, that's beggary

to a miser of years, but the devils locked in synod

shake and are daunted when men set their lives 20

at hazard for the heart's love, and lose. And these,

who were yet children, will weigh more than all

a city's elders when the experiment is reckoned up in the end. Oh,

Miriamne, and Mio—Mio, my son—know this

where you lie, this is the glory of earth-born men 30
and women,

not to cringe, never to yield, but standing,

take defeat implacable and defiant,

die unsubmitting. I wish that I'd died so,

long ago; before you're old you'll wish that you had died as they have. On

this star, in this hard star-adventure, knowing

not what the fires mean, to right and left, nor whether

a meaning was intended or presumed, man can stand up, and look out blind,

and say: in all these turning lights I find no clue,

only a masterless night, and in my blood

no certain answer, yet is my mind my own,

yet is my heart a cry toward something dim

in distance, which is higher than I am and makes me emperor of the endless

dark even in seeking! What odds and ends

of life men may live otherwise, let them live,

and then go out, as I shall go, and you. Our

part is only to bury them. Come, take her

up. They must not lie here.

[LUCIA and PINY come near to help. ESDRAS
and GARTH stoop to carry MIRIAMNE.]

CURTAIN

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD emerged in the late 1930's as the chief dramatic spokesman against the demiurgic threat of brute barbarity completely to destroy such civilization as man in his enlightened moments has achieved. From the concocter of comedies of intrigue for the sophisticated, he has become a man tense with a message for his time. He is intimately in touch with the uncertainty and the worries of free men everywhere. He is sensitive to the vital issues that harass this age. His attitudes are representative of the struggling course of American opinion toward enlightenment and effective action. He has not originated these views, but he has usually been among the first to give them currency. He has not been too far from their origin to invest them with the power of freshness; yet he has been far enough in the vanguard of this opinion to give to his voice the ring of prophecy before the mass mind of a theatrical audience. He has an extraordinary talent for stating in terms of effective, often exciting, theatre the issues insistently before the community of democratic minds. His statements are starkly realistic, but not drained of hope. His work is the epitome of the modern form of the topical thesis drama; the production of his plays has added life to the useful theatre.

Robert E. Sherwood was born at New Rochelle, N. Y. in 1896. The E. is for Emmet, the family name of his mother, Rosina Emmet Sherwood, a well-known New York artist. Robert Sherwood prepared for college at Mil-

ton Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1914. The World War caught him up in 1917. In the spirit of the times, he enlisted as a common soldier in the Canadian Black Watch and saw service in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. He has written of himself at this period in the illuminating preface to *There Shall Be No Night* (1940). He says that he had been brought up to believe in his superiority to lesser mortals because he was a 100 per cent American and a Harvard man, but that the elemental experiences at the Front, in the training camps, hospitals, and clinks, with men from all over the United States and the British Empire, revealed to him the common unity of men and the narrowness of his previous views. Looking back over his career, he roots in these harsh experiences the beginning of his growth into the Sherwood we now know.

Sherwood left the army in February 1919 almost on the eve of his twenty-second birthday. He reentered civilian life with two years of warfare as a substitute for the upper-class years at peaceful Harvard. Those years had taught him to hate war; and they had made him an internationalist because he believed that only by eliminating blind, local patriotisms and by developing in their stead peaceful international co-operation could war be banished and human dignity restored. But under the tutelage of George Harvey and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, he denounced the League of Nations, and, as he confesses "with deep shame," cast his first vote

for Warren G. Harding, and "did my bit for the great betrayal."

But back in the 1920's, Sherwood was a man of his day and of his circle, not a lone, far-sighted prophet of the coming disasters. He plunged into the New York of the post-armistice era. He was dramatic editor of smart *Vanity Fair* in 1919-1920, with young Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley as associates. He was successively motion picture critic, associate editor, and editor of *Life* from 1920-1928, and also for a time motion picture critic on the New York *Herald*. He wrote his first play in 1926, primarily because, so he said, he was nearing thirty, and as a newspaper man he was impressed with the importance of getting that promised novel written before he reached thirty, or like other newspaper men, he would never get it done. He didn't have time for a novel, he said, so he wrote a play; and that sounds quite in key with the insouciance so characteristic of the year 1926.

The play was called *The Road to Rome*. It was modelled for its day and public, and it was a hit of the season. It treated cavalierly the historical episode of Hannibal's march on Rome. It made Amytis, the wife of the Roman Fabius Maximus, into a daring and modernized Monna Vanna. She knew how to handle the susceptible Carthaginian conqueror, how to twist him with her shrewd wit, and how to bargain her favors for the preservation of the Roman capital. Her character, her nimble comment, her barbed thrusts at both Fabius and Hannibal gayly carried the play to success. Sherwood gently deprecates this first piece as a mixture of all styles of writing and dramaturgy, with only one memorable line and that Hannibal's farewell double-entendre to the Roman dictator Fabius about his pro-

spective sons. In this opinion the author is wrong; for present day readers going back to the play come upon Amytis's words to Hannibal: "I want you to believe that every sacrifice in the name of war is wasted. When you believe that you will be a great man." And Amytis was there speaking for her creator Sherwood.

The Road to Rome launched Sherwood on his new career as playwright; he has worked industriously at it ever since. He dramatized Ring Lardner's story, *The Love Nest*, which had a short run beginning December 22, 1927. *The Queen's Husband*, an inconsequential comedy on the same basic formula as *The Road to Rome*, opened on January 25, 1928, but did only fairly well. He made other attempts that were unsuccessful. One of these, he reports, was called *Marching as to War*; it dealt with a conscientious objector at the time of the Crusades. In January 1930, his *Waterloo Bridge* was produced. Sherwood, who had been living in England, cast this play on the sentimental side to tell how an American chorus girl in London helped a young soldier compatriot to keep his faith in the purity of womanhood. The author regards the play as "almost good" but not coherent. The following November he tried again with a rather tough little melodrama, *This Is New York*, culminating in a scandal involving a western Senator, his daughter, and her worthless New York friend. Its run was short.

We mention these plays as an interesting exhibit illustrating how a gifted playwright was trying hard to define his interests and to find his individual manner of expression. His next play discovered one region in which his spirit was at home—bright theatrical comedy with an undertone of serious comment

on the modern world. It was called *Reunion in Vienna*. It was produced by the Theatre Guild in November 1931, and became on the stage with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and on the screen with John Barrymore, one of the big successes of the period. In its calculated manipulation of character and incident it was expert theatre. It was styled in the smart continental fashion set by Molnar and Schnitzler and popularized in New York by the Theatre Guild. It capitalized on the universal feeling of nostalgia for old Vienna, the romantic city once gay with laughter and waltzes and charming intrigue, but now shabby and middleclass amid the ruins of war. It hinted strongly at the always popular Admirable Crichton theme in the persons of the dispossessed Hapsburgs, notably Prince Rudolph Maximilian who, deprived of the artificial support of his royal background and thrust solely upon his personal worth, has reached his present status as a taxi driver on the Riviera. Sherwood brought the Hapsburgs to this reunion, and drove his comedy along on the meeting between Rudolph and his favorite former mistress Elena, who is now married to, of all people, a psychoanalyst. The play centers in the renewal of their amour.

Sherwood wrote that "I went into this play with what seemed to me an important if not strikingly original idea—science hoist with its own petard—and came out with a gay, romantic comedy." This is a correct description of the end product. Sherwood wrote a somewhat pretentious preface to the play setting forth not too coherently his ideas on the failure of man in his utilization of science. The ideas in the preface, though important, have only the most tenuous relationship to the stage play,

and certainly the audiences who kept it running for nearly three hundred performances did not go to the Martin Beck to learn about the shortcomings of science but to see the wild young fallen Hapsburg overcome the reluctance of Elena.

Up to this point in his career, and perhaps a little further, Sherwood concentrated more effort upon devising entertaining theatrical situations than upon his expanding sense of the message behind his plays. The concentration is, of course, perfectly legitimate. In this first period of his work as a dramatist, he was a man of the twenties. But as the sobering years of the thirties advanced, Sherwood shifted his brittle comedies until the dominant became the incidental, the center the periphery. The message that was crowded out altogether in *Reunion in Vienna* became the heart of the later plays.

Sherwood's plays since *Reunion in Vienna* have been of one piece, though of varying success and power. Of the five plays written in the following two years, four were discarded by the author, and one, *Acropolis*, was produced in London at a financial loss. Sherwood considered it the best play he had written up to that time, no doubt because the message was coming in clearer. One of its passages of hope taken from Pericles was used in part by Dr. Valkonen in his letter to his wife near the close of *There Shall Be No Night*.

The Petrified Forest opened in January 1935 with Leslie Howard playing the lead. Its success was instantaneous. Again Sherwood had accurately sensed the interest of the moment and had dramatized the plight of the Second Lost Generation at the nadir of the great depression. Its tense situation involving the itinerant, lost intellectual,

the aspiring girl in the filling station, the desperate gangsters, and their clash of values was pretty well obscured by the fireworks, but the author points out that, though it was a "negative, inconclusive sort of play," he had attempted to speak out directly and for the first time about his own country in his own period. Its thesis was stated and acted out by Alan Squire, the intellectual who perished at the hands of the gangsters, when he said that Nature was hitting back at man, "taking the world away from the intellectuals and giving it back to the brutes" and to chaos. Squire and the murderous outlaws were intended to symbolize the two contending forces, and the brute was victorious.

Sherwood was by this time moving rapidly toward the thesis play. *Idiot's Delight* was written in 1935, and produced in March 1936, again with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, as international relations deteriorated toward the second World War within a period of only two decades. The play was characterized by its author as representative of himself and "completely American in that it represented a compound of blank pessimism and desperate optimism, of chaos and jazz." This summary is apt. *Idiot's Delight* was a gripping spectacle merely as an evening at the theatre, what with the vaudeville antics of Harry Van and his naughty chorus girls, his coincidental meeting with an Omaha hotel friend, now a fake Russian and mistress to a munitions magnate; and all the coming in and going out in the cocktail lounge of the Hotel Monte Gabriele on the Swiss-Austrian-Italian border. But it was much more than this, and the spectator was not permitted to take the thesis or leave it as he was in *The Petrified Forest*. For the bombs of the second

World War burst upon the scene, and the shattering destruction is the grim laughter of the supreme Idiot who delights in War. And in the postscript to the published play, Sherwood eloquently voiced his faith in a greater destiny than death in a bomb cellar, in the power of "awareness and remembrance" of "the persistent validity of the Sermon on the Mount" to resist the unleashed forces of destruction.

Then came *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, written in 1937 and presented in October 1938 with Raymond Massey as Lincoln. Sherwood had written even better than he knew, and the time was ripe for this dramatization of a great American hero. The country was emotionally deep in the rediscovery of Americanism. A wave of novels and plays had broken over the Republic resurrecting its great men and its common citizens alike in all the crucial periods of our history. *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* soon was recognized as a triumph in this movement to set up the American way of peace and good will against the totalitarian glorification of war and brutal power for the enslavement of free peoples. It utilized the full force of the Lincoln legend, already firmly planted in American minds and hearts, to fill out to heroic size the figure of this reluctant Illinois man forced into great place and distasteful action in a time of national crisis.

Sherwood stated the core of the dramatic thrust when he said that *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* "was the story of a man of peace who had to face the issue of appeasement or war. He faced it." The striking similarity between the issues confronting Lincoln at the close of the play, and those before the America and the world of 1938-1940 was obvious enough to extend the dimen-

sions of the play, but not too insistent to disturb its historical accuracy or the harmony of its picture. The authentic tragic lift of the drama came when the hesitant Lincoln ceased to run away from his destiny and turned at last with all the force of his great character to confront the menace and the challenge.

It is faulty criticism to object, as John Mason Brown objected, that "Mr. Sherwood does not prepare us for Lincoln's greatness. His greatness overtakes him during an intermission." It is wrong on two counts. First, because, in an important sense, Lincoln's greatness did overtake him. And, second, because a biographical play of this kind, highlighting in a single evening's performance the life of a man, must succeed, as this play succeeds, by creating scenes that call up in the spectator's mind the full stature of the completed man and his legend. The powerful effect of this technique is illustrated in the closing scene. Lincoln is on the threshold of his supreme test. He makes a simple speech to his fellow townsmen, and the train pulls out while his friends and neighbors sing, "His soul goes marching on." But at that point the spectator or the reader leaps on down the years, reviewing the heroic labors and tragic death of the President, and involuntarily he surrounds this ending of the play with the banked-up emotions released by the thought of Lincoln's sacrifice for our democracy and the Union. This ending is also the final device for linking the threat of those days with the problem of our own future in this democracy. We are proud to be able to include *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* in this collection of dramas.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois was a complete triumph on stage and screen. It was in rehearsal during the Munich crisis in September 1938. It ran while Europe fell into war under Nazi pressure. Sherwood, like all thinking men, was in "a frenzy of uncertainty." But he was not ready to surrender the civilized world to the fiends of darkness. Even the shock of the Russian attack on Finland failed to divest him of hope. It provoked him instead to a ringing, and at times heart-breaking, cry against the drift toward insanity and the obliteration of the good by evil as symbolized by the crushing of Finland. He cast his eloquent testimonial into a drama, and gave it the title of his faith: *There Shall Be No Night*. With Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the leading parts, it crowded the theatres in New York and across the country. By the device of broadcasting a speech by Dr. Valkonen on his researches into the nature and causes of mental disease, of having him voice his hope in a schoolroom just before his death, and of reproducing his last letter to his wife, Sherwood has dramatized the point of view of the civilized man who, like Lincoln before him, hates war and yet must fight, who sees the present evils, but yet believes "that man, in his new-found consciousness, can find the means of his redemption."

Little is now left of the brash young editor and apprentice dramatist of the twenties and early thirties. Sherwood has grown in stature with his age. In his honest grappling with themes of high seriousness he has attained dignity and authority as one of contemporary America's finest dramatists.

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

CHARACTERS

MENTOR GRAHAM
ABE LINCOLN
ANN RUTLEDGE
BEN MATTLING
JUDGE BOWLING GREEN
NINIAN EDWARDS
JOSHUA SPEED
TRUM COGDAL
JACK ARMSTRONG
BAB
FEARGUS
JASP
SETH GALE
NANCY GREEN
WILLIAM HERNDON
ELIZABETH EDWARDS

MARY TODD
THE EDWARDS' MAID
JIMMY GALE
AGGIE GALE
GOBEY
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS
WILLIE LINCOLN
TAD LINCOLN
ROBERT LINCOLN
THE LINCOLNS' MAID
CRIMMIN
BARRICK
STURVESON
JED
KAVANAGH
Major

Soldiers, railroad men, townspeople

ACT I

SCENE I

MENTOR GRAHAM'S cabin near New Salem, Illinois. Late at night.

There is one rude table, piled with books and papers. Over it hangs an oil lamp, the only source of light.

At one side of the table sits MENTOR GRAHAM, a sharp but patient schoolteacher.

Across from him is ABE LINCOLN—young, gaunt, tired but intent, dressed in the ragged clothes of a backwoodsman. He speaks with the drawl of southern Indiana—an accent which is more Kentuckian than 10 middle-western.

MENTOR is leaning on the table. ABE'S

chair is tilted back, so that his face is out of the light. MENTOR turns a page in a grammar book.

MENTOR. The moods. (MENTOR closes the book and looks at ABE.) Every one of us has many moods. You yourself have more than your share of them, Abe. They express the various aspects of your character. So it is with the English language—and you must try to consider this language as if it were a living person, who may be awkward and stumbling, or pompous and pretentious, or simple and direct. Name me the five moods.

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS: Copyright, 1937, 1939, by Robert E. Sherwood. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ABE. The Indicative, Imperative, Potential, Subjunctive and Infinitive.

MENTOR. And what do they signify?

ABE. The Indicative Mood is the easy one. It just indicates a thing—like “He loves,” “He is loved”—or, when you put it in the form of a question, “Does he love?” or “Is he loved?” The Imperative Mood is used for commanding, like “Get out and be 10 damned to you.”

MENTOR (*smiling*). Is that the best example you can think of?

ABE. Well—you can put it in the Bible way—“Go thou in peace.” But it’s still imperative.

MENTOR. The mood derives its name from the implication of command. But you can use it in a very different sense—in the form of the humblest 20 supplication.

ABE. Like “Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses.”

MENTOR (*reaching for a newspaper in the mess on the table*). I want you to read this—it’s a speech delivered by Mr. Webster before the United States Senate. A fine document, and a perfect usage of the Imperative Mood in its hortatory sense. Here it 30 is. Read this—down here. (*He leans back to listen.*)

ABE (*takes paper, leans forward into the light and reads*). “Sir,” the Senator continued, in the rich deep tones of the historic church bells of his native Boston, “Sir—I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. While the Union 40 lasts . . .” (*ABE has been reading in a monotone, without inflection.*)

MENTOR (*testily*). Don’t read it off as if it were an inventory of Denton Offut’s groceries. Imagine that you’re making the speech before the Senate,

with the fate of your country at stake. Put your own life into it!

ABE. I couldn’t use words as long as Dan’l Webster.

MENTOR. That’s what you’re here for—to learn! Go ahead.

ABE (*reading slowly, gravely*). “While the Union lasts, we have high prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, the curtain may not rise.”

MENTOR. Notice the use of verbs from here on.

ABE (*reads*). “When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble glance rather behold the glorious ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, not a single star of it obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory . . .” (*He stumbles over the pronunciation.*)

MENTOR. Interrogatory.

ABE (*continuing*). “. . . interrogatory as ‘What is all this worth?’ Nor, those other words of delusion and folly, ‘Liberty first and Union afterwards’; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union . . .”

MENTOR. Emphasize the “and.”

ABE. “Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!” (*He puts the paper back on the table.*) He must have had ’em up on their feet cheering with *that*, all right.

MENTOR. Some cheered, and some spat, depending on which section they came from.

ABE. What was he talking about?

MENTOR. It was in the debate over the right of any state to secede from the Union. Hayne had pleaded South Carolina's cause—pleaded it ably. He said that just as we have liberty as individuals—so have we liberty as 10 states—to go as we please. Which means, if we don't like the Union, as expressed by the will of its majority, then we can leave it, and set up a new nation, or many nations—so that this continent might be as divided as Europe. But Webster answered him, all right. He proved that without Union, we'd have precious little liberty left. Now—go 20 on with the Potential Mood.

ABE. That signifies possibility—usually of an unpleasant nature. Like, "If I ever get out of debt, I will probably get right back in again."

MENTOR (*smiles*). Why did you select that example, Abe?

ABE. Well—it just happens to be the thought that's always heaviest on my mind.

MENTOR. Is the store in trouble again?

ABE (*calmly*). Yes. Berry's drunk all the whiskey we ought to have sold, and we're going to have to shut up any day now. I guess I'm my father's own son. Give me a steady job, and I'll fail at it.

MENTOR. You haven't been a failure here, Abe. There isn't a manjack in this community that isn't fond of you 40 and anxious to help you get ahead.

ABE (*with some bitterness*). I know—just like you, Mentor, sitting up late nights, to give me learning, out of the goodness of your heart. And now, Josh Speed and Judge Green and

some of the others I owe money to want to get me the job of post-master, thinking that maybe I can handle *that*, since there's only one mail comes in a week. I've got friends, all right—the best friends. But they can't change my luck, or maybe it's just my nature.

MENTOR. What you want to do is get out of New Salem. This poor little forgotten town will never give any one any opportunity.

ABE. Yes—I've thought about moving, think about it all the time. My family have always been movers, shifting about, never knowing what they were looking for, and whatever it was, never finding it. My old father ambled from Virginia, to one place after another in Kentucky, where I was born, and then into Indiana, and then here in Illinois. About all I can remember of when I was a boy was hitching up, and then unhitching, and then hitching up again.

MENTOR. Then get up and go, Abe. Make a new place for yourself in a new world.

30 ABE. As a matter of fact, Seth Gale and me have been talking a lot about moving—out to Kansas or Nebraska territory. But—wherever I go—it'll be the same story—more friends, more debts.

MENTOR. Well, Abe—just bear in mind that there are always two professions open to people who fail at everything else: there's school-teaching, and there's politics.

ABE. Then I'll choose school-teaching. You go into politics, and you may get elected.

MENTOR. Yes—there's always that possibility.

ABE. And if you get elected, you've

got to go to the city. I don't want none of that.

MENTOR. What did I say about two negatives?

ABE. I meant, any of that.

MENTOR. What's your objection to cities, Abe? Have you ever seen one?

ABE. Sure. I've been down river twice to New Orleans. And, do you know, every minute of the time I was there, 10 I was scared?

MENTOR. Scared of what, Abe?

ABE. Well—it sounds kind of foolish—I was scared of people.

MENTOR (*laughs*). Did you imagine they'd rob you of all your gold and jewels?

ABE (*serious*). No. I was scared they'd kill me.

MENTOR (*also serious*). Why? Why should 20 they want to kill you?

ABE. I don't know.

MENTOR (*after a moment*). You think a lot about death, don't you?

ABE. I've had to, because it has always seemed to be so close to me—always—as far back as I can remember. When I was no higher than this table, we buried my mother. The milksick got her, poor creature. I helped Paw 30 make the coffin—whittled the pegs for it with my own jackknife. We buried her in a timber clearing beside my grandmother, old Betsy Sparrow. I used to go there often and look at the place—used to watch the deer running over her grave with their little feet. I never could kill a deer after that. One time I caught hell from Paw because when he was 40 taking aim I knocked his gun up. And I always compare the looks of those deer with the looks of men—like the men in New Orleans—that you could see had murder in their hearts.

MENTOR (*after a moment*). You're a hopeless mess of inconsistency, Abe Lincoln.

ABE. How do you mean, Mentor?

MENTOR. I've never seen any one who is so friendly and at the same time so misanthropic.

ABE. What's that?

MENTOR. A misanthrope is one who distrusts men and avoids their society.

ABE. Well—maybe that's how I am. Oh—I like people, well enough—when you consider 'em one by one. But they seem to look different when they're put into crowds, or mobs, or armies. But I came here to listen to you, and then I do all the talking.

MENTOR. Go right on, Abe. I'll correct you when you say things like "caught hell."

ABE (*grins*). I know. Whenever I get talking about Paw, I sort of fall back into his language. But—you've got your own school to teach tomorrow. I'll get along. (*He stands up.*)

MENTOR. Wait a minute. . . . (*He is fishing about among the papers. He takes out a copy of an English magazine.*) There's just one more thing I want to show you. It's a poem. (*He finds the place in the magazine.*) Here it is. You read it, Abe. (*He hands ABE the magazine.*)

[*ABE seats himself on the edge of the table, and holds the magazine under the light.*]

ABE (*reads*). "'On Death,' written at the age of nineteen by the late John Keats:

'Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,

And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?

The transient (*He hesitates on that word.*) pleasures as a vision seem,

And yet we think the greatest pain's to die. (*He moves closer to the light.*)

How strange it is that man on earth
should roam,

And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path—nor dare he view
alone

His future doom—which is but to
awake.' ”

(*He looks at MENTOR.*) That sure is good,
Mentor. It's fine! (*He is reading it
again, to himself, when the lights fade.*)

SCENE II

*The Rutledge Tavern, New Salem. Noon
on the Fourth of July.*

*It is a large room, with log walls, but with
curtains on the windows and pictures on the
walls to give it an air of dressiness. The
pictures include likenesses of all the presi-
dents from Washington to Jackson, and
there is also a picture (evidently used for 20
campaign purposes) of Henry Clay.*

*At the left is a door leading to the kitchen.
At the back, toward the right, is the main
entrance, which is open. The sun is shining
brightly.*

*The furniture of the room consists of two
tables, two benches, and various chairs and
stools.*

BEN MATTLING is seated on a bench at
the rear of the room. He is an ancient, 30
paunchy, watery-eyed veteran of the Revolution,
and he wears a cocked hat and the
tattered but absurd semblance of a Colonial
uniform. JUDGE BOWLING GREEN and
NINIAN EDWARDS come in, followed by
JOSHUA SPEED. BOWLING is elderly, fat,
gentle. NINIAN is young, tall, handsome,
prosperous. JOSH is quiet, mild, solid,
thoughtful, well-dressed.

BOWLING (*as they come in*). This is the
Rutledge Tavern, Mr. Edwards.
It's not precisely a gilded palace of
refreshment.

NINIAN. Make no apologies, Judge
Green. As long as the whiskey is wet.

[JOSH has crossed to the door at the left. He
calls off.]

JOSH. Miss Rutledge.

ANN (*appearing at the door*). Yes, Mr.
Speed?

JOSH. Have you seen Abe Lincoln?

ANN. No. He's probably down at the
foot races. (*She goes back into the kitchen.*
JOSH turns to BOWLING.)

10 JOSH. I'll find Abe and bring him 'here.

NINIAN. Remember, Josh, we've got
to be back in Springfield before
sundown.

[JOSH has gone out.]

BOWLING (*to MATTLING*). Ah, good day,
Uncle Ben. Have a seat, Mr. Ed-
wards.

[*They cross to the table at the right.*]

BEN. Good day to you, Bowling.

[ANN comes in from the kitchen.]

ANN. Hello, Judge Green.

BOWLING. Good morning, Ann. We'd
be grateful for a bottle of your
father's best whiskey.

ANN. Yes, Judge. (*She starts to go off.*)

BEN (*stopping her*). And git me another
mug of that Barbadoes rum.

ANN. I'm sorry, Mr. Matting, but I've
given you one already and you know
my father said you weren't to have
any more till you paid for . . .

BEN. Yes, wench—I know what your
father said. But if a veteran of the
"Revolutionary War is to be denied
so much as credit, then this country
has forgot its gratitude to them that
made it.

BOWLING. Bring him the rum, Ann. I'll
be happy to pay for it.

40 [TRUM COGDAL comes in. He is elderly,
persnicketty.]

BEN (*reluctantly*). I have to say thank
you, Judge.

TRUM. Ann, bring me a pot of Sebago tea.

ANN. Yes, Mr. Cogdal. (*She goes out at
the left. TRUM sits down at the table.*)

BOWLING. Don't say a word, Ben.

TRUM. Well, Mr. Edwards—what's your impression of our great and enterprising metropolis?

NINIAN. Distinctly favorable, Mr. Cogdal. I could not fail to be impressed by the beauty of your location, here on this hilltop, in the midst of the prairie land.

TRUM. Well, we're on the highroad to 10 the West—and when we get the rag, tag and bobtail cleaned out of here, we'll grow. Yes, sir—we'll grow!

NINIAN (*politely*). I'm sure of it.

[ANN *has returned with the whiskey, rum and tea.*]

BOWLING. Thank you, Ann.

ANN. Has the mud-wagon come in yet?

TRUM. No. I been waiting for it.

BOWLING. Not by any chance expecting a letter, are you, Ann?

ANN. Oh, no—who'd be writing to me, I'd like to know?

BOWLING. Well—you never can tell what might happen on the Fourth of July. (*He and NINIAN lift their glasses.*) But I beg to wish you all happiness, my dear. And let me tell you that 30 Mr. Edwards here is a married man, so you can keep those lively eyes to yourself.

ANN (*giggles*). Oh, Judge Green—you're just joking me! (*She goes to the kitchen.*)

NINIAN. A mighty pretty girl.

TRUM. Comes of good stock, too.

NINIAN. With the scarcity of females in these parts, it's a wonder some one hasn't snapped her up.

BOWLING. Some one has. The poor girl promised herself to a man who called himself McNiel—it turned out his real name's McNamar. Made some money out here and then left town, saying he'd return soon. She's still

waiting for him. But your time is short, Mr. Edwards, so if you tell us just what it is you want in New Salem, we'll do our utmost to . . .

NINIAN. I'm sure you gentlemen know what I want.

TRUM. Naturally, you want votes. Well—you've got mine. Anything to frustrate that tyrant, Andy Jackson. (*He shakes a finger at the picture of Andrew Jackson.*)

NINIAN. I assure you that I yield to none in my admiration for the character of our venerable president, but when he goes to the extent of ruining our banking structure, destroying faith in our currency and even driving sovereign states to the point of secession, then, gentlemen, it is time to call a halt.

BOWLING. We got two more years of him—if the old man lives that long. You can't make headway against his popularity.

NINIAN. But we can start now to drive out his minions here in the government of the state of Illinois. We have a great battle cry, "End the reign of Andrew Jackson."

[JACK ARMSTRONG and three others of the Clary's Grove boys have come in during this speech. The others are named BAB, FEARGUS and JASP. They are the town bullies—boisterous, good-natured but tough.]

JACK (*going to the door at the left*). Miss Rutledge!

ANN (*appearing in the doorway*). What do you want, Jack Armstrong?

40 JACK. Your humble pardon, Miss Rutledge, and we will trouble you for a keg of liquor.

BAB. And we'll be glad to have it quick, because we're powerful dry.

ANN. You get out of here—you get out of here right now—you low scum!

JACK. I believe I said a keg of liquor.

Did you hear me say it, boys?

FEARGUS. That's how it sounded to me, Jack.

JASP. Come along with it, Annie—

ANN. If my father were here, he'd take a gun to you, just as he would to a pack of prairie wolves.

JACK. If your Paw was here, he'd be scarerder than you. 'Cause he knows 10 we're the wildcats of Clary's Grove, worse'n any old wolves, and we're a-howlin', and a-spittin' for drink. So get the whiskey, Miss Annie, and save your poor old Paw a lot of expenses for damages to his property.

[ANN goes.]

TRUM (*in an undertone to NINIAN*). That's the rag, tag and bobtail I was . . .

JACK. And what are you mumblin' 20 about, old measely-weasely Trum Cogdal—with your cup of tea on the Fourth of July?

BAB. He's a cotton-mouthed traitor and I think we'd better whip him for it.

FEARGUS (*at the same time*). Squeeze that air tea outen him, Jack.

JASP (*shouting*). Come on you, Annie, with that liquor!

JACK. And you, too, old fat-pot Judge 30 Bowling Green that sends honest men to prison—and who's the stranger? Looks kind of damn elegant for New Salem.

BOWLING. This is Mr. Ninian Edwards of Springfield, Jack—and for the Lord's sake, shut up, and sit down, and behave yourselves.

JACK. Ninian Edwards, eh! The Governor's son, I presume. Well—well!

NINIAN (*amiably*). You've placed me.

JACK. No wonder you've got a New Orleans suit of clothes and a gold fob and a silver-headed cane. I reckon you can buy the best of every-thing with that steamin' old pirate

land-grabber for a Paw. I guess them fancy pockets of yours are pretty well stuffed with the money your Paw stole from us tax-payers—eh, Mr. Edwards?

BAB. Let's take it offen him, Jack.

FEARGUS. Let's give him a lickin', Jack.

JACK (*still to NINIAN*). What you come here for anyway? Lookin' for a fight? Because if that's what you're a-cravin', I'm your man—wrasslin', clawin', bitin', and tearin'.

ANN (*coming in*). Jack Armstrong, here's your liquor! Drink it and go away.

(ANN carries four mugs.)

JASP. He told you to bring a keg!

JACK (*contemplating the mugs*). One little noggin apiece? Why—that ain't enough to fill a hollow tooth! Get the keg, Annie.

FEARGUS. Perhaps she can't tote it. I'll get it, Jack. (*He goes out into the kitchen.*)

ANN (*desperate*). Aren't there any of you men can do anything to protect decent people from these ruffians?

NINIAN. I'll be glad to do whatever I . . . (*He starts to rise.*)

BOWLING (*restraining him*). I'd be rather careful, Mr. Edwards.

JACK. That's right, Mr. Edwards. You be careful. Listen to the old Squire. He's got a round pot but a level head. 'He's seen the Clary's Grove boys in action, and he can tell you you might get that silver-headed cane rammed down your gullet. Hey, Bab—you tell him what we did to Hank Spears and Gus Hocheimer. Just tell him!

40 BAB. Jack nailed the two of 'em up in a barr'l and sent 'em rollin' down Salem hill and it jumped the bank and fatched up in the river and when we opened up the barr'l they wasn't inclined to move much.

JACK. Of course, it'd take a bigger

barr'l to hold you and your friend here, Squire, but I'd do it for you and I'd do it for any by God rap-scallions and sons of thieves that come here a-preachin' treachery and disunion and pisenin' the name of Old Hickory, the people's friend.

[FEARGUS *returns with the keg.*]

BEN. Kill him, boys! You're the only real Americans we got left!

NINIAN (*rising*). If you gentlemen will step outside, I'll be glad to accommodate you with the fight you seem to be spoiling for.

TRUM. You're committing suicide, Mr. Edwards.

JACK. Oh, no—he ain't. We ain't killers—we're just bone crushers. After a few months, you'll be as good as new, which ain't saying much. 20 You bring that keg, Feargus.

[*They are about to go when ABE appears in the door. He now is slightly more respectably dressed, wearing a battered claw-hammer coat and pants that have been "foxed" with buckskin. He carries the mail. Behind him is JOSH SPEED.*]

ABE. The mud-wagon's in! Hello, Jack. Hello, boys. Ain't you fellers drunk yet? Hello, Miss Ann. Got a letter 30 for you. (*There is a marked shyness in his attitude toward ANN.*)

ANN. Thank you, Abe. (*She snatches the letter and runs out with it.*)

BEN. Abe, there's goin' to be a fight!

NINIAN (*to JACK*). Well—come on, if you're coming.

JACK. All right, boys.

ABE. Fight? Who—and why?

JACK. This is the son of Ninian Edwards, 40 Abe. Come from Springfield lookin' for a little crotch hoist and I'm aimin' to oblige.

[*ABE looks NINIAN over.*]

BOWLING. Put a stop to it, Abe. It'd be next door to murder.

JACK. You shut your trap, Pot Green. Murder's too good for any goose-livered enemy of Andy Jackson. Come on, boys!

ABE. Wait a minute, boys. Jack, have you forgotten what day it is?

JACK. No, I ain't! But I reckon the Fourth is as good a day as any to whip a politician!

10 ABE (*amiably*). Well, if you've just got to fight, Jack, you shouldn't give preference to strangers. Being post-master of this thriving town, I can rate as a politician, myself, so you'd better try a fall with me—(*He thrusts JACK aside and turns to NINIAN.*) And as for you, sir, I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance; but my name's Lincoln, and I'd like to shake hands with a brave man.

NINIAN (*shaking hands with ABE*). I'm greatly pleased to know you, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. You should be. Because I come here just in time to save you quite some embarrassment, not to mention injury. Oh, got a couple of letters for you, Bowling. And here's your *Cincinnati Journal*, Trum.

30 JACK. Look here, Abe—you're steppin' into something that ain't none of your business. This is a private matter of patriotic honor . . .

ABE. Everything in this town is my business, Jack. It's the only kind of business I've got. And besides—I saw Hannah down by the grove and she says to tell you to come on to the picnic and that means *now* or she'll give the cake away to the Straders children and you and the boys'll go hungry. So get moving.

FEARGUS (*to JACK*). Are you goin' to let Abe talk you out of it?

ABE. Sure he is. (*He turns to TRUM.*) Say, Trum—if you ain't using that

Journal for a while, would you let me have a read?

TRUM. By all means, Abe. Here you are. *(He tosses the paper to ABE.)*

ABE. Thanks. *(He turns again to JACK.)* You'd better hurry, Jack, or you'll get a beating from Hannah. *(He starts to take the wrapper off, as he goes over to a chair at the left. JACK looks at ABE for a moment, then laughs.)*

JACK *(to NINIAN)*. All right! Abe Lincoln's saved your hide. I'll consent to callin' off the fight just because he's a friend of mine.

ABE *(as he sits)*. And also because I'm the only one around here you can't lick.

JACK. But I just want to tell you, Mr. Ninian Edwards, Junior, that the next time you come around here a-spreadin' pisen and . . .

ABE. Go on, Jack. Hannah's waiting.

JACK *(walking over to ABE)*. I'm going, Abe. But I warn you—you'd better stop this foolishness of readin'—readin'—readin', mornin', noon and night, or you'll be gettin' soft and you won't be the same fightin' man you are now—and it would break my heart to see you licked by anybody, includin' me! *(He laughs, slaps ABE on the back, then turns to go.)* Glad to have met you, Mr. Edwards.

[He goes out, followed by BAB and JASP. FEARGUS picks up the keg and starts after them.]

NINIAN *(to JACK)*. It's been a pleasure.

ABE. Where'd you get that keg, Feargus?

FEARGUS *(nervously)*. Jack told me to take it outen Mis' Rutledge's kitchen and I . . .

ABE. Well—put it down. . . . If you see Seth Gale, tell him I've got a letter for him.

FEARGUS. I'll tell him, Abe. *(FEARGUS puts down the keg and goes. JOSH SPEED laughs and comes up to the table.)*

JOSH. Congratulations, Ninian. I shouldn't have enjoyed taking you home to Mrs. Edwards after those boys had done with you.

NINIAN *(grinning)*. I was aware of the certain consequences, Josh. *(He turns to ABE.)* I'm deeply in your debt, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. Never mind any thanks, Mr. Edwards. Jack Armstrong talks big but he means well.

NINIAN. Won't you join us in a drink?

ABE. No, thank you. *(He's reading the paper. BOWLING fills the glasses.)*

BOWLING. I'm going to have another! I don't mind telling you, I'm still trembling. *(He hands a glass to NINIAN, then drinks himself.)*

TRUM. You see, Mr. Edwards. It's that very kind of lawlessness that's holding our town back.

NINIAN. You'll find the same element in the capital of our nation, and everywhere else, these days. *(He sits down and drinks.)*

ABE. Say, Bowling! It says here that there was a riot in Lyons, France. *(He reads.)* "A mob of men, deprived of employment when textile factories installed the new sewing machines, re-enacted scenes of the Reign of Terror in the streets of this prosperous industrial center. The mobs were suppressed only when the military forces of His French Majesty took a firm hand. The rioters carried banners inscribed with the incendiary words, 'We will live working or die fighting!'" *(ABE looks at the group at the right.)* That's Revolution!

BOWLING. Maybe, but it's a long way off from New Salem.

JOSH. Put the paper down, Abe. We want to talk to you.

ABE. Me? What about? *(He looks curiously at JOSH, BOWLING and NINIAN.)*

JOSH. I brought Mr. Edwards here for the sole purpose of meeting you—and with his permission, I shall tell you why.

NINIAN. Go right ahead, Josh.

[*All are looking intently at ABE.*]

JOSH. Abe—how would you like to run for the State Assembly?

ABE. When?

JOSH. Now—for the election in the fall. 10

ABE. Why?

NINIAN. Mr. Lincoln, I've known you for only a few minutes, but that's long enough to make me agree with Josh Speed that you're precisely the type of man we want. The whole Whig organization will support your candidacy.

ABE. This was all your idea, Josh?

JOSH (*smiling*). Oh, no, Abe—you're the 20 people's choice!

TRUM. What do *you* think of it, Bowling?

BOWLING (*heartily*). I think it's as fine a notion as I ever heard. Why, Abe—I can hear you making speeches, right and left, taking your stand on all the issues—secession, Texas, the National Bank crisis, abolitionism—it'll be more fun than we ever had in our lives!

ABE (*rising*). Isn't anybody going to ask what *I* think?

JOSH (*laughs*). All right, Abe—I'll ask you.

ABE (*after a moment's pause*). It's a comical notion, all right—and I don't know if I can give you an answer to it, off-hand. But my first, hasty impression is that I don't think much of it.

BOWLING. Don't overlook the fact that, if elected, your salary would be 40 three whole dollars a day.

ABE. That's fine money. No doubt of that. And I see what you have in mind, Bowling. I owe you a considerable sum of money; and if I stayed in the legislature for, say, twenty

years, I'd be able to pay off—let me see—two dollars and a half a day. . . . (*He is figuring it up on his fingers.*)

BOWLING. I'm not thinking about the debts, Abe.

ABE. I know you ain't, Bowling. But I've got to. And so should you, Mr. Edwards. The Whig party is the party of sound money and God save the National Bank, ain't it?

NINIAN. Why, yes—among other things. . . .

ABE. Well, then—how would it look if you put forward a candidate who has demonstrated no earning power but who has run up the impressive total of fifteen hundred dollars of debts?

BOWLING (*to NINIAN*). I can tell you something about those debts. Abe started a grocery store in partnership with an unfortunate young man named Berry. Their stock included whiskey, and Berry started tapping the keg until he had consumed all the liquid assets. So the store went bankrupt—and Abe voluntarily assumed all the obligations. That may help to explain to you, Mr. Edwards, why we think pretty highly of him 30 around here.

NINIAN. It's a sentiment with which I concur most heartily.

ABE. I thank you one and all for your kind tributes, but don't overdo them, or I'll begin to think that three dollars a day ain't enough!

JOSH. What's the one thing that you want most, Abe? You want to learn. This will give you your chance to get at a good library, to associate with the finest lawyers in the State.

ABE. I've got a copy of Blackstone, already. Found it in an old junk barrel. And how can I tell that the finest lawyers would welcome association with *me*?

NINIAN. You needn't worry about that.

I saw how you dealt with those ruffians. You quite obviously know how to handle men.

ABE. I can handle the Clary's Grove boys because I can outwrasse them—but I can't go around Sangamon County throwing *all* the voters.

BOWLING (*laughing*). I'll take a chance on that, Abe.

ABE (*to NINIAN*). Besides—how do you know that my political views would agree with yours? How do you know I wouldn't say the wrong thing?

NINIAN. What *are* your political leanings, Mr. Lincoln?

ABE. They're all toward staying out. . . . What sort of leanings did you want?

NINIAN. We have a need for good con-
servative men to counteract all the
radical firebrands that have swept
over this country in the wake of
Andrew Jackson. We've got to get
this country back to first principles!

ABE. Well—I'm conservative, all right.
If I got into the legislature you'd never
catch me starting any movements
for reform or progress. I'm pretty
certain I wouldn't even have the
nerve to open my mouth.

JOSH (*laughs*). I told you, Ninian—he's
just the type of candidate you're
looking for.

[NINIAN *laughs too, and rises.*]

NINIAN (*crossing towards ABE*). The fact
is, Mr. Lincoln, we want to spike the
rumor that ours is the party of the
more privileged classes. That is why
we seek men of the plain people for
candidates. As post-master, you're in
an excellent position to establish
contacts. While delivering letters,
you can also deliver speeches and
campaign literature, with which our
headquarters will keep you supplied.

ABE. Would you supply me with a suit
of store clothes? A candidate mustn't
look *too* plain.

NINIAN (*smiling*). I think even that could
be arranged, eh, Judge?

BOWLING. I think so.

NINIAN (*pompously*). So—think it over,
Mr. Lincoln, and realize that this is
opportunity unlimited in scope. Just
consider what it means to be starting
up the ladder in a nation which is
now expanding southward, across
the vast area of Texas; and westward,
to the Empire of the Californias on
the Pacific Ocean. We're becoming
a continent, Mr. Lincoln—and all
that we need is men! (*He looks at his
watch.*) And now, gentlemen, if you
will excuse me—I must put in an
appearance at the torch-light pro-
cession in Springfield this evening, so
I shall have to be moving on. Good-
bye, Mr. Lincoln. This meeting has
been a happy one for me.

ABE (*shaking hands*). Good-bye, Mr.
Edwards. Good luck in the campaign.
NINIAN. And the same to you.

[*All at the right have risen and are starting
to go, except BEN MATTLING, who is still
sitting at the back, drinking.*]

ABE. Here's your paper, Trum.

TRUM. Go ahead and finish it, Abe. I
won't be looking at it yet awhile.

ABE. Thanks, Trum. I'll leave it at your
house.

[TRUM and NINIAN *have gone.*]

BOWLING. I'll see you later, Abe. Tell
Ann I'll be back to pay for the
liquor.

ABE. I'll tell her, Bowling.

[BOWLING *goes. JOSH is looking at ABE,
who, after a moment, turns to him.*]

ABE. I'm surprised at you, Josh. I
thought you were my friend.

JOSH. I know, Abe. But Ninian Edwards
asked me is there anybody in that

God-forsaken town of New Salem that stands a chance of getting votes, and the only one I could think of was you. I can see you're embarrassed by this—and you're annoyed. But—whether you like it or not—you've got to grow; and here's your chance to get a little scrap of importance.

ABE. Am I the kind that wants importance?

JOSH. You'll deny it, Abe—but you've got a funny kind of vanity—which is the same as saying you've got some pride—and it's badly in need of nourishment. So, if you'll agree to this—I don't think you'll be sorry for it or feel that I've betrayed you.

ABE (*grins*). Oh—I won't hold it against you, Josh. (*He walks away and looks out the door.*) But that Mr. Ninian Edwards—he's rich and he's prominent and he's got a high-class education. Politics to him is just a kind of a game. And maybe I'd like it if I could play it *his* way. (*He turns to JOSH.*) But when you get to reading Blackstone, not to mention the Bible, you can't help feeling maybe there's some serious responsibility in the giving of laws—and maybe there's something more important in the business of government than just getting the Whig Party back into power.

[SETH GALE comes in. *He is a young, husky frontiersman, with flashes of the sun of Western empire in his eyes.*]

SETH. Hey, Abe—Feargus said you've got a letter for me.

ABE (*fishing in his mail pouch*). Yes.

SETH. Hello, Mr. Speed.

JOSH. How are you, Mr. Gale?

ABE. Here you are, Seth. (*He hands him a letter. SETH takes it to the right, sits down and starts to read.*)

JOSH. I've got to get home to Spring-

field, Abe, but I'll be down again in a week or so.

ABE. I'll be here, Josh.

[JOSH goes. ABE sits down again at the right, picks up his paper, but doesn't read it. BEN stands up and comes down a bit unsteadily.]

BEN (*angrily*). Are you going to do it, Abe? Are you goin' to let them make you into a candidate?

ABE. I ain't had time to think about it yet.

BEN. Well—I tell you to stop thinkin' before it's too late. Don't let 'em get you. Don't let 'em put you in a store suit that's the uniform of degradation in this miserable country. You're an honest man, Abe Lincoln. You're a good-for-nothin', debt-ridden loafer—but you're an honest man. And you have no place in that den of thieves that's called gov'ment. They'll corrupt you as they've corrupted the whole damn United States. Look at Washington, look at Jefferson, and John Adams—(*He points grandly to the pictures.*)—where are they today? Dead! And everything they stood for and fought for and won—that's dead too. (*ANN comes in to collect the mugs from the table at the left. ABE looks at her.*) Why—we'd be better off if we was all black niggers held in the bonds of slavery. They get fed—They get looked after when they're old and sick. (*ANN goes.*) But you don't care—you ain't listenin' to me, neither . . . (*He starts slowly toward the door.*)

40 ABE. Of course I'm listening, Ben.

BEN. No, you ain't. I know. You're goin' to the assembly and join the wolves who're feedin' off the carcass of Liberty. (*He goes out.*)

ABE. You needn't worry. I'm not going. [*ANN comes in. She crosses to the right to pick*

up the glasses. She seems extremely subdued. ABE looks at her, curiously.]

ABE. Bowling Green said to tell you he'd be back later, to pay you what he owes.

ANN (*curtly*). That's all right. (*ANN puts the glasses and bottle on a tray and picks it up. ABE jumps to his feet.*)

ABE. Here, Ann. Let me take that.

ANN (*irritably*). No—leave it alone! I can 10 carry it! (*She starts across to the left.*)

ABE. Excuse me, Ann. . . .

ANN (*stopping*). Well?

ABE. Would you come back after you're finished with that? I—I'd like to talk to you.

[*SETH has finished the letter. Its contents seem to have depressed him.*]

ANN. All right. I'll talk to you—if you want.

[*She goes out. SETH crosses toward ABE, who, during the subsequent dialogue, is continually looking toward the kitchen.*]

SETH. Abe . . . Abe—I got a letter from my folks back in Maryland. It means—I guess I've got to give up the dream we had of moving out into Nebraska territory.

ABE. What's happened, Seth?

SETH (*despondently*). Well—for one thing, 30 the old man's took sick, and he's pretty feeble.

ABE. I'm sorry to hear that.

SETH. So am I. They've sent for me to come back and work the farm. Measly little thirty-six acres—sandy soil. I tell you, Abe, it's a bitter disappointment to me, when I had my heart all set on going out into the West. And the worst of it is—I'm let- 40 ting you down on it, too.

ABE (*with a glance toward the kitchen*). Don't think about that, Seth. Maybe I won't be able to move for a while myself. And when your father gets to feeling better, you'll come back . . .

SETH. He won't get to feeling better. Not at his age. I'll be stuck there, just like he was. I'll be pushed in and cramped all the rest of my life, till the malaria gets me, too. . . . Well—there's no use crying about it. If I've got to go back East, I've got to go. (*ANN comes back.*) I'll tell you good-bye, Abe, before I leave.

[*He goes. ABE turns and looks at ANN, and she at him.*]

ANN. Well—what is it, Abe?

ABE (*rising*). I just thought—you might like to talk to me.

ANN (*sharply*). What about?

ABE. That letter you got from New York State.

ANN. What do you know about that letter?

20 ABE. I'm the postmaster. I know more than I ought to about people's private affairs. I couldn't help seeing that that was the handwriting of Mr. McNiel. And I couldn't help seeing, from the look on your face, that the bad news you've been afraid of has come.

[*ANN looks at him with surprise. He is a lot more observant than she had thought.*]

ANN. Whatever the letter said, it's no concern of yours, Abe.

ABE. I know that, Ann. But—it appears to me that you've been crying—and "it makes me sad to think that something could have hurt you. The thing is—I think quite a lot of you—always have—ever since I first came here, and met you. I wouldn't mention it, only when you're distressed about something it's a comfort sometimes to find a pair of ears to pour your troubles into—and the Lord knows my ears are big enough to hold a lot.

[*Her attitude of hostility softens and she re-wards him with a tender smile.*]

ANN. You're a Christian gentleman, Abe Lincoln. (*She sits down.*)

ABE. No, I ain't. I'm a plain, common sucker with a shirt-tail so short I can't sit on it.

ANN (*laughs*). Well—sit down, anyway, Abe—here, by me.

ABE. Why—it'd be a pleasure. (*He crosses and sits near her.*)

ANN. You can always say something to 10 make a person laugh, can't you?

ABE. Well—I don't even have to say anything. A person just has to look at me.

ANN. You're right about that letter, Abe.

It's the first I've heard from him in months—and now he says he's delayed by family troubles and doesn't know when he'll be able to get to New Salem again. By which he prob- 20 ably means—never.

ABE. I wouldn't say that, Ann.

ANN. I would. (*She looks at him.*) I reckon you think I'm a silly fool for ever having promised myself to Mr. McNiel.

ABE. I think no such thing. I liked him myself, and still do, and whatever reasons he had for changing his name I'm sure were honorable. He's a smart man, and a handsome one— 30 and I—I wouldn't blame any girl for—loving him.

ANN (*too emphatically*). I guess I don't love him, Abe. I guess I couldn't love anybody that was as—as faithless as that.

ABE (*trying to appear unconcerned*). Well, then. There's nothing to fret about. Now—poor Seth Gale—he got some really bad news. His father's sick and he has to give up his dream which was 40 to go and settle out West.

ANN (*looks at him*). I don't believe you know much about females, Abe.

ABE. Probably I don't—although I certainly spend enough time thinking about 'em.

ANN. You're a big man, and you can lick anybody, and you can't understand the feelings of somebody who is weak. But—I'm a female, and I can't help thinking what they'll be saying about me—all the old gossips, all over town. They'll make it out that he deserted me; I'm a rejected woman. They'll give me their sympathy to my face, but they'll snigger at me behind my back. (*She rises and crosses toward the right.*)

ABE. Yes—that's just about what they would do. But—would you let them disturb you?

ANN (*rising*). I told you—it's just weakness—it's just vanity. It's something you couldn't understand, Abe. (*She has crossed to the window and is staring out. ABE twists in his chair to look at her.*)

ABE. Maybe I can understand it, Ann. I've got a kind of vanity myself. Josh Speed said so, and he's right. . . . It's—it's nothing but vanity that's kept me from declaring my inclinations toward you. (*She turns, amazed, and looks at him.*) You see, I don't like to be sniggered at, either. I know what I am—and I know what I look like—and I know that I've got nothing to offer any girl that I'd be in love with.

ANN. Are you saying that you're in love with me, Abe?

ABE (*with deep earnestness*). Yes—I am saying that. (*He stands up, facing her. She looks intently into his eyes.*) I've been loving you—a long time—with all my heart. You see, Ann—you're a particularly fine girl. You've got sense, and you've got bravery—those are two things that I admire particularly. And you're powerful good to look at, too. So—it's only natural I should have a great regard for you. But—I don't mean to worry you about it, Ann. I only mentioned it be-

cause—if you would do me the honor of keeping company with me for a while, it might shut the old gossips' mouths. They'd figure you'd chucked Mc Niel for—for some one else. Even me.

ANN (*going to him*). I thought I knew you pretty well, Abe. But I didn't.

ABE (*worried*). Why do you say that? Do you consider I was too forward, in 10 speaking out as I did?

ANN (*gravely*). No, Abe. . . . I've always thought a lot of you—the way I thought you were. But—the idea of love between you and me—I can't say how I feel about that, because now you're like some other person, that I'm meeting for the first time.

ABE (*quietly*). I'm not expecting you to feel anything for me. I'd never dream 20 of expecting such a thing.

ANN. I know that, Abe. You'd be willing to give everything you have and never expect anything in return. Maybe you're different in that way from any man I've ever heard of. And I can tell you this much—now, and truthfully—if I ever do love you, I'll be happy about it—and lucky, to be loving a good, decent man. . . . 30 If you just give me time—to think about it. . . .

ABE (*unable to believe his eyes and ears*). You mean—if you took time—you might get in your heart something like the feeling I have for you?

ANN (*with great tenderness*). I don't know, Abe. (*She clutches his lapel.*) But I do know that you're a man who could fill any one's heart—yes, fill it and 40 warm it and make it glad to be living.

[ABE covers her hand with his.]

ABE. Ann—I've always tried hard to believe what the orators tell us—that this is a land of equal opportunity for all. But I've never been able to credit

it, any more than I could agree that God made all men in his own image. But—if I could win you, Ann—I'd be willing to disbelieve everything I've ever seen with my own eyes, and have faith in everything wonderful that I've ever read in poetry books. (*Both are silent for a moment. Then ANN turns away.*) But—I'm not asking you to say anything now. And I won't ask you until the day comes when I know I've got a right to. (*He turns and walks quickly toward the door, picking up his mail pouch.*)

ANN. Abe! Where are you going?

ABE. I'm going to find Bowling Green and tell him a good joke. (*He grins. He is standing in the doorway.*)

ANN. A joke? What about?

ABE. I'm going to tell him that I'm a candidate for the assembly of the State of Illinois. (*He goes.*)

[*The light fades.*]

SCENE THREE

BOWLING GREEN'S house near New Salem.

It is a small room, but the walls are lined with books and family pictures. In the center is a table with a lamp on it. Another light—a candle in a glass globe—is on a bureau at the right. There are comfortable chairs on either side of the table, and a sofa at the left.

At the back, toward the left, is the front door. A rifle is leaning against the wall by the door. There is another door in the right wall. Toward the right, at the back, is a ladder fixed against the wall leading up through an opening to the attic.

It is late in the evening, a year or so after Scene II. A storm is raging outside.

BOWLING is reading aloud from a sort of pamphlet. His comfortable wife, NANCY, is listening and sewing.

BOWLING. "And how much more interesting did the spectacle become when,

starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for 'Pickwick' burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded." (BOWLING chuckles. NANCY laughs.)

NANCY. He sounds precisely like you, Bowling.

[*There is a knock at the door.*]

NANCY (nervous). That's not Abe's knock. Who can it be?

BOWLING (rising). We don't know yet, my dear.

NANCY. It's a strange hour for any one to be calling. You'd better have that gun ready.

[BOWLING unbolts and opens the door. It is JOSH SPEED.]

BOWLING. Why—Josh Speed!

JOSH. Good evening, Bowling.

BOWLING. We haven't seen you in a coon's age.

NANCY. Good evening, Mr. Speed.

JOSH. Good evening, Mrs. Green. And I beg you to forgive me for this untimely intrusion.

NANCY. We're delighted to see you. Take your wrap off.

JOSH. Thank you. I've just come down from Springfield. I heard Abe Lincoln was in town and I was told I might find him here.

BOWLING. He's been sleeping here, up in the attic.

NANCY. But he's out now at the Rutledge Farm, tending poor little Ann.

JOSH. Miss Rutledge? What's the matter with her?

NANCY. She's been taken with the brain sickness. It's the most shocking thing. People have been dying from it right and left.

BOWLING. But Ann's young. She'll pull through, all right. Sit down, Josh.

JOSH. Thank you. (*He sits. BOWLING places the pamphlet on the top of the book-case and stands there, filling his pipe.*)

NANCY. I suppose you know that Abe came rushing down from Vandalia the moment he heard she was taken. He's deeply in love with her.

BOWLING. Now, Nancy—don't exaggerate.

10 [JOSH is listening to all this, intently.]

JOSH. So Abe is in love. I wondered what has been the matter with him lately.

NANCY. Why, it's written all over his poor, homely face.

JOSH. The last time I saw 'him, he seemed pretty moody. But when I asked him what was wrong, he said it was his liver.

BOWLING (laughing). That sounds more
20 likely. Has he been getting on well in the Assembly?

JOSH. No. He has just been sitting there—drawing his three dollars a day—and taking no apparent interest in the proceedings. Do you fancy that Miss Rutledge cares anything for him?

NANCY. Indeed she does! She broke her
30 promise to that Mr. McNiel because of her feelings for Abe!

JOSH. Has he any notion of marrying her?

NANCY. It's the only notion of his life right now. And the sooner they are married, the better for both of them.

BOWLING (seating himself). Better for her, perhaps—but the worse for him.

NANCY (finishing her sewing). And why? The Rutledges are fine people; superior in every way to those riff-raff
40 Hankses and Lincolns that are Abe's family!

BOWLING. I think you feel as I do, Josh. Abe has his own way to go and—sweet and pretty as Ann undoubtedly is—she'd only be a hindrance to him.

JOSH. I guess it wouldn't matter much if she could give him a little of the happiness he's never had.

NANCY (*rising*). That's just it! I think as much of Abe as you do, Bowling. But we can't deny that he's a poor man, and he's failed in trade, and he's been in the legislature for a year without accomplishing a blessed thing . . .

(*She goes to the bookcase to put her sewing-basket away.*)

BOWLING. He could go to Springfield and set up a law practice and make a good thing of it. Ninian Edwards would help him to get started. And he'd soon forget little Ann. He has just happened to fasten on her his own romantic ideal of what's beautiful and unattainable. Let him ever attain her, and she'd break his heart. 20

NANCY (*seating herself*). Do you agree with Bowling on that, Mr. Speed?

JOSH (*sadly*). I can't say, Mrs. Green. I've abandoned the attempt to predict anything about Abe Lincoln. The first time I ever saw him was when he was piloting that steamboat, the *Talisman*. You remember how she ran into trouble at the dam. I had a valuable load of goods aboard for my 30 father's store, and I was sure that steamboat, goods and all were a total loss. But Abe got her through. It was a great piece of work. I thought, "Here is a reliable man." So I cultivated his acquaintance, believing, in my conceit, that I could help him to fame and fortune. I soon learned differently. I found out that he has plenty of strength and courage in his 40 body—but in his mind he's a hopeless hypochondriac. He can split rails, push a plough, crack jokes, all day—and then sit up all night reading "Hamlet" and brooding over his own fancied resemblance to that melan-

choly prince. Maybe he's a great philosopher—maybe he's a great fool. I don't know what he is.

BOWLING (*laughs*). Well—if only Ann had sense enough to see all the things you saw, Josh, she'd be so terrified of him she'd run all the way back to York State and find McNiel. At least, he's not complicated.

NANCY (*with deeper emotion*). You're talking about Abe Lincoln as if he were some problem that you found in a book, and it's interesting to try to figure it out. Well—maybe he is a problem—but he's also a man, and a miserable one. And what do you do for his misery? You laugh at his comical jokes and you vote for him on election day and give him board and lodging when he needs it. But all that doesn't give a scrap of satisfaction to Abe's soul—and never will. Because the one thing he needs is a woman with the will to face life for him.

BOWLING. You think he's afraid to face it himself?

NANCY. He is! He listens too much to the whispers, that he heard in the forest where he grew up, and where he always goes now when he wants to be alone. They're the whispers of the women behind him—his dead mother—and *her* mother, who was no better than she should be. He's got that awful fear on him, of not knowing what the whispers mean, or where they're directing him. And none of your back-slapping will knock that fear out of him. Only a woman can free him—a woman who loves him truly, and believes in him. . . .

[*There is a knock on the door.*]

BOWLING. That's Abe now. (*He gets up and opens it.*)

[*ABE is there, bareheaded, wet by the storm. He now wears a fairly respectable dark*

suit of clothes. He looks older and grimmer.]

BOWLING. Why, hello, Abe! We've been sitting up waiting for you. Come on in out of the wet!

[*ABE comes in. BOWLING shuts the door behind him.*]

NANCY. We were reading The Post-humous Papers of the Pickwick Club when Mr. Speed came in.

ABE. Hello, Josh. Glad to see you.

JOSH. Hello, Abe.

[*ABE turns to NANCY.*]

ABE. Nancy . . .

NANCY. Yes, Abe?

ABE. She's dead.

BOWLING. Ann? She's dead?

ABE. Yes. Tonight, the fever suddenly got worse. They couldn't seem to do anything for it.

20

[*NANCY gives BOWLING a swift look, then goes quickly to ABE and takes his hand.*]

NANCY. Oh, Abe—I'm so sorry. She was such a dear little girl. Every one who knew her will join in mourning for her.

ABE. I know they will. But it won't do any good. She's dead.

BOWLING. Sit down, Abe, and rest yourself.

30

ABE. No—I'm not fit company for anybody. I'd better be going. (*He turns toward the door.*)

JOSH (*stopping him*). No, you don't, Abe. You'll stay right here.

BOWLING. You better do what Josh tells you.

NANCY. Come here, Abe. Please sit down.

[*ABE looks from one to the other, then obediently goes to a chair and sits.*]

Your bed is ready for you upstairs when you want it.

ABE (*dully*). You're the best friends I've got in the world, and it seems a pretty poor way to reward you for all that

you've given me, to come here now, and inflict you with a corpse.

BOWLING. This is your home, Abe. This is where you're loved.

ABE. Yes, that's right. And I love you, Bowling and Nancy. But I loved her more than everything else that I've ever known.

NANCY. I know you did, Abe. I know it.

ABE. I used to think it was better to be alone. I was always most contented when I was alone. I had queer notions that if you got too close to people, you could see the truth about them, that behind the surface, they're all insane, and they could see the same in you. And then—when I saw her, I knew there could be beauty and purity in people—like the purity you sometimes see in the sky at night. When I took hold of her hand, and held it, all fear, all doubt, went out of me. I believed in God. I'd have been glad to work for her until I die, to get for her everything out of life that she wanted. If she thought I could do it, then I could. That was my belief. . . . And then I had to stand there, as helpless as a twig in a whirlpool; I had to stand there and watch her die. And her father and mother were there, too, praying to God for her soul. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord! That's what they kept on saying. But I couldn't pray with them. I couldn't give any devotion to one who has the power of death, and uses it. (*He has stood up, and is speaking with more passion.*) I'm making a poor exhibition of myself—and I'm sorry—but—I can't stand it. I can't live with myself any longer. I've got to die and be with her again, or I'll go crazy! (*He goes to the door and opens it.*)

The storm continues.) I can't bear to think of her out there alone!

[NANCY looks at BOWLING with frantic appeal. He goes to ABE, who is standing in the doorway, looking out.]

BOWLING (*with great tenderness*). Abe . . . I want you to go upstairs and see if you can't get some sleep. . . . Please, Abe—as a special favor to Nancy and me.

ABE (*after a moment*). All right, Bowling. (*He turns and goes to the ladder.*)

NANCY. Here's a light for you, dear Abe. (*She hands him the candle.*)

ABE. Thank you, Nancy. . . . Good night. (*He goes up the ladder into the attic.*)
[*They all look up after him.*]

NANCY (*tearful*). Poor, lonely soul.

[BOWLING cautions her to be quiet.]

JOSH. Keep him here with you, Mrs. Green. Don't let him out of your sight.

BOWLING. We won't, Josh.

JOSH. Good night. (*He picks up his hat and cloak and goes.*)

BOWLING. Good night, Josh. (*He closes and bolts the door, then comes down to the table and picks up the lamp.*)

[NANCY looks up once more, then goes out at the right. BOWLING follows her out, carrying the lamp with him. He closes the door behind him, so that the only light on the stage is the beam from the attic.]

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE IV

Law office of Stuart and Lincoln on the second floor of the Court House in Springfield, Ill. A sunny summer's afternoon, some five years after the preceding scene.

The room is small, with two windows and one door, upstage, which leads to the hall and staircase.

At the right is a table and chair, at the left an old desk, littered with papers. At the back is a ramshackle bed, with a buffalo robe thrown over it. Below the windows are some rough shelves, sagging with law books. There is an old wood stove.

On the wall above the desk is hung an American flag, with 26 stars. Between the windows is an election poster, for Harrison and Tyler, with a list of Electors, the last of whom is Ab'm Lincoln, of Sangamon.

BILLY HERNDON is working at the table. 30 He is young, slight, serious-minded, smouldering. He looks up as ABE comes in. ABE wears a battered plug hat, a light alpaca coat, and carries an ancient, threadbare carpet-bag. He is evidently not in a talkative

mood. His boots are caked in mud. He is only thirty-one years old, but his youth was buried with Ann Rutledge.

He leaves the office door open, and lettered on it we see the number, 4, and the firm's name—Stuart & Lincoln, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.

BILLY. How de do, Mr. Lincoln. Glad to see you back.

ABE. Good day, Billy. (*He sets down the carpet-bag, takes off his hat and puts it on his desk.*)

BILLY. How was it on the circuit, Mr. Lincoln?

ABE. About as usual.

BILLY. Have you been keeping in good health?

ABE. Not particularly. But Doc Henry dosed me enough to keep me going. (*He sits down at the desk and starts looking at letters and papers that have accumulated during his absence. He takes little interest in them, pigeonholing some letters unopened.*)

BILLY. Did you have occasion to make any political speeches?

ABE. Oh—they got me up on the stump a couple of times. Ran into Stephen Douglas—he was out campaigning, of course—and we had some arguments in public.

BILLY (*greatly interested*). That's good! What issues did you and Mr. Douglas discuss?

ABE. Now—don't get excited, Billy. We weren't taking it serious. There was 10 no blood shed. . . . What's the news here?

BILLY. Judge Stuart wrote that he arrived safely in Washington and the campaign there is getting almost as hot as the weather. Mrs. Fraim stopped in to say she couldn't possibly pay your fee for a while.

ABE. I should hope not. I ought to be paying her, seeing as I defended her 20 poor husband and he hanged.

[BILLY hands him a letter and watches him intently, while he reads it.]

BILLY. That was left here by hand, and I promised to call it especially to your attention. It's from the Elijah P. Lovejoy League of Freeman. They want you to speak at an Abolitionist rally next Thursday evening. It'll be a very important affair.

ABE (*reflectively*). It's funny, Billy—I was thinking about Lovejoy the other day—trying to figure what it is in a man that makes him glad to be a martyr. I was on the boat coming from Quincy to Alton, and there was a gentleman on board with twelve Negroes. He was shipping them down to Vicksburg for sale—had 'em chained six and six together. Each of 40 them had a small iron clevis around his wrist, and this was chained to the main chain, so that those Negroes were strung together precisely like fish on a trot line. I gathered they were being separated forever from

their homes—mothers, fathers, wives, children—whatever families the poor creatures had got—going to be whipped into perpetual slavery, and no questions asked. It was quite a shocking sight.

BILLY (*excited*). Then you will give a speech at the Lovejoy rally?

ABE (*wearily*). I doubt it. That Freeman's League is a pack of hell-roaring fanatics. Talk reason to them and they scorn you for being a mealy-mouth. Let 'em make their own noise. (ABE has opened a letter. He starts to read it.)

[BILLY looks at him with resentful disappointment, but he knows too well that any argument would be futile. He resumes his work. After a moment, BOWLING GREEN comes in, followed by JOSH SPEED.]

BOWLING. Are we interrupting the majesty of the Law?

ABE (*heartily*). Bowling! (He jumps up and grasps BOWLING's hand.) How are you, Bowling?

BOWLING. Tolerably well, Abe—and glad to see you.

ABE. This is Billy Herndon—Squire Green, of New Salem. Hello, Josh.

30 JOSH. Hello, Abe.

BILLY (*shaking hands with BOWLING*). I'm proud to know you, sir. Mr. Lincoln speaks of you constantly.

BOWLING. Thank you, Mr. Herndon. Are you a lawyer, too?

BILLY (*seriously*). I hope to be, sir. I'm serving here as a clerk in Judge Stuart's absence.

BOWLING. So now you're teaching others, Abe?

ABE. Just providing a bad example.

BOWLING. I can believe it. Look at the mess on that desk. Shameful!

ABE. Give me another year of law practise and I'll need a warehouse for the overflow. . . . But—sit yourself

down, Bowling, and tell me what brings you to Springfield.

[BOWLING sits. JOSH has sat on the couch, smoking his pipe. BILLY is again at the table.]

BOWLING. I've been up to Lake Michigan—fishing—came in today on the steam-cars—scared me out of a year's growth. But how are you doing, Abe? Josh says you're still broke, but you're 10 a great social success.

ABE. True—on both counts. I'm greatly in demand at all the more elegant functions. You remember Ninian Edwards?

BOWLING. Of course.

ABE. Well, sir—I'm a guest at his mansion regularly. He's got a house so big you could race horses in the parlor. And his wife is one of the Todd family 20 from Kentucky. Very high-grade people. They spell their name with two D's—which is pretty impressive when you consider that one was enough for God.

JOSH. Tell Bowling whom you met over in Rochester.

ABE. The President of the United States!

BOWLING. You don't tell me so!

ABE. Do you see that hand? (*He holds out 30 his right hand, palm upward.*)

BOWLING. Yes—I see it.

ABE. It has shaken the hand of Martin Van Buren!

BOWLING (*laughing*). Was the President properly respectful to you, Abe?

ABE. Indeed he was! He said to me, "We've been hearing great things of you in Washington." I found out later he'd said the same thing to 40 every other cross-roads politician he'd met. (*He laughs.*) But Billy Herndon there is pretty disgusted with me for associating with the wrong kind of people. Billy's a firebrand—a real, radical abolitionist—and he can't

stand anybody who keeps his mouth shut and abides by the Constitution. If he had his way, the whole Union would be set on fire and we'd all be burned to a crisp. Eh, Billy?

BILLY (*grimly*). Yes, Mr. Lincoln. And if you'll permit me to say so, I think you'd be of more use to your fellow-men if you allowed some of the same incendiary impulses to come 'out in you.

ABE. You see, Bowling? He wants me to get down into the blood-soaked arena and grapple with all the lions of injustice and oppression.

BOWLING. Mr. Herndon—my profound compliments.

BILLY (*rising and taking his hat*). Thank you, sir. (*He shakes hands with BOWLING, then turns to ABE.*) I have the writ prepared in the Willcox case. I'll take it down to the Clerk of Court to be attested.

ABE. All right, Billy.

BILLY (*to BOWLING*). Squire Green—Mr. Lincoln regards you and Mr. Speed as the best friends he has on earth, and I should like to beg you, in his presence, for God's sake drag him out of this stagnant pool in which he's rapidly drowning himself. Good day, sir—good day, Mr. Speed.

JOSH. Good day, Billy.

" [BILLY has gone.]

BOWLING. That's a bright young man, Abe. Seems to have a good grasp of things.

ABE (*looking after BILLY*). He's going downstairs to the Clerk's office, but he took his hat. Which means that before he comes back to work, he'll have paid a little visit to the Chenery House saloon.

BOWLING. Does the boy drink?

ABE. Yes. He's got great fires in him, but he's putting 'em out fast. . . .

Now—tell me about New Salem. (*He leans against the wall near the window.*)

BOWLING. Practically nothing of it left.

ABE. How's that blessed wife of yours?

BOWLING. Nancy's busier than ever, and more than ever concerned about your innermost thoughts and yearnings. In fact, she instructed me expressly to ask what on earth is the matter with you?

ABE (*laughs*). You can tell her there's nothing the matter. I've been able to pay off my debts to the extent of some seven cents on the dollar, and I'm sound of skin and skeleton.

BOWLING. But why don't we hear more from you and of you?

ABE. Josh can tell you. I've been busy.

BOWLING. What at?

ABE. I'm a candidate.

JOSH (*pointing to the poster*). Haven't you noticed his name? It's here—at the bottom of the list of Electors on the Whig ticket.

ABE. Yes, sir—if old Tippecanoe wins next fall, I'll be a member of the Electoral College.

BOWLING. The Electoral College! And is that the best you can do?

ABE. Yes—in the limited time at my disposal. I had a letter from Seth Gale—remember—he used to live in New Salem and was always aiming to move West. He's settled down in Maryland now and has a wife and a son. He says that back East they're powerful worried about the annexation of Texas.

BOWLING. They have reason to be. It would probably mean extending slavery through all the territories, from Kansas and Nebraska right out to Oregon and California. That would give the South absolute rule of the country—and God help the rest of us in the free states.

JOSH. It's an ugly situation, all right. It's got the seeds in it of nothing more nor less than civil war.

ABE. Well, if so, it'll be the abolitionists' own fault. They know where this trouble might lead, and yet they go right on agitating. They ought to be locked up for disturbing the peace, all of them.

10 BOWLING. I thought you were opposed to slavery, Abe. Have you changed your mind about it?

ABE (*ambles over to the couch and sprawls on it*). No. I am opposed to slavery. But I'm even more opposed to going to war. And, on top of that, I know what you're getting at, both of you. (*He speaks to them with the utmost good nature.*) You're following Billy Herndon's lead—troubling your kind hearts with concerns about me and when am I going to amount to something. Is that it?

BOWLING. Oh, no, Abe. Far be it from me to interfere in your life.

JOSH. Or me, either. If we happen to feel that, so far, you've been a big disappointment to us, we'll surely keep it to ourselves.

30 ABE (*laughs*). I'm afraid you'll have to do what I've had to do—which is, learn to accept me for what I am. I'm no fighting man. I found that out when I went through the Black Hawk War, and was terrified that I might have to fire a shot at an Indian. Fortunately, the Indians felt the same way, so I never saw one of them. Now, I know plenty of men who like to fight; they're willing to kill, and not scared of being killed. All right. Let them attend to the battles that have to be fought.

BOWLING. Peaceable men have sometimes been of service to their country.

ABE. They may have been peaceable

when they started, but they didn't remain so long after they'd become mixed in the great brawl of politics. (*He sits up.*) Suppose I ran for Congress, and got elected. I'd be right in the thick of that ugly situation you were speaking of. One day I might have to cast my vote on the terrible issue of war or peace. It might be war with Mexico over Texas; or war with 10 England over Oregon; or even war with our own people across the Ohio River. What attitude would I take in deciding which way to vote? "The Liberal attitude," of course. And what is the Liberal attitude? To go to war, for a tract of land, or a moral principle? Or to avoid war at all costs? No, sir. The place for me is in the Electoral College, where all I 20 have to do is vote for the President whom everybody else elected four months previous.

BOWLING. Well, Abe—you were always an artful dodger—and maybe you'll be able to go on to the end of your days avoiding the clutch of your own conscience.

[NINIAN EDWARDS comes in. *He is a little stouter and more prosperous.*]

ABE and JOSH. Hello, Ninian.

NINIAN. Hello. I saw Billy Herndon at the Chenery House and he said you were back from the circuit. (*He sees BOWLING.*) Why—it's my good friend Squire Green. How de do, and welcome to Springfield. (*He shakes hands with BOWLING.*)

BOWLING. Thank you, Mr. Edwards.

NINIAN. I just called in, Abe, to tell you 40 you must dine with us. And, Squire, Mrs. Edwards would be honored to receive you, if your engagements will permit—and you, too, Josh.

JOSH. Delighted!

NINIAN. We're proudly exhibiting my

sister-in-law, Miss Mary Todd, who has just come from Kentucky to grace our home. She's a very gay young lady—speaks French like a native, recites poetry at the drop of a hat, and knows the names and habits of all the flowers. I've asked Steve Douglas and some of the other eligibles to meet her, so you boys had better get in early.

BOWLING. My compliments to Mrs. Edwards, but my own poor wife awaits me impatiently, I hope.

NINIAN. I appreciate your motives, Squire, and applaud them. You'll be along presently, Abe?

ABE. I wouldn't be surprised.

NINIAN. Good. You'll meet a delightful young lady. And I'd better warn you she's going to survey the whole field of matrimonial prospects and select the one who promises the most. So you'd better be on your guard, Abe, unless you're prepared to lose your standing as a free man.

ABE. I thank you for the warning, Ninian.

NINIAN. Good day to you, Squire. See you later, Josh. (*He goes out.*)

ABE. There, Bowling—you see how 30 things are with me. Hardly a day goes by but what I'm invited to meet some eager young female who has all the graces, including an ability to *speak the language of diplomacy.

BOWLING. I'm sorry, Abe, that I shan't be able to hear you carrying on a flirtation in French. (*ABE looks at him curiously.*)

ABE. I'm not pretending with you, Bowling—or you, Josh. I couldn't fool you any better than I can fool myself. I know what you're thinking about me, and I think so, too. Only I'm not so merciful in considering my own shortcomings, or so ready to forgive them, as you are. But—you talk

about civil war—there seems to be one going on inside me all the time. Both sides are right and both are wrong and equal in strength. I'd like to be able to rise superior to the struggle—but—it says in the Bible that a house divided against itself cannot stand, so I reckon there's not much hope. One of these days, I'll just split asunder, and part company with 10 myself—and it'll be a good riddance from both points of view. However—come on. (*He takes his hat.*) You've got to get back to Nancy, and Josh and I have got to make a good impression upon Miss Mary Todd, of Kentucky. (*He waves them to the door. As they go out, the light fades.*)

SCENE V

Parlor of the Edwards house in Springfield. An evening in November, some six months after the preceding scene.

There is a fireplace at the right, a heavily curtained bay window at the left, a door at the back leading into the front hall.

At the right, by the fireplace, are a small couch and an easy chair. There is another couch at the left, and a table and chairs at the back. There are family portraits on the walls. 30 It is all moderately elegant.

NINIAN is standing before the fire, in conversation with ELIZABETH, his wife. She is high-bred, ladylike—excessively so. She is, at the moment, in a state of some agitation.

ELIZABETH. I cannot believe it! It is an outrageous reflection on my sister's good sense.

NINIAN. I'm not so sure of that. Mary 40 has known Abe for several months, and she has had plenty of chance to observe him closely.

ELIZABETH. She has been entertained by him, as we all have. But she has been far more attentive to Edwin Webb

and Stephen Douglas and many others who are distinctly eligible.

NINIAN. Isn't it remotely possible that she sees more in Abe than you do?

ELIZABETH. Nonsense! Mr. Lincoln's chief virtue is that he hides no part of his simple soul from any one. He's a most amiable creature, to be sure; but as the husband of a high-bred, high-spirited young lady . . .

NINIAN. Quite so, Elizabeth. Mary is high-spirited! That is just why she set her cap for him. (*ELIZABETH looks at him sharply, then laughs.*)

ELIZABETH. You're making fun of me, Ninian. You're deliberately provoking me into becoming excited about nothing.

NINIAN. No, Elizabeth—I am merely 20 trying to prepare you for a rude shock. You think Abe Lincoln would be overjoyed to capture an elegant, cultivated girl, daughter of the President of the Bank of Kentucky, descendant of a long line of English gentlemen. Well, you are mistaken . . .

[MARY TODD comes in. She is twenty-two—short, pretty, remarkably sharp. She stops short in the doorway, and her suspecting eyes dart from ELIZABETH to NINIAN.]

MARY. What were you two talking about?

NINIAN. I was telling your sister about the new song the boys are singing:

"What is the great commotion, motion,

Our country through?

It is the ball a-rolling on

For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too—for Tippecanoe . . ."

MARY (*with a rather grim smile*). I compliment you for thinking quickly, Ninian. But you were talking about me! (*She looks at ELIZABETH, who quails a little before her sister's determination.*) Weren't you?

ELIZABETH. Yes, Mary, we were.

MARY. And quite seriously, I gather.

NINIAN I'm afraid that our dear Elizabeth has become unduly alarmed . . .

ELIZABETH (*snapping at him*). Let me say what I have to say! (*She turns to MARY.*) Mary—you must tell me the truth. Are you—have you ever given one moment's serious thought to the possibility of marriage with Abraham Lincoln? (*MARY looks at each of them, her eyes flashing.*) I promise you, Mary, that to me such a notion is too far beyond the bounds of credibility to be . . .

MARY. But Ninian has raised the horrid subject, hasn't he? He has brought the evil scandal out into the open, and we must face it, fearlessly. Let us do so at once, by all means. I shall answer you, Elizabeth: I have given more than one moment's thought to the possibility you mentioned—and I have decided that I shall be Mrs. Lincoln. (*She seats herself on the couch.*)

[NINIAN is about to say, "I told you so," but thinks better of it. ELIZABETH can only gasp and gape.]

MARY. I have examined, carefully, the qualifications of all the young gentlemen, and some of the old ones, in this neighborhood. Those of Mr. Lincoln seem to me superior to all others, and he is my choice.

ELIZABETH. Do you expect me to congratulate you upon this amazing selection?

MARY. No! I ask for no congratulations, nor condolences, either.

ELIZABETH (*turning away*). Then I shall offer none.

NINIAN. Forgive me for prying, Mary—but have you as yet communicated your decision to the gentleman himself?

MARY (*with a slight smile at NINIAN*). Not yet. But he is coming to call this evening, and he will ask humbly for my hand in marriage; and, after I have displayed the proper amount of surprise and confusion, I shall murmur, timidly, "Yes!"

ELIZABETH (*pitiful*). You make a brave jest of it, Mary. But as for me, I am deeply and painfully shocked. I don't know what to say to you. But I urge you, I beg you, as your elder sister, responsible to our father and our dead mother for your welfare . . .

MARY (*with a certain tenderness*). I can assure you, Elizabeth—it is useless to beg or command. I have made up my mind.

NINIAN. I admire your courage, Mary, but I should like . . .

ELIZABETH. I think, Ninian, that this is a matter for discussion solely between my sister and myself!

MARY. No! I want to hear what Ninian has to say. (*To NINIAN.*) What is it?

NINIAN. I only wondered if I might ask you another question.

MARY (*calmly*). You may.

NINIAN. Understand, my dear—I'm not quarreling with you. My affection for Abe is eternal—but—I'm curious to know—what is it about him that makes you choose him for a husband?

MARY (*betraying her first sign of uncertainty*). I should like to give you a plain, simple answer, Ninian. But I cannot.

ELIZABETH (*jumping at this*). Of course you cannot! You're rushing blindly into this. You have no conception of what it will mean to your future.

MARY. You're wrong about that, Elizabeth. This is not the result of wild, tempestuous infatuation. I have not been swept off my feet. Mr. Lincoln is a Westerner, but that is his only

point of resemblance to Young Loch-invar. I simply feel that of all the men I've ever known, he is the one whose life and destiny I want most to share.

ELIZABETH. Haven't you sense enough to know you could never be happy with him? His breeding—his background—his manner—his whole point of view . . . ?

MARY (*gravely*). I could not be content with a "happy" marriage in the accepted sense of the word. I have no craving for comfort and security.

ELIZABETH. And have you a craving for the kind of life you would lead? A miserable cabin, without a servant, without a stitch of clothing that is fit for exhibition in decent society?

MARY (*raising her voice*). I have not yet 20 tried poverty, so I cannot say how I should take to it. But I might well prefer it to anything I have previously known—so long as there is forever before me the chance for high adventure—so long as I can know that I am always going forward, with my husband, along a road that leads across the horizon. (*This last is said with a sort of mad intensity.*)

ELIZABETH. And how far do you think you will go with any one like Abe Lincoln, who is lazy and shiftless and prefers to stop constantly along the way to tell jokes?

MARY (*rising; furious*). He will *not* stop, if I am strong enough to make him go on! And I am strong! I know what you expect of me. You want me to do precisely as you have done—and 40 I marry a man like Ninian—and I know many, that are *just* like him! But with all due respect to my dear brother-in-law—I don't want that—and I won't have it! Never! You live in a house with a fence around it—

presumably to prevent the common herd from gaining access to your sacred precincts—but really to prevent you, yourselves, from escaping from your own narrow lives. In Abraham Lincoln I see a man who has split rails for other men's fences, but who will never build one around himself!

10 ELIZABETH. What are you *saying*, Mary?

You are talking with a degree of irresponsibility that is not far from sheer madness . . .

MARY (*scornfully*). I imagine it does seem like insanity to you! You married a man who was settled and established in the world, with a comfortable inheritance, and no problems to face. And you've never made a move to change your condition, or improve it. You consider it couldn't be improved. To you, all this represents perfection. But it doesn't to me! I want the chance to *shape* a new life, for myself, and for my husband. Is that irresponsibility?

[A MAID *appears*.]

MAID. Mr. Lincoln, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. He's here.

30 MARY (*firmly*). I shall see him!

MAID. Will you step in, Mr. Lincoln?

[ABE *comes in, wearing a new suit, his hair nearly neat.*]

ABE. Good evening, Mrs. Edwards. Good evening, Miss Todd. Ninian, good evening.

ELIZABETH. Good evening.

MARY. Good evening, Mr. Lincoln. (*She sits on the couch at the left.*)

40 NINIAN. Glad to see you, Abe.

[ABE *sees that there is electricity in the atmosphere of this parlor. He tries hard to be affably casual.*]

ABE. I'm afraid I'm a little late in arriving, but I ran into an old friend of mine, wife of Jack Armstrong, the

champion rowdy of New Salem. I believe you have some recollection of him, Ninian.

NINIAN (*smiling*). I most certainly have. What's he been up to now?

ABE (*stands in front of the fireplace*). Oh, he's all right, but Hannah, his wife, is in fearful trouble because her son Duff is up for murder and she wants me to defend him. I went over to the jail to interview the boy and he looks pretty tolerably guilty to me. But I used to give him lessons in the game of marbles while his mother foxed my pants for me. (*He turns to ELIZABETH.*) That means, she sewed buckskin around the legs of my pants so I wouldn't tear 'em to shreds going through underbrush when I was surveying. Well—in view of old times, I 20 felt I had to take the case and do what I can to obstruct the orderly processes of justice.

NINIAN (*laughs, with some relief*). And the boy will be acquitted. I tell you, Abe—this country would be law-abiding and peaceful if it weren't for you lawyers. But—if you will excuse Elizabeth and me, we must hear the children's prayers and see them safely 30 abed.

ABE. Why—I'd be glad to hear their prayers, too.

NINIAN. Oh, no! You'd only keep them up till all hours with your stories. Come along, Elizabeth.

[ELIZABETH *doesn't want to go, but doesn't know what to do to prevent it.*]

ABE (*to ELIZABETH*). Kiss them good night, for me.

NINIAN. We'd better not tell them you're in the house, or they'll be furious.

ELIZABETH (*making one last attempt*).

Mary! Won't you come with us and say good night to the children?

NINIAN. No, my dear. Leave Mary here

—to keep Abe entertained. (*He guides ELIZABETH out, following her.*)

MARY (*with a little laugh*). I don't blame Ninian for keeping you away from those children. They all adore you.

ABE. Well—I always seemed to get along well with children. Probably it's because they never want to take me seriously.

MARY. You understand them—that's the important thing . . . But—do sit down, Mr. Lincoln. (*She indicates that he is to sit next to her.*)

ABE. Thank you—I will. (*He starts to cross to the couch to sit beside MARY. She looks at him with melting eyes. The lights fade.*)

SCENE VI

Again the Law Office. It is afternoon of New Year's Day, a few weeks after the preceding scene.

ABE is sitting, slumped in his chair, staring at his desk. He has his hat and overcoat on. A muffler is hanging about his neck, untied.

JOSH SPEED is half-sitting on the table at the right. He is reading a long letter, with most serious attention. At length he finishes it, refolds it very carefully, stares at the floor.

ABE. Have you finished it, Josh?

JOSH. Yes.

ABE. Well—do you think it's all right?

JOSH. No, Abe—I don't. (*ABE turns slowly and looks at him.*) I think the sending of this letter would be a most grave mistake—and that is putting it mildly and charitably.

40 ABE. Have I stated the case too crudely? (*ABE is evidently in a serious state of distress, although he is making a tremendous effort to disguise it by speaking in what he intends to be a coldly impersonal tone. He is struggling mightily to hold himself back from the brink of nervous collapse.*)

JOSH. No—I have no quarrel with your choice of words. None whatever. If anything, the phraseology is too correct. But your method of doing it, Abe! It's brutal, it's heartless, it's so unworthy of you that I—I'm at a loss to understand how you ever thought you could do it this way.

ABE. I've done the same thing before with a woman to whom I seemed to have become attached. She approved of my action.

JOSH. This is a different woman. (*He walks over to the window, then turns again toward ABE.*) You cannot seem to accept the fact that women are human beings, too, as variable as we are. You act on the assumption that they're all the same one—and that one is a completely unearthly being of your own conception. This letter isn't written to Mary Todd—it's written to yourself. Every line of it is intended to provide salve for your own conscience.

ABE (*rising; coldly*). Do I understand that you will not deliver it for me?

JOSH. No, Abe—I shall not.

ABE (*angrily*). Then some one else will!

JOSH (*scornfully*). Yes. You could give it to the minister, to hand to the bride when he arrives for the ceremony. But—I hope, Abe, you won't send it till you're feeling a little calmer in your mind. . . .

ABE (*vehemently, turning to JOSH*). How can I ever be calm in my mind until this thing is settled, and out of the way, once and for all? Have you got eyes in your head, Josh? Can't you see that I'm desperate?

JOSH. I can see that plainly, Abe. I think your situation is more desperate even than you imagine, and I believe you should have the benefit of some really intelligent medical advice.

ABE (*seating himself at BILLY's table*). The trouble with me isn't anything that a doctor can cure.

JOSH. There's a good man named Dr. Drake, who makes a specialty of treating people who get into a state of mind like yours, Abe . . .

ABE (*utterly miserable*). So that's how you've figured it! I've done what I've threatened to do many times before: I've gone crazy. Well—you know me better than most men, Josh—and perhaps you're not far off right. I just feel that I've got to the end of my rope, and I must let go, and drop—and where I'll land, I don't know, and whether I'll survive the fall, I don't know that either. . . . But—this I do know: I've got to get out of this thing—I can't go through with it—I've got to have my release!

[JOSH has turned to the window. Suddenly he turns back, toward ABE.]

JOSH. Ninian Edwards is coming up. Why not show this letter to him and ask for his opinion. . . .

ABE (*interrupting, with desperation*). No, no! Don't say a word of any of this to him! Put that letter in your pocket. I can't bear to discuss this business with him, now.

[JOSH puts the letter in his pocket and crosses to the couch.]

JOSH. Hello, Ninian.

NINIAN (*heartily, from off*). Hello, Josh! Happy New Year! (NINIAN comes in. He wears a handsome, fur-trimmed great-coat, and carries two silver-headed canes, one of them in a baize bag, which he lays down on the table at the right.)

NINIAN. And Happy New Year, Abe—in fact, the happiest of your whole life!

ABE. Thank you, Ninian. And Happy New Year to you.

NINIAN (*opening his coat*). That didn't

sound much as if you meant it. (*He goes to the stove to warm his hands.*)

However, you can be forgiven today, Abe. I suppose you're inclined to be just a wee bit nervous. (*He chuckles and winks at JOSH.*) God—but it's cold in here! Don't you ever light this stove?

ABE. The fire's all laid. Go ahead and light it, if you want.

NINIAN (*striking a match*). You certainly 10 are in one of your less amiable moods today. (*He lights the stove.*)

JOSH. Abe's been feeling a little under the weather.

NINIAN. So it seems. He looks to me as if he'd been to a funeral.

ABE. That's where I have been.

NINIAN (*disbelieving*). What? A funeral on your wedding day?

JOSH. They buried Abe's oldest friend, 20 Bowling Green, this morning.

NINIAN (*shocked*). Oh—I'm mighty sorry to hear that, Abe. And—I hope you'll forgive me for—not having known about it.

ABE. Of course, Ninian.

NINIAN. But I'm glad you were there, Abe, at the funeral. It must have been a great comfort to his family.

ABE. I wasn't any comfort to any one. 30 They asked me to deliver an oration, a eulogy of the deceased—and I tried—and I couldn't say a thing. Why do they expect you to strew a lot of flowery phrases over anything so horrible as a dead body? Do they think that Bowling Green's soul needs quotations to give it peace? All that mattered to me was that he was a good, just man—and I loved him—and he's 40 dead.

NINIAN. Why didn't you say that, Abe?

ABE (*rising*). I told you—they wanted an oration.

NINIAN. Well, Abe—I think Bowling himself would be the first to ask you

to put your sadness aside in the prospect of your own happiness, and Mary's—and I'm only sorry that our old friend didn't live to see you two fine people married. (*He is making a gallant attempt to assume a more cheerily nuptial tone.*) I've made all the arrangements with the Reverend Dresser, and Elizabeth is preparing a bang-up dinner—so you can be sure the whole affair will be carried off handsomely and painlessly.

[BILLY HERNDON comes in. He carries a bottle in his coat pocket, and is already more than a little drunk and sullen, but abnormally articulate.]

NINIAN. Ah, Billy—Happy New Year!

BILLY. The same to you, Mr. Edwards. (*He puts the bottle down on the table and takes his coat off.*)

NINIAN. I brought you a wedding present, Abe. Thought you'd like to make a brave show when you first walk out with your bride. It came from the same place in Louisville where I bought mine. (*He picks up one of the canes and hands it proudly to ABE, who takes it and inspects it gravely.*)

ABE. It's very fine, Ninian. And I thank you. (*He takes the cane over to his desk and seats himself.*)

NINIAN. Well—I'll frankly confess that in getting it for you, I was influenced somewhat by consideration for Mary and her desire for keeping up appearances. And in that connection—I know you'll forgive me, Josh, and you, too, Billy, if I say something of a somewhat personal nature?

BILLY (*truculent*). If you want me to leave you, I shall be glad to. . . .

NINIAN. No, please, Billy—I merely want to speak a word or two as another of Abe's friends; it's my last chance before the ceremony. Of course, the fact that the bride is my

sister-in-law gives me a little added responsibility in wishing to promote the success of this marriage. (*He crosses to ABE.*) And a success it will be, Abe . . . if only you will bear in mind one thing: you must keep a tight rein on her ambition. My wife tells me that even as a child, she had delusions of grandeur—she predicted to one and all that the man she would marry would be President of the United States. (*He turns to JOSH.*) You know how it is—every boy in the country plans some day to be president, and every little girl plans to marry him. (*Again to ABE.*) But Mary is one who hasn't entirely lost those youthful delusions. So I urge you to beware. Don't let her talk you into any gallant crusades or wild goose chases. Let her learn to be satisfied with the estate to which God hath brought her. With which, I shall conclude my pre-nuptial sermon. (*He buttons his coat.*) I shall see you all at the house at five o'clock, and I want you to make sure that Abe is looking his prettiest.

JOSH. Good-bye, Ninian.

[NINIAN goes out. ABE turns again to the desk and stares at nothing. BILLY takes the bottle and a cup from his desk and pours himself a stiff drink. He raises the cup toward ABE.]

BILLY (*huskily*). Mr. Lincoln, I beg leave to drink to your health and happiness . . . and to that of the lady who will become your wife. (ABE makes no response. BILLY drinks it down, then puts the cup back on the table.) You don't want to accept my toast because you think it wasn't sincere. And I'll admit I've made it plain that I've regretted the step you've taken. I thought that in this marriage, you were lowering yourself—you were

trading your honor for some exalted family connections. . . . I wish to apologize for so thinking. . . .

ABE. No apologies required, Billy.

BILLY. I doubt that Miss Todd and I will ever get along well together. But I'm now convinced that our aims are the same—particularly since I've heard the warnings delivered by her brother-in-law. (*A note of scorn colors his allusion to NINIAN.*) If she really is ambitious for you—if she will never stop driving you, goading you—then I say, God bless her, and give her strength!

[*He has said all this with ABE's back to him. BILLY pours himself another drink, nearly emptying the large bottle. ABE turns and looks at him.*]

ABE. Have you had all of that bottle today?

BILLY. This bottle? Yes—I have.

JOSH. And why not? It's New Year's Day!

BILLY (*looking at JOSH*). Thank you, Mr. Speed. Thank you for the defense. And I hope you will permit me to propose one more toast. (*He takes a step toward ABE.*) To the President of the United States, and Mrs. Lincoln! (*He drinks.*)

ABE (*grimly*). I think we can do without any more toasts, Billy.

BILLY. Very well! That's the last one—until after the wedding. And then, no doubt, the Edwards will serve us with the costliest champagne. And, in case you're apprehensive, I shall be on my best behavior in that distinguished gathering!

ABE. There is not going to be a wedding. (*BILLY stares at him, and then looks at JOSH, and then again at ABE.*) I have a letter that I want you to deliver to Miss Todd.

BILLY. What letter? What is it?

ABE. Give it to him, Josh. (*JOSH takes the*

letter out of his pocket, and puts it in the stove. ABE jumps up.) You have no right to do that!

JOSH. I know I haven't! But it's done. (ABE is staring at JOSH.) And don't look at me as if you were planning to break my neck. Of course you could do it, Abe—but you won't. (JOSH turns to BILLY.) In that letter, Mr. Lincoln asked Miss Todd for his release. 10 He told her that he had made a mistake in his previous protestations of affection for her, and so he couldn't go through with a marriage which could only lead to endless pain and misery for them both.

ABE (*deeply distressed*). If that isn't the truth, what is?

JOSH. I'm not disputing the truth of it. I'm only asking you to tell her so, to 20 her face, in the manner of a man.

ABE. It would be a more cruel way. It would hurt her more deeply. For I couldn't help blurting it *all* out—all the terrible things I didn't say in that letter. (*He is speaking with passion.*) I'd have to tell her that I have hatred for her infernal ambition—that I don't want to be ridden and driven, up- 30 ward and onward through life, with her whip lashing me, and her spurs digging into me! If her poor soul craves importance in life, then let her marry Stephen Douglas. He's ambitious, too. . . . I want only to be left alone! (*He sits down again and leans on the table.*)

JOSH (*bitterly*). Very well, then—tell her all that! It will be more gracious to admit that you're afraid of her, in- 40 stead of letting her down flat with the statement that your ardor, such as it was, has cooled. .

[BILLY has been seething with a desire to get into this conversation. Now, with a momentary silence, he plunges.]

BILLY. May I say something?

ABE. I doubt that you're in much of a condition to contribute. . . .

JOSH. What is it, Billy?

BILLY (*hotly*). It's just this. Mr. Lincoln, you're not abandoning Miss Mary Todd. No! You're only using her as a living sacrifice, offering her up, in the hope that you will thus gain forgiveness of the gods for your failure to do your own great duty!

ABE (*smoldering*). Yes! My own great duty. Every one feels called upon to remind me of it, but no one can tell me what it is.

BILLY (*almost tearful*). I can tell you! I can tell you what is the duty of every man who calls himself an American! It is to perpetuate those truths which were once held to be self-evident: that all men are created equal—that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights—that among these are the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

ABE (*angrily*). And are those rights denied to me?

BILLY. Could you ever enjoy them while your mind is full of the awful knowledge that two million of your fellow beings in this country are slaves? Can you take any satisfaction from looking at that flag above your desk, when you know that ten of its stars represent states which are willing to destroy the Union—rather than yield their property rights in the flesh and blood of those slaves? And what of all the States of the future? All the territories of the West—clear out to the Pacific Ocean? Will they be the homes of free men? Are you answering that question to your own satisfaction? That is your flag, Mr. Lincoln, and you're proud of it. But what are you doing to save it from being ripped into shreds?

[*ABE jumps to his feet, towers over BILLY, and speaks with temper restrained, but with great passion.*]

ABE. I'm minding my own business—that's what I'm doing! And there'd be no threat to the Union if others would do the same. And as to slavery—I'm sick and tired of this righteous talk about it. When you know more about law, you'll know that those 10 property rights you mentioned are guaranteed by the Constitution. And if the Union can't stand on the Constitution, then let it fall!

BILLY. The hell with the Constitution! This is a matter of the rights of living men to freedom—and those came before the Constitution! When the Law denies those rights, then the Law is wrong, and it must be changed, if not 20 by moral protest, then by force! There's no course of action that isn't justified in the defense of freedom! And don't dare to tell me that any one in the world knows that better than you do, Mr. Lincoln. You, who honor the memory of Elijah Lovejoy and every other man who ever died for that very ideal!

ABE (*turning away from him*). Yes—I 30 honor them—and envy them—because they could believe that their ideals are worth dying for. (*He turns to JOSH and speaks with infinite weariness.*) All right, Josh—I'll go up now and talk to Mary—and then I'm going away. . . .

JOSH. Where, Abe?

ABE (*dully*). I don't know.

[*He goes out and closes the door after him.* 40 *After a moment, BILLY rushes to the door, opens it, and shouts after ABE.*]

BILLY. You're quitting, Mr. Lincoln! As surely as there's a God in Heaven, He knows that you're running away from your obligations to Him, and to

your fellow-men, and your own immortal soul!

JOSH (*drawing BILLY away from the door*). Billy—Billy—leave him alone. He's a sick man.

BILLY (*sitting down at the table*). What can we do for him, Mr. Speed? What can we do? (*BILLY is now actually in tears.*)

JOSH. I don't know, Billy. (*He goes to the window and looks out.*) He'll be in such a state of emotional upheaval, he'll want to go away by himself, for a long time. Just as he did after the death of poor little Ann Rutledge. He'll go out and wander on the prairies, trying to grope his way back into the wilderness from which he came. There's nothing we can do for him, Billy. He'll have to do it for himself.

BILLY (*fervently*). May God be with him!

SCENE VII

On the prairie, near New Salem. It is a clear, cool, moonlit evening, nearly two years after the preceding scene.

In the foreground is a campfire. Around it are packing cases, blanket rolls and one ancient trunk. In the background is a covered wagon, standing at an angle, so that the opening at the back of it is visible to the audience.

SETH GALE is standing by the fire, holding his seven-year-old son, JIMMY, in his arms. The boy is wrapped up in a blanket.

JIMMY. I don't want to be near the fire, Paw. I'm burning up. Won't you take the blanket off me, Paw?

SETH. No, son. You're better off if you keep yourself covered.

JIMMY. I want some water, Paw. Can't I have some water?

SETH. Yes! Keep quiet, Jimmy! Gobey's getting the water for you now. (*He looks off to the right, and sees JACK ARM-*

STRONG coming.) Hello, Jack, I was afraid you'd got lost.

JACK (*coming in*). I couldn't get lost anywhere's around New Salem. How's the boy?

SETH (*with a cautionary look at JACK*). He—he's a little bit thirsty. Did you find Abe?

JACK. Yes—it took me some time because he'd wandered off—went out 10 to the old cemetery across the river to visit Ann Rutledge's grave.

SETH. Is he coming here?

JACK. He said he'd better go get Doc Chandler who lives on the Winchester Road. He'll be along in a while. (*He comes up to JIMMY.*) How you feelin', Jimmy?

JIMMY. I'm burning . . .

[AGGIE appears, sees JACK.]

AGGIE. Oh—I'm glad you're back, Mr. Armstrong.

JACK. There'll be a doctor here soon, Mrs. Gale.

AGGIE. Thank God for that! Bring him into the wagon, Seth. I got a nice, soft bed all ready for him.

SETH. You hear that, Jimmy? Your ma's fixed a place where you can rest comfortable.

[AGGIE retreats into the wagon.]

JIMMY. When'll Gobey come back? I'm thirsty. When'll he bring the water?

SETH. Right away, son. You can trust Gobey to get your water. (*He hands JIMMY into the wagon.*)

JACK. He's worse, ain't he?

SETH (*in a despairing tone*). Yes. The fever's been raging something fierce since you left. It'll sure be a relief 40 when Abe gets here. He can always do something to put confidence in you.

JACK. How long since you've seen Abe, Seth?

SETH. Haven't laid eyes on him since I

left here—eight—nine years ago. We've corresponded some.

JACK. Well—you may be surprised when you see him. He's changed plenty since he went to Springfield. He climbed up pretty high in the world, but he appears to have slipped down lately. He ain't much like his old comical self.

SETH. Well, I guess we all got to change. (*He starts up, hearing GOBEY return.*) Aggie!

[GOBEY, a Negro, comes in from the left, carrying a bucket of water. AGGIE appears from the wagon.]

SETH. Here's Gobey with the water.

BOGEY. Yes, Miss Aggie. Here you are. (*He hands it up.*)

AGGIE. Thanks, Gobey. (*She goes back 20 into the wagon.*)

GOBEY. How's Jimmy now, Mr. Seth?

SETH. About the same.

GOBEY (*shaking his head*). I'll get some more water for the cooking. (*He picks up a kettle and a pot and goes.*)

SETH (*to JACK*). It was a bad thing to have happen, all right—the boy getting sick—when we were on an expedition like this. No doctor—no 30 way of caring for him.

JACK. How long you been on the road, Seth?

SETH. More than three months. Had a 'terrible time in the Pennsylvania Mountains, fearful rains and every stream flooded. I can tell you, there was more than one occasion when I wanted to turn back and give up the whole idea. But—when you get started—you just can't turn . . . (*He is looking off right.*) Say! Is that Abe coming now?

JACK (*rising*). Yep. That's him.

SETH (*delighted*). My God, look at him! Store clothes and a plug hat! Hello—Abe!

ABE. Hello, Seth. (*He comes on and shakes hands, warmly*) I'm awful glad to see you again, Seth.

SETH. And me, too, Abe.

ABE. It did my heart good when I heard you were on your way West. Where's your boy?

SETH. He's in there—in the wagon. . . .

[*AGGIE has appeared from the wagon.*]

AGGIE. Is that the doctor?

SETH. No, Aggie—this is the man I was telling you about I wanted so much to see. This is Mr. Abe Lincoln—my wife, Mrs. Gale.

ABE. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Gale.

AGGIE. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. Doc Chandler wasn't home. They said he was expected over at the Boger farm at midnight. I'll go there 20 then and fetch him.

SETH. It'll be a friendly act, Abe.

AGGIE. We'll be in your debt, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. In the meantime, Mrs. Gale, I'd like to do whatever I can. . . .

SETH. There's nothing to do, Abe. The boy's got the swamp fever, and we're just trying to keep him quiet.

AGGIE (*desperately*). There's just one 30 thing I would wish—is—is there any kind of a preacher around this God-forsaken place?

SETH (*worried*). Preacher?

ABE. Do you know of any, Jack?

JACK. No. There ain't a preacher within twenty miles of New Salem now.

AGGIE. Well—I only thought if there was, we might get him here to say a prayer for Jimmy. (*She goes back into 40 the wagon. SETH looks after her with great alarm.*)

SETH. She wants a preacher. That looks as if she'd given up, don't it?

JACK. It'd probably just comfort her.

ABE. Is your boy very sick, Seth?

SETH. Yes—he is.

JACK. Why don't you speak a prayer, Abe? You could always think of something to say.

ABE. I'm afraid I'm not much of a hand at praying. I couldn't think of a blessed thing that would be of any comfort.

SETH. Never mind. It's just a—a religious idea of Aggie's. Sit down, Abe.

ABE (*looking at the wagon*). So you've got your dream at last, Seth. You're doing what you and I used to talk about—you're moving.

SETH. Yes, Abe. We got crowded out of Maryland. The city grew up right over our farm. So—we're headed for a place where there's more room. I wrote you—about four months back—to tell you we were starting out, and I'd like to meet up with you here. I thought it was just possible you might consider joining in this trip.

ABE. It took a long time for your letter to catch up with me, Seth. I've just been drifting—down around Indiana and Kentucky where I used to live. (*He sits down on a box.*) Do you aim to settle in Nebraska?

SETH. No, we're not going to stop there. We're going right across the continent—all the way to Oregon.

ABE (*deeply impressed*). Oregon?

JACK. Sure. That's where they're all headin' for now.

SETH. We're making first for a place called Westport Landing—that's in Kansas right on the frontier—where they outfit the wagon trains for the far West. You join up there with a lot of others who are like-minded, so you've got company when you're crossing the plains and the mountains.

ABE. It's staggering—to think of the distance you're going. And you'll be taking the frontier along with you.

SETH. It may seem like a fool-hardy thing to do—but we heard too many tales of the black earth out there, and the balance of rainfall and sunshine.

JACK. Why don't you go with them, Abe? That country out west is gettin' settled fast. Why—last week alone, I counted more than two hundred wagons went past here—people from 10 all over—Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Vermont—all full of jubilation at the notion of gettin' land. By God, I'm goin' too, soon as I can get me a wagon. They'll need men like me to fight the Indians for 'em—and they'll need men with brains, like you, Abe, to tell 'em how to keep the peace.

ABE (*looking off*). It's a temptation to go, I can't deny that.

JACK. Then what's stoppin' you from doin' it? You said yourself you've just been driftin'.

ABE. Maybe that's it—maybe I've been drifting too long. . . . (*He changes the subject.*) Is it just the three of you, Seth?

SETH. That's all. The three of us and Gobey, the nigger.

ABE. Is he your slave?

SETH. Gobey? Hell, no! He's a free man! My father freed his father twenty years ago. But we've had to be mighty careful about Gobey. You see, where we come from, folks are pretty uncertain how they feel about the slave question, and lots of good free niggers get snaked over the line into Virginia and then sold down river before you know it. And when 40 you try to go to court and assert their legal rights, you're beaten at every turn by the damned, dirty shyster lawyers. That's why we've been keeping well up in free territory on this trip.

ABE. Do you think it will be free in Oregon?

SETH. Of course it will! It's got to—

ABE (*bitterly*). Oh no, it hasn't, Seth. Not with the politicians in Washington selling out the whole West piece by piece to the slave traders.

SETH (*vehemently*). That territory has got to be free! If this country ain't strong enough to protect its citizens from slavery, then we'll cut loose from it and join with Canada. Or, better yet, we'll make a *new* country out there in the far west.

ABE (*gravely*). A new country?

SETH. Why not?

ABE. I was just thinking—old Mentor Graham once said to me that some day the United States might be 20 divided up into many hostile countries, like Europe.

SETH. Well—let it be! Understand—I love this country and I'd fight for it. And I guess George Washington and the rest of them loved England and fought for it when they were young—but they didn't hesitate to cut loose when the government failed to play fair and square with 'em. . . .

30 JACK. By God, if Andy Jackson was back in the White House, he'd run out them traitors with a horsewhip!

ABE. It'd be a bad day for us Americans, Seth, if we lost you, and your wife, and your son.

SETH (*breaking*). My son!—Oh—I've been talking big—but it's empty talk. If he dies—there won't be enough spirit left in us to push on any further. What's the use of working for a future when you know there won't be anybody growing up to enjoy it. Excuse me, Abe—but I'm feeling pretty scared.

ABE (*suddenly rises*). You mustn't be scared, Seth. I know I'm a poor one

to be telling you that—because I've been scared all my life. But—seeing you now—and thinking of the big thing you've set out to do—well, it's made me feel pretty small. It's made me feel that I've got to do something, too, to keep you and your kind in the United States of America. You mustn't quit, Seth! Don't let anything beat you—don't you ever give 10 up!

[AGGIE comes out of the wagon. She is very frightened.]

AGGIE. Seth!

SETH. What is it, Aggie?

AGGIE. He's worse, Seth! He's moaning in his sleep, and he's groping for breath. . . . (She is crying. SETH takes her in his arms.)

SETH. Never mind, honey. Never mind. 20 When the doctor gets here, he'll fix him up in no time. It's all right, honey. He'll get well.

ABE. If you wish me to, Mrs. Gale—I'll try to speak a prayer.

[They look at him.]

JACK. That's the way to talk, Abe!

SETH. We'd be grateful for anything you might say, Abe.

[ABE takes his hat off. As he starts speaking, 30 GOBEY comes in from the left and stops reverently to listen.]

ABE. Oh God, the father of all living, I ask you to look with gentle mercy upon this little boy who is here, lying sick in this covered wagon. His people are travelling far, to seek a new home in the wilderness, to do your work, God, to make this earth a good place for your children to live in. They can 40 see clearly where they're going, and they're not afraid to face all the perils that lie along the way. I humbly beg you not to take their child from them. Grant him the freedom of life. Do not condemn him to the im-

prisonment of death. Do not deny him his birthright. Let him know the sight of great plains and high mountains, of green valleys and wide rivers. For this little boy is an American, and these things belong to him, and he to them. Spare him, that he too may strive for the ideal for which his fathers have labored, so faithfully and for so long. Spare him and give him his fathers' strength—give us all strength, oh God, to do the work that is before us. I ask you this favor, in the name of your son, Jesus Christ, who died upon the Cross to set men free. Amen.

GOBEY (with fervor). Amen!

SETH AND AGGIE (murmuring). Amen!

[ABE puts his hat on.]

ABE. It's getting near midnight. I'll go over to the Boger farm and get the doctor. (He goes out.)

SETH. Thank you, Abe.

AGGIE. Thank you—thank you, Mr. Lincoln.

GOBEY. God bless you, Mr. Lincoln!

[The lights fade quickly.]

SCENE VIII

Again the parlor of the Edwards house. A few days after preceding scene.

MARY is seated, reading a book.

After a moment, the MAID enters.

MAID. Miss Mary—Mr. Lincoln is here.

MARY. Mr. Lincoln! (She sits still a moment in an effort to control her emotions, then sharply closes the book and rises.)

MAID. Will you see him, Miss Mary?

MARY. Yes—in one moment. (The MAID goes off. MARY turns, drops her book on the sofa, then moves over toward the right, struggling desperately to compose herself. At the fireplace, she stops and turns to face ABE as he enters.) I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Lincoln.

[*There is considerable constraint between them. He is grimly determined to come to the point with the fewest possible words; she is making a gallant, well-bred attempt to observe the social amenities.*]

ABE. Thank you, Mary. You may well wonder why I have thrust myself on your mercy in this manner.

MARY (*quickly*). I'm sure you're always welcome in Ninian's house. 10

ABE. After my behavior at our last meeting here, I have not been welcome company for myself.

MARY. You've been through a severe illness.. Joshua Speed has kept us informed of it. We've been greatly concerned.

ABE. It is most kind of you.

MARY. But you're restored to health now—you'll return to your work, and no 20 doubt you'll be running for the assembly again—or perhaps you have larger plans?

ABE. I have no plans, Mary. (*He seems to brace himself.*) But I wish to tell you that I am sorry for the things that I said on that unhappy occasion which 'was to have been our wedding day.

MARY. You need not say anything about 30 that, Mr. Lincoln. Whatever happened then, it was my own fault.

ABE (*disturbed by this unforeseen avowal*). Your fault! It was my miserable cowardice—

MARY. I was blinded by my own self-confidence! I—I loved you. (*For a moment her firm voice falters, but she immediately masters that tendency toward weakness.*) And I believed I could 40 make you love me. I believed we might achieve a real communion of spirit, and the fire of my determination would burn in you. You would become a man and a leader of men! But you didn't wish that. (*She turns*

away.) I knew you had strength—but I did not know you would use it, all of it, to resist your own magnificent destiny.

ABE (*deliberately*). It is true, Mary—you once had faith in me which I was far from deserving. But the time has come, at last, when I wish to strive to deserve it. (*MARY looks at him, sharply.*) When I behaved in that shameful manner toward you, I did so because I thought that our ways were separate and could never be otherwise. I've come to the conclusion that I was wrong. I believe that our destinies are together, for better or for worse, and I again presume to ask you to be my wife. I fully realize, Mary, that taking me back now would involve humiliation for you.

MARY (*flaring*). I am not afraid of humiliation, if I know it will be wiped out by ultimate triumph! But there can be no triumph unless you yourself are sure. What was it that brought you to this change of heart and mind?

ABE. On the prairie, I met an old friend of mine who was moving West, with his wife and child, in a covered wagon. He asked me to go with him, and I was strongly tempted to do so. (*There is great sadness in his tone—but he seems to collect himself, and turns to her again, speaking with a sort of resignation.*) But then I knew that was not my direction. The way I must go is the way you have always wanted me to go.

MARY. And you will promise that never again will you falter, or turn to run away?

ABE. I promise, Mary—if you will have me—I shall devote myself for the rest of my days to trying—to do what is right—as God gives me power to see what is right.

[*She looks at him, trying to search him. She would like to torment him, for a while, with artful indecision. But she can not do it.*]

MARY. Very well then—I shall be your wife. I shall fight by your side—till death do us part. (*She runs to him and clutches him.*) Abe! I love you—oh, I

love you! Whatever becomes of the two of us, I'll die loving you!

[*She is sobbing wildly on his shoulder. Awkwardly, he lifts his hands and takes hold of her in a loose embrace. He is staring down at the carpet, over her shoulder.*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE IX

A speakers' platform in an Illinois town. It is a summer evening in the year 1858.

A light shines down on the speaker at the 10 front of the platform.

At the back of the platform are three chairs. At the right sits JUDGE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS—at the left, ABE, who has his plug hat on and makes occasional notes on a piece of paper on his knee. The chair in the middle is for NINIAN, acting as Moderator, who is now at the front of the platform.

NINIAN. We have now heard the leading 20 arguments from the two candidates for the high office of United States Senator from Illinois—Judge Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Abraham Lincoln. A series of debates between these two eminent citizens of Illinois has focussed upon our state the attention of the entire nation, for here are being discussed the vital issues which now affect the lives of all Americans and 30 the whole future history of our beloved country. According to the usual custom of debate, each of the candidates will now speak in rebuttal.
. . . Judge Douglas.

[*NINIAN retires and sits, as DOUGLAS comes forward. He is a brief but magnetic man, confident of his powers.*]

DOUGLAS. My fellow citizens: My good friend, Mr. Lincoln, has addressed 40 you with his usual artless sincerity,

his pure, homely charm, his perennial native humor. He has even devoted a generously large portion of his address to most amiable remarks upon my fine qualities as a man, if not as a statesman. For which I express deepest gratitude. But—at the same time—I most earnestly beg you not to be deceived by his seeming innocence, his carefully cultivated spirit of good will. For in each of his little homilies lurk concealed weapons. Like Brutus, in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, Mr. Lincoln is an honorable man. But, also like Brutus, he is an adept at the art of inserting daggers between an opponent's ribs, just when said opponent least expects it. Behold me, gentlemen—I am covered with scars. And yet—somehow or other—I am still upright. Perhaps because I am supported by that sturdy prop called "Truth." Truth—which, crushed to earth by the assassin's blades, doth rise again! Mr. Lincoln makes you laugh with his pungent anecdotes. Then he draws tears from your eyes with his dramatic pictures of the plight of the black slave labor in the South. Always, he guides you skilfully to the threshold of truth, but then, as you are about to cross it, diverts your attention elsewhere. For one thing—he never, by any mischance, makes reference to the condition of labor here in the North! Oh,

no! Perhaps New England is so far beyond the bounds of his parochial ken that he does not know that tens of thousands of working men and women in the textile industry are now on STRIKE! And why are they on strike? Because from early morning to dark of night—fourteen hours a day—those “free” citizens must toil at shattering looms in soulless factories 10 and never see the sun; and then, when their fearful day’s work at last comes to its exhausted end, these ill-clad and undernourished laborers must trudge home to their foul abodes in tenements that are not fit habitations for rats! What kind of Liberty is this? And if Mr. Lincoln has not heard of conditions in Massachusetts—how has it escaped his attention 20 that here in our own great state no wheels are now turning on that mighty railroad, the Illinois Central? Because its oppressed workers are also on STRIKE! Because they too demand a living wage! So it is throughout the North. Hungry men, marching through the streets in ragged order, promoting riots, because they are not paid enough to keep the flesh 30 upon the bones of their babies! What kind of Liberty is *this*? And what kind of equality? Mr. Lincoln harps constantly on this subject of equality. He repeats over and over the argument used by Lovejoy and other abolitionists: to wit, that the Declaration of Independence having declared all men free and equal, by divine law, thus Negro equality is an inalienable 40 right. Contrary to this absurd assumption stands the verdict of the Supreme Court, as it was clearly stated by Chief Justice Taney in the case of Dred Scott. The Negroes are established by this decision as an inferior

race of beings, subjugated by the dominant race, enslaved and, therefore, *property*—like all other property! But Mr. Lincoln is inclined to dispute the constitutional authority of the Supreme Court. He has implied, if he did not say so outright, that the Dred Scott decision was a prejudiced one, which must be over-ruled by the voice of the people. Mr. Lincoln is a lawyer, and I presume, therefore, that he knows that when he seeks to destroy public confidence in the integrity, the inviolability of the Supreme Court, he is preaching *revolution*! He is attempting to stir up odium and rebellion in this country against the constituted authorities; he is stimulating the passions of men to resort to violence and to mobs, instead of to the law. He is setting brother against brother! There can be but one consequence of such inflammatory persuasion—and that is *Civil War*! He asks me to state my opinion of the Dred Scott Decision, and I answer him unequivocally by saying, “I take the decisions of the Supreme Court as the law of the land, and I intend to obey them as such!” Nor will I be swayed from that position by all the rantings of all the fanatics who preach “racial equality,” who ask us to vote, and eat, and sleep, and marry with Negroes! And I say further—Let each State mind its own business and leave its neighbors alone. If we will stand by that principle, then Mr. Lincoln will find that this great republic can exist forever divided into free and slave states. We can go on as we have done, increasing in wealth, in population, in power, until we shall be the admiration and the terror of the world! (He glares at the audience, then turns, mopping his brow, and resumes his seat.)

NINIAN (rising). Mr. Lincoln.

[ABE glances at his notes, takes his hat off, puts the notes in it, then rises slowly and comes forward. He speaks quietly, reasonably. His words come from an emotion so profound that it needs no advertisement.]

ABE. Judge Douglas has paid tribute to my skill with the dagger. I thank him for that, but I must also admit that he can do more with that weapon than I 10 can. He can keep ten daggers flashing in the air at one time. Fortunately, he's so good at it that none of the knives ever falls and hurts anybody. The Judge can condone slavery in the South and protest hotly against its extension to the North. He can crowd loyalty to the Union and defense of states' sovereignty into the same breath. Which reminds me—and I 20 hope the Judge will allow me one more homely little anecdote, because I'd like to tell about a woman down in Kentucky. She came out of her cabin one day and found her husband grappling with a ferocious bear. It was a fight to the death, and the bear was winning. The struggling husband called to his wife, "For heaven's sake, help me!" The wife asked what could 30 she do? Said the husband, "You could at least say something encouraging." But the wife didn't want to seem to be taking sides in this combat, so she just hollered, "Go it husband—go it bear!" Now, you heard the Judge make allusion to those who advocate voting and eating and marrying and sleeping with Negroes. Whether he meant me specifically, I do not know. 40 If he did, I can say that just because I do not want a colored woman for a slave, I don't necessarily want her for a wife. I need not have her for either. I can just leave her alone. In some respects, she certainly is not my equal,

any more than I am the Judge's equal, in some respects; but in her natural right to eat the bread she earns with her own hands without asking leave of some one else, she is my equal, and the equal of all others. And as to sleeping with Negroes—the Judge may be interested to know that the slave states have produced more than four hundred thousand mulattoes—and I don't think many of them are the children of abolitionists. That word "abolitionists" brings to mind New England, which also has been mentioned. I assure Judge Douglas that I have been there, and I have seen those cheerless brick prisons called factories, and the workers trudging silently home through the darkness. In those factories, cotton that was picked by black slaves is woven into cloth by white people who are separated from slavery by no more than fifty cents a day. As an American, I cannot be proud that such conditions exist. But—as an American—I can ask: would any of those striking workers in the North elect to change places with the slaves in the South? Will they not rather say, "The remedy is in our hands!" And, still as an American, I can say—thank God we live under a system by which men have the right to strike! I am not preaching rebellion. I don't have to. This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. If the founding fathers gave us anything, they gave us that. And I am not preaching disrespect for the Supreme Court. I am only saying that

the decisions of mortal men are often influenced by unjudicial bias—and the Supreme Court is composed of mortal men, most of whom, it so happens, come from the privileged class in the South. There is an old saying that judges are just as honest as other men, and not more so; and in case some of you are wondering who said that, it was Thomas Jefferson. (*He has* 10 *half turned to DOUGLAS.*) The purpose of the Dred Scott Decision is to make property, and nothing but property, of the Negro in all states of the Union. It is the old issue of property rights versus human rights—an issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall long have been silent. It is the eternal struggle between 20 two principles. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same spirit that says, "You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it." Whether those words come from the mouth of a king who bestrides his people and lives by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men who seek to enslave another race, it is the 30 same tyrannical principle. As a nation, we began by declaring, "All men are created equal." There was no mention of any exceptions to the rule in the Declaration of Independence. But we now practically read it, "All men are created equal except Negroes." If we accept this doctrine of race or class discrimination, what is to stop us from decreeing in the future 40 that "All men are created equal except Negroes, foreigners, Catholics, Jews, or—just poor people?" That is the conclusion toward which the advocates of slavery are driving us. Many good citizens, North and

South, agree with the Judge that we should accept that conclusion—don't stir up trouble—"Let each State mind its own business." That's the safer course, for the time being. But—I advise you to watch out! When you have enslaved any of your fellow beings, dehumanized him, denied him all claim to the dignity of manhood, placed him among the beasts, among the damned, are you quite sure that the demon you have thus created, will not turn and rend *you*? When you begin qualifying freedom, watch out for the consequences to *you*! And I am not preaching civil war. All I am trying to do—now, and as long as I live—is to state and restate the fundamental virtues of our democracy, which have made us great, and which can make us greater. I believe most seriously that the perpetuation of those virtues is now endangered, not only by the honest proponents of slavery, but even more by those who echo Judge Douglas in shouting, "Leave it alone!" This is the complacent policy of indifference to evil, and that policy I cannot but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republic of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions everywhere to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamentals of civil liberty, denying the good faith of the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but *self-interest*. . . . In his final words tonight, the Judge said that we may be "the terror of the

world." I don't think we want to be that. I think we would prefer to be the encouragement of the world, the proof that man is at last worthy to be free. But—we shall provide no such encouragement, unless we can establish our ability as a nation to live and grow. And we shall surely do neither if these states fail to remain united. There can be no distinction in the 10 definitions of liberty as between one section and another, one race and another, one class and another. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." This government can not endure permanently, half slave and half free! (*He turns and goes back to his seat.*)

[*The lights fade.*]

SCENE X

Parlor of the Edwards home, now being used by the Lincolns. Afternoon of a day in the early Spring of 1860.

ABE is sitting on the couch at the right, with his seven-year-old son, TAD, on his lap. Sitting beside them is another son, WILLIE, aged nine. The eldest son, ROBERT, a young Harvard student of seventeen, is sitting by the window, importantly smoking a pipe and lis- 30 tening to the story ABE has been telling the children. JOSHUA SPEED is sitting at the left.

ABE. You must remember, Tad, the roads weren't much good then—mostly nothing more than trails—and it was hard to find my way in the darkness. . . .

WILLIE. Were you scared?

ABE. Yes—I was scared.

WILLIE. Of Indians?

ABE. No—there weren't any of them left around here. I was afraid I'd get lost, and the boy would die, and it would be all my fault. But, finally, I found the doctor. He was very tired,

and wanted to go to bed, and he grumbled a lot, but I made him come along with me then and there.

WILLIE. Was the boy dead?

ABE. No, Willie. He wasn't dead. But he was pretty sick. The doctor gave him a lot of medicine.

TAD. Did it taste bad, Pa?

ABE. I presume it did. But it worked. I never saw those nice people again, but I've heard from them every so often. That little boy was your age, Tad, but now he's a grown man with a son almost as big as you are. He lives on a great big farm, in a valley with a river that runs right down from the tops of the snow mountains.

. . .

[*MARY comes in.*]

20 MARY. Robert! You are smoking in my parlor!

ROBERT (*wearily*). Yes, Mother. (*He rises.*)

MARY. I have told you that I shall not tolerate tobacco smoke in my parlor or, indeed, in any part of my house, and I mean to . . .

ABE. Come, come, Mary—you must be respectful to a Harvard man. Take it out to the woodshed, Bob.

ROBERT. Yes, Father.

MARY. And this will not happen again!

ROBERT. No, Mother. (*He goes out.*)

ABE. I was telling the boys a story about some pioneers I knew once.

MARY. It's time for you children to make ready for your supper.

[*The children promptly get up to go.*]

WILLIE. But what happened after that, 40 Pa?

ABE. Nothing. Everybody lived happily ever after. Now run along.

[*WILLIE and TAD run out.*]

JOSH. What time is it, Mary?

MARY. It's nearly half past four. (*She is shaking the smoke out of the curtains.*)

JOSH. Half past four, Abe. Those men will be here any minute.

ABE (*rising*). Good Lord!

MARY (*turning sharply to ABE*). What men?

ABE. Some men from the East. One of them's a political leader named Crimmin—and there's a Mr. Sturveson—he's a manufacturer—and . . .

MARY (*impressed*). Henry D. Sturveson?

ABE. That's the one—and also the Rev-10 erend Dr. Barrick from Boston.

MARY (*sharply*). What are they coming here for?

ABE. I don't precisely know—but I suspect that it's to see if I'm fit to be a candidate for President of the United States.

[MARY is, for the moment, speechless.]

I suppose they want to find out if we still live in a log cabin and keep pigs 20 under the bed. . . .

MARY (*in a fury*). And you didn't tell me!

ABE. I'm sorry, Mary—the matter just slipped my . . .

MARY. You forgot to tell me that we're having the most important guests who ever crossed the threshold of my 'house!

ABE. They're not guests. They're only here on business.

MARY (*bitterly*). Yes! Rather important business, it seems to me. They want to see us as we *are*—crude, sloppy, vulgar Western barbarians, living in a house that reeks of foul tobacco smoke.

ABE. We can explain about having a son at Harvard.

MARY. If I'd only *known*! If you had only given me a little time to prepare for 40 them. Why didn't you put on your best suit? And those filthy old boots!

ABE. Well, Mary, I clean forgot. . . .

MARY. I declare, Abraham Lincoln, I believe you would have treated me with much more consideration if I

had been your slave, instead of your wife! You have never, for one moment, stopped to think that perhaps I have some interests, some concerns, in the life we lead together. . . .

ABE. I'll try to clean up my boots a little, Mary.

[*He goes out, glad to escape from this painful scene. MARY looks after him. Her lip is quivering. She wants to avoid tears.*]*

MARY (*seating herself; bitterly*). You've seen it all, Joshua Speed. Every bit of it—courtship, if you could call it that, change of heart, change back again, and marriage, eighteen years of it. And you probably think just as all the others do—that I'm a bitter, nagging woman, and I've tried to kill his spirit, and drag him down to my level. . . .

[JOSH rises and goes over to her.]

JOSH (*quietly*). No, Mary. I think no such thing. Remember, I know Abe, too.

MARY. There never could have been another man such as he is! I've read about many that have gone up in the world, and all of them seemed to have to fight to assert themselves every inch of the way, against the opposition of their enemies and the lack of understanding in their own friends. But he's never had any of that. He's never had an enemy, and every one of *his friends has always been completely confident in him. Even before I met him, I was told that he had a glorious future, and after I'd known him a day, I was sure of it myself. But he didn't believe it—or, if he did, secretly, he was so afraid of the prospect that he did all in his power to avoid it. He had some poem in his mind, about a life of woe, along a rugged path, that leads to some future doom, and it has been an obsession with him. All these years, I've tried

and tried to stir him out of it, but all my efforts have been like so many puny waves, dashing against the Rock of Ages. And now, opportunity, the greatest opportunity, is coming here, to him, right into his own house. And what can I do about it? He *must* take it! He *must* see that this is what he was meant for! But I can't persuade him of it! I'm tired—I'm tired to death! (*The tears now come.*) I thought I could help to shape him, as I knew he should be, and I've succeeded in nothing—but in breaking myself. . . . (*She sobs bitterly.*)

[JOSH sits down beside her and pats her hand.]

JOSH (*tenderly*). I know, Mary. But—there's no reason in heaven and earth for you to reproach yourself. What-
ever becomes of Abe Lincoln is in the
hands of a God who controls the des-
tinies of all of us, including lunatics,
and saints.

[ABE comes back.]

ABE (*looking down at his boots*). I think they look all right now, Mary. (*He looks at MARY, who is now trying hard to control her emotion.*)

MARY. You can receive the gentlemen in 30 here. I'll try to prepare some refreshment for them in the dining-room.

[*She goes out. ABE looks after her, miserably. There are a few moments of silence. At length, ABE speaks, in an off-hand manner.*]

ABE. I presume these men are pretty influential.

JOSH. They'll have quite a say in the delegations of three states that may 40 swing the nomination away from Seward.

ABE. Suppose, by some miracle, or fluke, they did nominate me; do you think I'd stand a chance of winning the election?

JOSH. An excellent chance, in my opinion. There'll be four candidates in the field, bumping each other, and opening up the track for a dark horse.

ABE. But the dark horse might run in the wrong direction.

JOSH. Yes—you can always do that, Abe. I know I wouldn't care to bet two cents on you.

10 ABE (*grinning*). It seems funny to be comparing it to a horserace, with an old, spavined hack like me. But I've had some mighty energetic jockeys—Mentor Graham, Bowling Green, Bill Herndon, you, and Mary—most of all, Mary.

JOSH (*looking at ABE*). They don't count now, Abe. You threw 'em all, long ago. When you finally found yourself running against poor little Douglas, you got the bit between your teeth and went like greased lightning. You'd do the same thing to him again, if you could only decide to get started, which you probably won't . . .

[*The doorbell jangles. JOSH gets up.*]

ABE. I expect that's them now.

JOSH. I'll go see if I can help Mary. (*He starts for the door but turns and looks at ABE, and speaks quietly.*) I'd just like to remind you, Abe—there are pretty nearly thirty million people in this country; most of 'em are common people, like you. They're in serious trouble, and they need somebody who understands 'em, as you do. So—when these gentlemen come in—try to be a little bit polite to them. (*ABE grins. JOSH looks off.*) However—you won't listen to any advice from me.

[JOSH goes. The door is opened by a MAID and STURVESON, BARRICK, and CRIMMIN come in. STURVESON is elderly, wealthy and bland. BARRICK is a soft Episcopalian dignitary. CRIMMIN is a shrewd, humorous fixer.]

ABE. Come right in, gentlemen. Glad to see you again, Mr. Crimmin. (*They shake hands.*)

CRIMMIN. How de do, Mr. Lincoln. This is Dr. Barrick of Boston, and Mr. Sturveson, of Philadelphia.

DR. BARRICK. Mr. Lincoln.

STURVESON. I'm honored, Mr. Lincoln.

LINCOLN. Thank you, sir. Pray sit down, gentlemen.

STURVESON. Thank you. (*They sit.*)

CRIMMIN. Will Mrs. Lincoln seriously object if I light a seegar?

LINCOLN. Go right ahead! I regret that Mrs. Lincoln is not here to receive you, but she will join us presently. (*He sits down.*)

BARRICK (*with great benignity*). I am particularly anxious to meet Mrs. Lincoln, for I believe, with Mr. Long- fellow, that "as unto the bow the cord is, so unto the man is woman."

STURVESON (*very graciously*). And we are here dealing with a bow that is stout indeed. (*ABE bows slightly in acknowledgment of the compliment.*) And one with a reputation for shooting straight. So you'll forgive us, Mr. Lincoln, for coining directly to the point.

ABE. Yes, sir. I understand that you wish to inspect the prairie politician in his native lair, and here I am.

STURVESON. It is no secret that we are desperately in need of a candidate—one who is sound, conservative, safe—and clever enough to skate over the thin ice of the forthcoming campaign. Your friends—and there's an increasingly large number of them throughout the country—believe that you are the man.

ABE. Well, Mr. Sturveson, I can tell you that when first I was considered for political office—that was in New Salem, twenty-five years ago—I assured my sponsors of my conserva-

tism. I have subsequently proved it, by never progressing anywhere.

BARRICK (*smiling*). Then you agree that you are the man we want?

ABE. I'm afraid I can't go quite that far in self-esteem, Dr. Barrick, especially when you have available a statesman and gentleman as eminent as Mr. Seward who, I believe, is both ready and willing.

STURVESON. That's as may be. But please understand that this is not an inquisition. We merely wish to know you better, to gain a clearer idea of your theories on economics, religion and national affairs, in general. To begin with—in one of your memorable debates with Senator Douglas, your opponent indulged in some of his usual demagoguery about industrial conditions in the North, and you replied shrewdly that whereas the slaves in the South . . .

ABE. Yes, I remember the occasion. I replied that I was thankful that laborers in free states have the right to strike. But that wasn't shrewdness, Mr. Sturveson. It was just the truth.

STURVESON. It has gained for you substantial support from the laboring classes, which is all to the good. But it has also caused a certain amount of alarm among business men, like myself.

ABE. I cannot enlarge on the subject. It seems obvious to me that this nation was founded on the supposition that men have the right to protest, violently if need be, against authority that is unjust or oppressive. (*He turns to BARRICK.*) The Boston Tea Party was a kind of strike. So was the Revolution itself. (*Again to STURVESON.*) So was Nicholas Biddle's attempt to organize the banks against the Jackson administration.

STURVESON. Which is all perfectly true—but—the days of anarchy are over. We face an unprecedented era of industrial expansion—mass production of every conceivable kind of goods—railroads and telegraph lines across the continent—all promoted and developed by private enterprise. In this great work, we must have a free hand, and a firm one, Mr. Lincoln. 10 To put it bluntly, would you, if elected, place the interests of labor above those of capital?

ABE. I cannot answer that, bluntly, or any other way; because I cannot tell what I should do, if elected.

STURVESON. But you must have inclinations toward one side or the other.

...

ABE. I think you know, Mr. Sturveson, 20 that I am opposed to slavery.

BARRICK. And we of New England applaud your sentiments! We deplore the inhumanity of our Southern friends in . . .

ABE (to BARRICK). There are more forms of slavery than that which is inflicted upon the Negroes in the South. I am opposed to all of them. (*He turns again to STURVESON.*) I believe in our demo- 30 cratic system—the just and generous system which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all, including employer and employee alike.

BARRICK. We support your purpose, Mr. Lincoln, in steadfastly proclaiming the rights of men to resist unjust authority. But I am most anxious to 40 know whether you admit One Authority to whom devotion is unquestioned?

ABE. I presume you refer to the Almighty?

BARRICK. I do.

ABE. I think there has never been any doubt of my submission to His will.

BARRICK. I'm afraid there is a great deal of doubt as to your devotion to His church.

ABE. I realize that, Doctor. They say I'm an atheist, because I've always refused to become a church member.

BARRICK. What have been the grounds of your refusal?

ABE. I have found no churches suitable for my own form of worship. I could not give assent without mental reservations to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. But I can promise you, Dr. Barrick—I shall gladly join any church at any time if its sole qualification for membership is obedience to the Saviour's statement of Law and Gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." . . . But—I beg you gentlemen to excuse me for a moment. I believe Mrs. Lincoln is preparing a slight collation, and I must see if I can help with it. . . .

CRIMMIN. Certainly, Mr. Lincoln. (*ABE goes, closing the door behind him. CRIMMIN looks at the door, then turns to the others.*) Well?

BARRICK. The man is unquestionably an infidel. An idealist—in his curious, primitive way—but an infidel!

STURVESON. And a radical!

CRIMMIN. A radical? Forgive me, gentlemen, if I enjoy a quiet laugh at that.

STURVESON. Go ahead and enjoy yourself, Crimmin—but I did not like the way he evaded my direct question. I tell you, he's as unscrupulous a demagogue as Douglas. He's a rabble rouser!

CRIMMIN. Of course he is! As a dealer in humbug, he puts Barnum himself to shame.

STURVESON. Quite possibly—but he is not *safe*!

CRIMMIN. Not safe, eh? And what do you mean by that?

STURVESON. Just what I say. A man who devotes himself so whole-heartedly to currying favor with the mob develops the mob mentality. He becomes a preacher of discontent, of mass unrest. . . .

CRIMMIN. And what about Seward? If we put him up, he'll start right in demanding liberation of the slaves—and then there *will* be discontent and unrest! I ask you to believe me when I tell you that this Lincoln is safe—in economics and theology and every-thing else. After all—what is the essential qualification that we demand of the candidate of our party? It is simply this: that he be able to get himself elected! And there is the man who can do that. (*He points off-stage.*)

STURVESON (*smiling*). I should like to believe you!

BARRICK. So say we all of us!

CRIMMIN. Then just keep faith in the eternal stupidity of the voters, which is what *he* will appeal to. In that uncouth rail splitter you may observe one of the smoothest, slickest politicians that ever hoodwinked a yokel mob! You complain that he evaded your questions. Of course he did, and did it perfectly. Ask him about the labor problem, and he replies, "I believe in democracy." Ask his views on religion, and he says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Now—you know you couldn't argue with that, either of you. I tell you, gentlemen, he's a vote-getter if I ever saw one. His very name is right—Abraham Lincoln!

Honest Old Abe! He'll play the game with us now, and he'll go right on playing it when we get him into the White House. He'll do just what we tell him. . . .

DR. BARRICK (*cautioning him*). Careful, Mr. Crimmin. . . .

[*ABE returns.*]

ABE. If you gentlemen will step into the dining-room, Mrs. Lincoln would be pleased to serve you with a cup of tea.

BARRICK. Thank you.

STURVESON. This is most gracious. (*He and BARRICK move off toward the door.*)

ABE. Or perhaps something stronger for those who prefer it.

[*STURVESON and BARRICK go. CRIMMIN is looking for a place to throw his cigar.*]

ABE (*heartily*). Bring your seegar with you, Mr. Crimmin!

CRIMMIN. Thank you—thank you!

[*He smiles at ABE, gives him a slap on the arm, and goes out, ABE following. The lights fade.*]

SCENE XI

Lincoln campaign headquarters in the Illinois State House. The evening of Election Day, November 6, 1860.

It is a large room with a tall window opening out on to a wide balcony. There are doors upper right and upper left. At the left is a table littered with newspapers and clippings. There are many chairs about, and a liberal supply of spittoons.

At the back is a huge chart of the thirty-three states, with their electoral votes, and a space opposite each side for the posting of bulletins. A short ladder gives access to Alabama and Arkansas at the top of the list.

On the wall at the left is an American flag. At the right is a map of the United States, on which each state is marked with a red, white or blue flag.

ABE is sitting at the table, with his back to

the audience, reading newspaper clippings. He wears his hat and has spectacles on. MRS. LINCOLN is sitting at the right of the table, her eyes darting nervously from ABE, to the chart, to the map. She wears her bonnet, tippet and muff.

ROBERT LINCOLN *is standing near her, studying the map.* NINIAN EDWARDS *is sitting at the left of the table and* JOSH SPEED *is standing near the chart. They are both smoking cigars and watching the chart.*

The door at the left is open, and through it the clatter of telegraph instruments can be heard. The window is partly open, and we can hear band music from the square below, and frequent cheers from the assembled mob, who are watching the election returns flashed from a magic lantern on the State House balcony.

Every now and then, a telegraph operator 20 *named JED comes in from the left and tacks a new bulletin up on the chart. Another man named PHIL is out on the balcony taking bulletins from JED.*

ROBERT. What do those little flags mean, stuck into the map?

JOSH. Red means the state is sure for us.

White means doubtful. Blue means hopeless.

[*ABE tosses the clipping he has been reading on the table and picks up another. JED comes in and goes up to pin bulletins opposite Illinois, Maryland and New York.*]

NINIAN (*rising to look*). Lincoln and Douglas neck and neck in Illinois.

[*JOSH and ROBERT crowd around the chart.*]

JOSH. Maryland is going all for Breckenridge and Bell. Abe—you're nowhere in Maryland.

MARY (*with intense anxiety*). What of New York?

JED (*crossing to the window*). Say, Phil—when you're not getting bulletins, keep that window closed. We can't hear ourselves think.

PHIL. All right. Only have to open 'er up again. (*He closes the window.*)

MARY. What does it say about New York?

[*JED goes.*]

NINIAN. Douglas a hundred and seventeen thousand—Lincoln a hundred and six thousand.

MARY (*desperately, to ABE*). He's winning from you in New York, Abe!

JOSH. Not yet, Mary. These returns so far are mostly from the city where Douglas is bound to run the strongest.

ABE (*interested in a clipping*). I see the New York Herald says I've got the soul of a Uriah Heep encased in the body of a baboon. (*He puts the clipping aside and starts to read another.*)

NINIAN (*who has resumed his seat*). You'd better change that flag on Rhode Island from red to white, Bob. It looks doubtful to me.

[*ROBERT, glad of something to do, changes the flag as directed.*]

MARY. What does it look like in Pennsylvania, Ninian?

NINIAN. There's nothing to worry about there, Mary. It's safe for Abe. In fact, you needn't worry at all.

30 MARY (*very tense*). Yes. You've been saying that over and over again all evening. There's no need to worry. But how can we help worrying when every new bulletin shows Douglas ahead.

JOSH. But every one of them shows Abe gaining.

NINIAN (*mollifying*). Just give them time to count all the votes in New York and then you'll be on your way to the White House.

MARY. Oh, why don't they hurry with it? Why don't those returns come in?

ABE (*preoccupied*). They'll come in—soon enough.

[*BILLY HERNDON comes in from the right.*]

He has been doing a lot of drinking but has hold of himself.]

BILLY. That mob down there is sickening! They cheer every bulletin that's flashed on the wall, whether the news is good or bad. And they cheer every picture of every candidate, including George Washington, with the same, fine, ignorant enthusiasm.

JOSH. That's logical. They can't tell 'em 10 apart.

BILLY (to ABE). There are a whole lot of reporters down there. They want to know what will be your first official action after you're elected.

NINIAN. What do you want us to tell 'em, Abe?

ABE (still reading). Tell 'em I'm thinking of growing a beard.

JOSH. A beard?

NINIAN (amused). Whatever put that idea 20 into your mind?

ABE (picking up another clipping). I had a letter the other day from some little girl. She said I ought to have whiskers, to give me more dignity. And I'll need it—if elected.

[JED arrives with new bulletins. BILLY, NINIAN; JOSH and ROBERT huddle around JED, watching him post the bulletins.]

MARY. What do they say now?

[JED goes to the window and gives some bulletins to PHIL.]

MARY. Is there anything new from New York?

NINIAN. Connecticut—Abe far in the lead. That's eleven safe electoral votes anyway. Missouri—Douglas thirty-five thousand—Bell thirty-three—Breckenridge sixteen—Lin- 40coln, eight. . . .

[Cheers from the crowd outside until PHIL closes the window. JED returns to the office at the left.]

MARY. What are they cheering for?

BILLY. They don't know!

ABE (with another clipping). The Chicago Times says, "Lincoln breaks down! Lincoln's heart fails him! His tongue fails him! His legs fail him! He fails all over! The people refuse to support him! They laugh at him! Douglas is champion of the people! Douglas skins the living dog!" (He tosses the clipping aside. MARY stands up.)

MARY (her voice is trembling). I can't stand it any longer!

ABE. Yes, my dear—I think you'd better go home. I'll be back before long.

MARY (hysterical). I won't go home! You only want to be rid of me. That's what you've wanted ever since the day we were married—and before that. Anything to get me out of your sight, because you hate me! (Turning to JOSH, NINIAN and BILLY.) And it's the same with all of you—all of his friends—you hate me—you wish I'd never come into his life.

JOSH. No, Mary.

[ABE has stood up, quickly, at the first storm signal. He himself is in a fearful state of nervous tension—in no mood to treat MARY with patient indulgence. He looks sharply at NINIAN and at the others.]

30 ABE. Will you please step out for a moment?

NINIAN. Certainly, Abe.

[He and the others go into the telegraph office. JOSH gestures to ROBERT to go with them. ROBERT casts a black look at his mother and goes. . . . ABE turns on MARY with strange savagery.]

ABE. Damn you! Damn you for taking every opportunity you can to make a public fool of me—and yourself! It's bad enough, God knows, when you act like that in the privacy of our own home. But here—in front of people! You're not to do that again. Do you hear me? You're never to do that again!

[MARY is so aghast at this outburst that her

hysterical temper vanishes, giving way to blank terror.]

MARY (in a faint, strained voice). Abe! You cursed at me. Do you realize what you did? You cursed at me.

[ABE has the impulse to curse at her again, but with considerable effort, he controls it.]

ABE (in a strained voice). I lost my temper, Mary. And I'm sorry for it. But I still think you should go home rather than 10 endure the strain of this—this Death Watch.

[She stares at him, uncomprehendingly, then turns and goes to the door.]

MARY (at the door). This is the night I dreamed about, when I was a child, when I was an excited young girl, and all the gay young gentlemen of Springfield were courting me, and I fell in love with the least likely of 20 them. This is the night when I'm waiting to hear that my husband has become President of the United States. And even if he does—it's ruined, for me. It's too late. . . .

[She opens the door and goes out. ABE looks after her, anguished, then turns quickly, crosses to the door at the left and opens it.]

ABE (calling off). Bob! (ROBERT comes in.) Go with your Mother.

ROBERT. Do I have to?

ABE. Yes! Hurry! Keep right with her till I get home.

[ROBERT has gone. ABE turns to the window. PHIL opens it.]

PHIL. Do you think you're going to make it, Mr. Lincoln?

ABE. Oh—there's nothing to worry about.

CROWD OUTSIDE (singing).

Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness

Out of the wilderness

Out of the wilderness

Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness

Down in Illinois!

[NINIAN, JOSH, BILLY, and JED come in, the latter to post new bulletins. After JED has communicated these, PHIL again closes the window. JED goes.]

NINIAN. It looks like seventy-four electoral votes sure for you. Twenty-seven more probable. New York's will give you the election.

[ABE walks around the room. JOSH has been looking at ABE.]

JOSH. Abe, could I get you a cup of coffee?

ABE. No, thanks, Josh.

NINIAN. Getting nervous, Abe?

ABE. No. I'm just thinking what a blow it would be to Mrs. Lincoln if I should lose.

NINIAN. And what about me? I have ten thousand dollars bet on you.

BILLY (scornfully). I'm afraid that the loss to the nation would be somewhat more serious than that.

JOSH. How would you feel, Abe?

ABE (sitting on the chair near the window). I guess I'd feel the greatest sense of relief of my life.

[JED comes in with a news despatch.]

JED. Here's a news despatch. (He hands it over and goes.)

30 NINIAN (reads). "Shortly after nine o'clock this evening, Mr. August Belmont stated that Stephen A. Douglas has piled up a majority of fifty thousand votes in New York City and carried the state."

BILLY. Mr. Belmont be damned!

[CRIMMIN comes in, smoking a cigar, looking contented.]

CRIMMIN. Good evening, Mr. Lincoln. Good evening, gentlemen—and how are you all feeling now?

[They all greet him.]

NINIAN. Look at this, Crimmin. (He hands the despatch to CRIMMIN.)

CRIMMIN (smiles). Well—Belmont is going to fight to the last ditch, which is

just what he's lying in now. I've been in Chicago and the outlook there is cloudless. In fact, Mr. Lincoln, I came down tonight to protect you from the office-seekers. They're lining up downstairs already. On the way in I counted four Ministers to Great Britain and eleven Secretaries of State.

[JED has come in with more bulletins to put on 10 the chart and then goes to the window to give PHIL the bulletins.]

BILLY (at the chart). There's a bulletin from New York! Douglas a hundred and eighty-three thousand—Lincoln a hundred and eighty-one thousand!

[JED goes.]

JOSH. Look out, Abe. You're catching up!

CRIMMIN. The next bulletin from New 20 York will show you winning. Mark my words, Mr. Lincoln, this election is all wrapped up tightly in a neat bundle, ready for delivery on your doorstep tonight. We've fought the good fight, and we've won!

ABE (pacing up and down the room). Yes—we've fought the good fight—in the dirtiest campaign in the history of corrupt politics. And if I have won, 30 then I must cheerfully pay my political debts. All those who helped to nominate and elect me must be paid off. I have been gambled all around, bought and sold a hundred times. And now I must fill all the dishonest pledges made in my name.

NINIAN. We realize all that, Abe—but the fact remains that you're winning. Why, you're even beating the coal- 40 tion in Rhode Island!

ABE. I've got to step out for a moment. (He goes out at the right.)

NINIAN (cheerfully). Poor Abe.

CRIMMIN. You gentlemen have all been close friends of our Candidate for a

long time so perhaps you could answer a question that's been puzzling me considerably. Can I possibly be correct in supposing that he doesn't want to win?

JOSH. The answer is—yes.

CRIMMIN (looking toward the right). Well—I can only say that, for me, this is all a refreshingly new experience.

BILLY (belligerently). Would you want to become President of the United States at this time? Haven't you been reading the newspapers lately?

CRIMMIN. Why, yes—I try to follow the events of the day.

BILLY (in a rage). Don't you realize that they've raised ten thousand volunteers in South Carolina? They're arming them! The Governor has issued a proclamation saying that if Mr. Lincoln is elected, the State will secede tomorrow, and every other state south of the Dixon line will go with it. Can you see what that means? War! Civil War! And he'll have the whole terrible responsibility for it—a man who has never wanted anything in his life but to be let alone, in peace!

30 NINIAN. Calm down, Billy. Go get yourself another drink.

[JED rushes in.]

JED. Mr. Edwards, here it is! (He hands a news despatch to NINIAN, then rushes to the window to attract PHIL's attention and communicate the big news.)

NINIAN (reads). "At 10:30 tonight the New York Herald conceded that Mr. Lincoln has carried the state by a majority of at least twenty-five thousand and has won the election!" (He tosses the despatch in the air.) He's won! He's won! Hurrah!

[All on the stage shout, cheer, embrace and slap each other.]

BILLY. God be praised! God be praised!

CRIMMIN. I knew it! I never had a doubt of it!

[JED is on the balcony, shouting through a megaphone.]

JED. Lincoln is elected! Honest Old Abe is our next President!

[A terrific cheer ascends from the crowd below. ABE returns. They rush at him. BILLY shakes hands with him, too deeply moved to speak.]

NINIAN. You've carried New York, Abe! You've won! Congratulations!

CRIMMIN. My congratulations, Mr. President. This is a mighty achievement for all of us!

[JED comes in and goes to ABE.]

JED. My very best, Mr. Lincoln!

ABE (solemnly). Thank you—thank you all very much. (He comes to the left. JOSH is the last to shake his hand.)

JOSH. I congratulate you, Abe.

ABE. Thanks, Josh.

NINIAN. Listen to them, Abe. Listen to that crazy, howling mob down there.

CRIMMIN. It's all for you, Mr. Lincoln.

NINIAN. Abe, get out there and let 'em see you!

ABE. No. I don't want to go out there.

I—I guess I'll be going on home, to tell Mary. (He starts toward the door.)

[A short, stocky officer named KAVANAGH comes in from the right. He is followed by two soldiers.]

CRIMMIN. This is Captain Kavanagh, Mr. President.

KAVANAGH (salutes). I've been detailed to accompany you, Mr. Lincoln, in the event of your election.

ABE. I'm grateful, Captain. But I don't need you.

KAVANAGH. I'm afraid you've got to have us, Mr. Lincoln. I don't like to be alarming, but I guess you know as well as I do what threats have been made..

ABE (wearily). I see . . . Well—Good

night, Josh—Ninian—Mr. Crimmin—Billy. Thank you for your good wishes. (He starts for the door. The others bid him good night, quietly.)

KAVANAGH. One moment, Sir. With your permission, I'll go first.

[He goes out, ABE after him, the two other soldiers follow. The light fades.]

SCENE XII

The yards of the railroad station at Springfield. The date is February 11, 1861. At the right, at an angle toward the audience, is the back of a railroad car. From behind this, off to the upper left, runs a ramp. Flags and bunting are draped above. In a row downstage are soldiers, with rifles and bayonets fixed, and packs on their backs, standing at ease. Off to the left is a large crowd, whose excited murmuring can be heard.

KAVANAGH is in the foreground. A BRAKEMAN with a lantern is inspecting the wheels of the car, at the left. A WORKMAN is at the right, polishing the rails of the car. KAVANAGH is pacing up and down, chewing a dead cigar. He looks at his watch. A swaggering MAJOR of militia comes down the ramp from the left.

30 MAJOR. I want you men to form up against this ramp. (To KAVANAGH; with a trace of scorn.) You seem nervous, Mr. Kavanagh.

KAVANAGH. Well—I am nervous. For three months I've been guarding the life of a man who doesn't give a damn what happens to him. I heard today that they're betting two to one in Richmond that he won't be alive to take the oath of office on March the 4th.

MAJOR. I'd like to take some of that money. The State Militia is competent to protect the person of our Commander-in-Chief.

KAVANAGH. I hope the United States

Army is competent to help. But those Southerners are mighty good shots. And I strongly suggest that your men be commanded to keep watch through every window of every car, especially whenever the train stops—at a town, or a tank, or anywhere. And if any alarm is sounded, at any point along the line . . .

MAJOR (*a trifle haughty*). There's no need to command my men to show courage in an emergency.

KAVANAGH. No slur was intended, Major—but we must be prepared in advance for everything.

[*A brass band off to the left strikes up the campaign song, "Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness." The crowd starts to sing it, more and more voices taking it up. A CONDUCTOR comes out of the car and looks at his watch. There is a commotion at the left as NINIAN and ELIZABETH EDWARDS, and JOSH, BILLY and CRIMMIN come in and are stopped by the soldiers. The MAJOR goes forward, bristling with importance.*]

MAJOR. Stand back, there! Keep the crowd back there, you men!

NINIAN. I'm Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law.

MAJOR. What's your name?

KAVANAGH. I know him, Major. That's Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and Mr. Speed and Mr. Herndon with them. I know them all. You can let them through.

MAJOR. Very well. You can pass.

[*They come down to the right. The MAJOR goes off at the left.*]

CRIMMIN. How is the President feeling today? Happy?

NINIAN. Just as gloomy as ever.

BILLY (*emotionally*). He came down to the office, and when I asked him what I should do about the sign, "Lincoln and Herndon," he said,

"Let it hang there. Let our clients understand that this election makes no difference to the firm. If I live, I'll be back some time, and then we'll go right on practising just as if nothing had happened."

ELIZABETH. He's always saying that—"If I live" . . .

[*A tremendous cheer starts and swells offstage at the left. The MAJOR comes on, briskly.*]

MAJOR (*to KAVANAGH*). The President has arrived! (*To his men.*) Attention! (*The MAJOR strides down the platform and takes his position by the car, looking off to the left.*)

KAVANAGH (*to NINIAN and the others*). Would you mind stepping back there? We want to keep this space clear for the President's party.

[*They move upstage, at the right. The cheering is now very loud.*]

MAJOR. Present—Arms!

[*The soldiers come to the Present. The MAJOR salutes. Preceded by soldiers who are looking sharply to the right and left, ABE comes in from the left, along the platform. He will be fifty-two years old tomorrow. He wears a beard. Over his shoulders is his plaid shawl. In his right hand, he carries his carpet-bag; his left hand is leading TAD. Behind him are MARY, ROBERT and WILLIE, and the MAID. All, except MARY, are also carrying bags. She carries a bunch of flowers. When they come to the car, ABE hands his bag up to the CONDUCTOR, then lifts TAD up. MARY, ROBERT, WILLIE and the MAID get on board, while ABE steps over to talk to NINIAN and the others. During this, there is considerable commotion at the left, as the crowd tries to surge forward.*]

MAJOR (*rushing forward*). Keep 'em back! Keep 'em back, men!

[*The SOLDIERS have broken their file on the platform and are in line, facing the crowd. KAVANAGH and his men are close to ABE.*]

Each of them has his hand on his revolver, and is keeping a sharp lookout.]

KAVANAGH. Better get on board, Mr. President.

[*ABE climbs up on to the car's back platform.*

There is a great increase in the cheering when the crowd sees him. They shout: "Speech! Speech! Give us a speech, Abe! Speech, Mr. President! Hurray for Old Abe!" Etc. . . . ABE turns to the crowd, takes his hat off and waves it with a half-hearted gesture. The cheering dies down.]

NINIAN. They want you to say something, Abe.

[*For a moment, ABE stands still, looking off to the left.*]

ABE. My dear friends—I have to say good-bye to you. I am going now to Washington, with my new whisk-20
ers—of which I hope you approve.

[*The crowd roars with laughter at that. More shouts of "Good Old Abe!" In its exuberant enthusiasm, the crowd again surges forward, at and around the SOLDIERS, who shout, "Get back, there! Stand back, you!"*]

ABE (*to the MAJOR*). It's all right—let them come on. They're all old friends 30
of mine.

[*The MAJOR allows his men to retreat so that they form a ring about the back of the car. KAVANAGH and his men are on the car's steps, watching. The crowd—an assortment of townspeople, including some Negroes—fills the stage.*]

ABE. No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the 40
kindness of you people, I owe everything. I have lived here a quarter of a century, and passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether

ever I may return. I am called upon to assume the Presidency at a time when eleven of our sovereign states have announced their intention to secede from the Union, when threats of war increase in fierceness from day to day. It is a grave duty which I now face. In preparing for it, I have tried to enquire: what great principle or ideal is it that has kept this Union so long together? And I believe that it was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty to the people of this country and hope to all the world. This sentiment was the fulfillment of an ancient dream, which men have held through all time, that they might one day shake off their chains and find freedom in the brotherhood of life. We gained democracy, and now there is the question whether it is fit to survive. Perhaps we have come to the dreadful day of awakening, and the dream is ended. If so, I am afraid it must be ended forever. I cannot believe that ever again will men have the opportunity we have had. Perhaps we should admit that, and concede that our ideals of liberty and equality are decadent and doomed. I have heard of an eastern monarch who once charged his wise men to invent him a sentence which would be true and appropriate in all times and situations. They presented him the words, "And this too shall pass away." That is a comforting thought in time of affliction—"And this too shall pass away." And yet—(*Suddenly he speaks with quiet but urgent authority.*)—let us believe that it is not true! Let us live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is

about us, and the intellectual and moral world that is within us, so that we may secure an individual, social and political prosperity, whose course shall be forward, and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away. . . . I commend you to the care of the Almighty, as I hope that in your prayers you will remember me. . . . Good-bye, my friends and 10 neighbors.

[He leans over the railing of the car platform to say good-bye to NINIAN, ELIZABETH, JOSH, BILLY and CRIMMIN, shaking each by the hand. The band off-stage strikes up "John Brown's Body." The cheering swells. The CONDUCTOR looks at his watch and speaks to the MAJOR, who gets on board the train. The crowd on stage is shouting "Good-bye, Abe," "Good-bye, 20 Mr. Lincoln," "Good luck, Abe," "We trust you, Mr. Lincoln."

[As the band swings into the refrain, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," the crowd starts to

sing, the number of voices increasing with each word.

[KAVANAGH tries to speak to ABE but can't be heard. He touches ABE's arm, and ABE turns on him, quickly.]

KAVANAGH. Time to pull out, Mr. President. Better get inside the car.

[These words cannot be heard by the audience in the general uproar of singing. 'NINIAN, ELIZABETH, JOSH and BILLY are up on the station platform. The SOLDIERS are starting to climb up on to the train. ABE gives one last wistful wave of his hat to the crowd, then turns and goes into the car, followed by KAVANAGH, the MAJOR and the SOLDIERS. The band reaches the last line of the song.]

ALL (singing). His soul goes marching on.

[The BRAKEMAN, downstage, is waving his lantern. The CONDUCTOR swings aboard. The crowd is cheering, waving hats and handkerchiefs. The shrill screech of the engine whistle sounds from the right.]

CURTAIN

LILLIAN HELLMAN

LILLIAN HELLMAN has become the leading woman playwright in the American theatre. The phenomenal success of *The Children's Hour* and of *The Little Foxes*, on the stage and on the screen, nominated her for that high rank; *Watch on the Rhine*, equally brilliant in both media, confirmed her in the title. She is a playwright of proved and growing power.

Long preparation and an interesting life and career preceded the production of her first play at Maxine Elliot's Theatre on November 20, 1934. She was born of Southern parents in New Orleans on June 20, 1905. Her mother, Julia Newhouse, was an Alabama woman; her father, Max Bernard Hellman, was from New Orleans. Her play *Days to Come* is dedicated to them. At the age of five she was taken to New York City to live, though she returned at frequent intervals to New Orleans. She attended New York University for three years, and did some work of special interest to her at Columbia University in 1924.

During the 1920's Miss Hellman was self-supporting and poor. She worked in the publishing house of Horace Liveright at a salary of \$17.50 a week. She reviewed books for the New York *Herald Tribune*. As a playreader for Harry Moses and Leo Bulgakov she had the good fortune to discover Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*, which Herman Shumlin later produced. She was press representative and promotion agent for a Rochester stock company, an experience from which she drew some clever

lines about Mrs. Mortar and her absence from the trial of Karen and Martha in *The Children's Hour*. She was also playreader for Anne Nichols (*Abie's Irish Rose*) and worked for a time in the scenario department of M. G. M. in Hollywood. She married and later divorced Arthur Kober.

During these years Miss Hellman was toiling over her own writing, without impressing editors however. With Louis Kronenberger she wrote an unproduced play, *Dear Queen* (1931). She was rapidly becoming one of America's most unpublished writers when George Jean Nathan, then editor of the *American Spectator*, discovered and printed some of her work. In 1932 she became a playreader for Herman Shumlin, the shrewd and successful producer of *The Corn is Green*, *The Male Animal*, and other hits, including Miss Hellman's plays. While she was a member of Shumlin's staff she wrote, and rewrote, *The Children's Hour*. She gives much of the credit for the play to the patient and persistent criticism of Dashiell Hammett. "He spared me nothing," she wrote. "Over and over again he would tell me how bad was the first draft, the second, the fifth, the sixth. . . . It took a year and a half of stumbling stubbornness to do the play."

This play ran for 691 performances on Broadway, and later toured the country. Since its production the rise of Miss Hellman has been meteoric and sustained. She acquired a Victorian apartment just off Fifth Avenue in the upper Eighties, and "Hardscrabble Farm" near Pleasantville, N. Y. She divides her

time between New York and Hollywood where she does scenarios for M. G. M. She made the cinema versions of *The Dark Angel* (1935), *Dead End* (1937), *The North Star* (1944), as well as of her own plays.

Biographical sketches describe Miss Hellman as blond, short, slight, with snapping hazel eyes, a retiring manner, and a lively social consciousness. She is gifted with witty conversation when at ease among friends. "I like to read Henry James, Dreiser, Dostoiivsky, Mark Twain, melodrama, poetry," she writes. She is a tireless and painstaking worker, writing and rewriting her plays to attain the spare, crisp, tight structure, the conflict and movement, and the vibrant words that distinguish them.

Miss Hellman's preface to the Modern Library edition of her plays is illuminating. Except during rehearsals, she has never seen the plays, other than the parts she likes, in the theatre. She revises prodigiously. "The first three drafts of *The Children's Hour* had a third set and three or four more people; *Days to Come* once had a scene in the town's main street; in *The Little Foxes* Addie had a daughter and Horace another disease; *Watch on the Rhine* started out in Ohio." She also intimates that part at least of the gripping reality of *The Children's Hour* was drawn from her own recollections. "I reached back into my own childhood and found the day I finished *Mlle. de Maupin*; the day I faked a heart attack; the day I saw an arm get twisted. And I thought again of the world of the half-remembered, the half-observed, the half-understood which you need so much as you begin to write. It is always there for you. God help you to use it right. Right? Right for what? Right to have something to say and say it well."

Generally, Miss Hellman has certainly said well, and in the idiom of the theatre, what she had to say. She has made notoriously disagreeable people, some cankerously venomous ones, alive and exciting on the stage. In fact, few dramatists have built such a solid reputation on the poisonous deeds of so many villainous characters as people her first three plays. Until the appearance of *Watch on the Rhine*, her plays seemed to be exclusively a study of the evil in the black hearts of respectable-looking men, women, and children.

The study began, as we have noted, with *The Children's Hour*. Miss Hellman said the theme of the play "was good and evil," though it is more of evil than of good. Evil, unprovoked and all but unmotivated, is unleashed to destroy the lives of the good. It is the evil of Iago without the purging effect of the final scene of *Othello*. Evil exists here for its own sake and as an end in itself. It is not merely the absence of good; it is evil positive and dynamic. And there is no assurance that right will triumph in a world where the moral law is supreme.

The plot itself is simple. Karen Wright and Martha Dobie, two young school teachers, have labored for several years to establish in the country a school for twelve to fourteen year old girls of good families. They are on the eve of success when Mary Tilford is enrolled in the school. She is a maladjusted problem child, the personification of spoiled brat and malicious bully. She blackmails the other girls into fear and subservience, she fakes a heart attack to escape the mild discipline of Karen, runs away to her doting grandmother, and lies about Karen and Martha to keep from being sent back. She understands but dimly the unholy nature of her accusation. Her horrified grandmother tele-

phones the mothers of the girls at the school, the girls are whisked home, and the scandal spreads. Karen and Martha sue for libel and lose. Martha commits suicide, Karen's engagement is smashed, and evil—despite Mrs. Tilford's repentance—is triumphant.

It is not a pretty picture. It is exceptional but not fabricated. Such a case, for example, was reported in "Closed Doors; or The Great Drumsheugh Case" in *Bad Companions* (1931), one of a series of sprightly books on various notable trials in Scotland compiled by William Routhead. Florence McGee's performance of the role of Mary Tilford was brilliant both on the stage and in Miss Hellman's own screen version, *These Three*, in which the Freudian elements were played down.

Days to Come (1936) was a quick failure on the stage. The author's intentions were good; the play is not. In her introduction to the published plays, Miss Hellman said of *Days to Come*, "I spoiled a good play. I returned to the amateur's mistake: everything you think and feel must be written *this* time, because you may never have another chance to write it. . . . I wanted to say too much." It was written while the depression still held the country in the grip of paralysis. Miss Hellman felt deeply about the sufferings of the poor, the horrors of strike-breaking, and the difficult position of an honorable capitalist who wanted to do the right thing but got caught up in an evil more powerful than his own native goodness. But stated in dramatic terms these high themes became hollow. The play neither warms the heart nor convinces the mind.

The play tells of the attempt of Andrew Rodman to keep his plant in operation by bringing in a gang of ruffians to break a strike, of Leo Whalen's

attempt to organize the workers and keep them under peaceful discipline, and of the violence that flamed up when Sam Wilkie and his gang made war on Whalen and the workers. The first act is dull and confused. The second brings some clarification but no absorbing interest. The third returns to confusion with a climax that should grip the emotions but doesn't. Cora Rodman is a mean and little-souled woman who displays some of the worst characteristics of both Birdie Hubbard and Regina Giddens of *The Little Foxes* fame. But Birdie and Regina are solid and indispensable characters in *The Little Foxes*, whereas Cora is a gratuitous excrescence on *Days to Come*. Miss Hellman said, "I knew a woman like Cora and I hated her, and that *hate* had to go in the play." It is there, like concentrated gall, and the play suffers from it. Cora's counterpart, Julie, is shadowy and unconvincing, and her passion for Leo Whalen, an equally unbodied figure, is neither interesting in the play nor is it made believable. The two gangsters, Mossie Dowell and Joe Easter, are dangerously near to farce, quite unintended by the author. And Andrew Rodman is a pale foreshadowing of Horace Giddens in *The Little Foxes*.

The Little Foxes (1939) avoided these pitfalls, and, with Tallulah Bankhead as Regina Giddens and Patricia Collinge as Birdie Hubbard, it became a smash hit. For two solid years audiences flocked to the old National Theatre to see this study of good and evil in a Southern town. Like *The Children's Hour* the play is full of poison: cold, selfish, thieving, grasping Hubbard venom. Brothers Ben and Oscar, sister Regina, and Oscar's son Leo are as contemptible a crew as have ever stirred murderous hate in the heart of an audience.

They are the upstart, exploiting business men who are replacing the genteel Old South as represented by Horace and Birdie. They dominate the stage with their quarrels, their chicanery, their larceny, and their brutality to each other. Their moral callousness reaches end point in Regina's manslaughter of her sick husband Horace.

But unlike *The Children's Hour*, there is some slight mitigation of evil in *The Little Foxes*. Part of it is in the strength of Horace's character; part of it is in the old servant Addie, and part of it is in the rebellion of Horace's daughter Alexandra against her wicked mother Regina in the closing scene. Regina triumphs over her evil brothers in the business deal, but she does not emerge entirely victorious in her revolting quarrel scene with dying Horace, and she cannot defeat the proud independence of her defiant daughter. The play closes on the note of Alexandra's rebellion. Her ringing words restore some degree of balance in this distorted world of the Hubbards, and help purge the emotions of the audience when she declares, "Addie said there were people who ate the earth and other people who stood around and watched them do it. And just now Uncle Ben said the same thing. . . . Well, tell him for me, Mama, I'm not going to stand around and watch you do it. Tell him I'll be fighting as hard as he'll be fighting some place where people don't just stand around and watch."

On the whole *The Little Foxes* was a marked advance over the preceding plays. It showed that the dramatic powers of Miss Hellman were maturing and that she was growing in command of her medium and in the formulation of her objectives. In her next play, *Watch on the Rhine* (1941), her powers coalesced around a nobler theme than any she had

thus far attempted. The idea for the play came to her while she was working on *The Little Foxes*, and its appeal was so strong, she said, that she almost gave up that play to work on *Watch on the Rhine*. She had been in Europe during the ominous summer of 1937, the summer following Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland, the summer when German Nazis and Italian Fascists were pouring into Spain to aid Franco, and the Nazis were preparing to take the Sudetenland and Austria, the summer that Japan began her war on China. She was in Paris and Russia, and she was in Spain during the bombings. She sensed the Nazi evil and its power to spread long before the desperate urgency of the danger was widely felt in the United States.

Watch on the Rhine opened at the Martin Beck on April 1, 1941. It was an immediate success with Lucile Watson as Fanny Farrelly, Mady Christians as Sara Müller, and Paul Lukas as her German husband Kurt. Three weeks after the opening it was given the New York Drama Critics Circle Award as the best play of the year. It was a good play for any season, but its topicality gave it an additional interest and advantage.

Apart from the power of its central theme, it has splendid dramatic values. The preparation for the entrance of Sara, Kurt, and their three children is in the best tradition of the well-made play. It is worthy of Sudermann's Magda, or of Chekov's Mme. Ranevsky. Its exciting sub-plots are woven into the texture of the controlling interest. The Roumanian Count is an ideal villain. Fanny Farrelly is captivating with her nervous, frothy, excitable, free-spoken character and manner. The old servant Anise is a delightful foil to her. The stage business

of the locked brief-case and the murder of Teck de Brancovis is properly realistic and convincing. The charming Müller children are expertly portrayed and utilized. All the characters except the villain are created with sympathetic understanding. And Kurt is one of the memorable heroes in recent drama, a period when great heroes have been few indeed.*

The pace and tempo of *Watch on the Rhine* are as carefully managed as the movements in a symphony. The play opens in a mood that is vibrant, almost gay. To the superficial glance the first two acts are in the style of ephemeral drawing-room comedy. By that time, however, the drama is already ablaze with interest and has aroused the anticipation of something important emerging from the surface froth and intrigue. The third act explodes into another dimension. It is completely dominated by Kurt Müller and the disclosure of the deadly earnest mission which clothes his person with genuine nobility. He throws

the uncomprehending complacency of the American Fanny Farrelly and her son David into vivid contrast with his own dedication and understanding as he speaks simply, but with terrific force, on the menace of Hitlerite Germany and his reasons for fighting it even at the sacrifice of his family's immediate comfort and of his own personal safety.

It is bad, he tells his children in farewell, to kill. "I want you to remember that. Whoever does it, it is bad. But you will live to see the day when it will not have to be. All over the world, in every place and every town, there are men who are going to make sure it will not have to be. They want what I want: a childhood for every child. For my children, and I for theirs. [*He picks Bodo up, rises.*] Think of that. It will make you happy. In every town and every village and every mud hut in the world, there is always a man who loves children and who will fight to make a good world for them. And now good-bye. Wait for me. I shall try to come back for you."

WATCH ON THE RHINE

CHARACTERS

ANISE
JOSEPH
FANNY FARRELLY
DAVID FARRELLY
MARTHE DE BRANCOVIS
TECK DE BRANCOVIS

SARA MÜLLER
JOSHUA MÜLLER
BODO MÜLLER
BABETTE MÜLLER
KURT MÜLLER

The time is late spring, 1940.

ACT I

The scene is the living room of the Farrelly house, about twenty miles from Washington, D. C., on a warm spring morning.

Center stage are large French doors leading to an elevated open terrace. On the terrace are chairs, tables, a large table for dining. Some of this furniture we can see: most of it is on the left side of the terrace, beyond our sight. Left stage is an arched entrance, leading to the oval reception hall. We can see the main staircase as it goes off to the back of the hall. Right stage is a door leading to a library. The Farrelly house was built in the early nineteenth century. It has space, simplicity, style. The living room is large. Up stage right is a piano; down stage left, a couch; down stage right, a couch and chairs; up stage a few smaller chairs. Four or five generations have furnished this room and they have all been people of taste. There are no styles, no periods; the room has never been refurnished. Each careless aristocrat has thrown into the room what he or she liked as a child, what he or she brought home when grown up. Therefore the furniture is of many periods: the desk is English, the couch is Victorian, some of the

pictures are modern, some of the ornaments French. The room has too many things in it: vases, clocks, miniatures, boxes, china animals. On the right wall is a large portrait of a big kind-faced man in an evening suit of 1900. On another wall is a large, very ugly landscape. The room is crowded. But it is cool and clean and its fabrics and woods are in soft colors.

At rise, ANISE, a thin Frenchwoman of about sixty, in a dark housekeeper's dress, is standing at a table sorting mail. She takes the mail from a small basket, holds each letter to the light, reads each postal card, then places them in piles. On the terrace, JOSEPH, a tall, middle-aged Negro butler, wheels a breakfast wagon. As he appears, FANNY FARRELLY comes in from the hall. She is a handsome woman of about sixty-three. She has on a fancy, good-looking dressing-gown.

Left and right are the audience's left and right.

FANNY (stops to watch ANISE. Sees JOSEPH moving about on terrace. Calls). Joseph! (To ANISE.) Morning.

WATCH ON THE RHINE: Copyright, 1941, by Lillian Hellman. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

ANISE (*continues examining mail*). Good morning, Madame.

JOSEPH (*comes to terrace door*). Yes'm?

FANNY. Everybody down?

JOSEPH. No'm. Nobody. I'll get your tea.

(*He returns to breakfast wagon on terrace.*)

FANNY. Mr. David isn't down yet? But he knows he is to meet the train.

JOSEPH (*comes in from the terrace with the cup of tea*). He's got plenty of time, 10 Miss Fanny. The train ain't in till noon.

FANNY. Breakfast is at nine o'clock in this house and will be until the day after I die. Ring the bell.

JOSEPH. It ain't nine yet, Miss Fanny. It's eight-thirty.

FANNY. Well, put the clocks up to nine and ring the bell.

JOSEPH. Mr. David told me not to ring 20 it any more. He says it's got too mean a ring, that bell. It disturbs folks.

FANNY. That's what it was put there for. I like to disturb folks.

JOSEPH. Yes'm.

FANNY. You slept well, Anise. You were asleep before I could dismantle myself.

ANISE. I woke several times during the night.

FANNY. Did you? Then you were careful not to stop snoring. We must finally get around to rearranging your room. (ANISE *hands her three or four letters*.) Even when you don't snore, it irritates me. (FANNY *opens a letter, begins to read it. After a minute.*) What time is it?

ANISE. It is about eight-thirty. Joseph just told you.

FANNY. I didn't hear him. I'm nervous. Naturally. My mail looks dull. (*Reading the letter.*) Jenny always tells you a piece of gossip three times, as if it grew fresher with the telling. Did you put flowers in their rooms?

ANISE. Certainly.

FANNY. David ought to get to the station by eleven-thirty.

ANISE (*patiently*). The train does not draw in until ten minutes past noon.

FANNY. But it might come in early. It's been known.

ANISE. Never. Not in the Union Station in Washington, the District of Columbia.

FANNY (*irritably*). But it might. It might. Don't argue with me about everything. What time is it?

ANISE. It's now twenty-seven minutes before nine. It will be impossible to continue telling you the time every three minutes from now until Miss Sara arrives. I think you are having a nervous breakdown. Compose yourself.

FANNY. It's been twenty years. Any mother would be nervous. If your daughter were coming home and you hadn't seen her, and a husband, and grandchildren—

ANISE. I do not say that it is wrong to be nervous. I, too, am nervous. I say, only that you are.

FANNY. Very well. I heard you. I say 30 that I am. (*She goes back to reading her letter. Looks up.*) Jenny's still in California. She's lost her lavallière again. Birdie Chase's daughter is still faire l'amour with that actor. Tawdry, Jenny says it is. An actor. Fashions in sin change. In my day, it was Englishmen. I don't understand infidelity. If you love a man, then why? If you don't love him, then why stay with 40 him? (*Without turning, she points over her head to Joshua Farrelly's portrait.*) Thank God, I was in love. I thought about Joshua last night. Three grandchildren. He would have liked that. I hope I will. (*Points to other letters.*) Anything in anybody else's mail?

ANISE. Advertisements for Mr. David and legal things. For our Count and Countess, there is nothing but what seems an invitation to a lower-class embassy tea and letters asking for bills to get paid.

FANNY. That's every morning. (*Thoughtfully.*) In the six weeks the Balkan nobility have been with us, they seem to have run up a great many bills.

ANISE. Yes. I told you that. Then there was a night-letter for Mr. David.

[*A very loud, very unpleasant bell begins to ring.*]

FANNY (*through the noise*). Really? From whom?

ANISE. From her. I took it on the telephone, and—

[*Bell drowns out her voice.*]

FANNY. Who is "her"? (*Bell becomes very loud.*) Go tell him to stop that noise—

ANISE (*goes toward terrace, calling*). Joseph! Stop that bell. Miss Fanny says to stop it.

JOSEPH (*calls*). Miss Fanny said to start it.

FANNY (*shouts out to him*). I didn't tell you to hang yourself with it.

JOSEPH (*appears on terrace*). I ain't hung. 30 Your breakfast is ready. (*Disappears.*)

FANNY (*to ANISE*). Who is "her"?

ANISE. That Carter woman from Lansing, Michigan.

FANNY. Oh, my. Is she back in Washington again? What did the telegram say?

ANISE. It said the long sickness of her dear Papa had terminated in full recovery.

FANNY. That's too bad.

ANISE. She was returning, and would Mr. David come for dinner a week from Thursday? "Love," it said, "to you and your charming mother." (*To FANNY.*) That's you. I think Miss Carter from Lansing, Michigan, was un-

wise in attending the illness of her Papa.

FANNY. I hope so. Why?

ANISE (*shrugs*). There is much winking of the eyes going on between our Countess and Mr. David.

FANNY (*eagerly*). I know that. Anything new happen?

ANISE (*too innocently*). Happen? I don't know what you mean?

FANNY. You know damn well what I mean.

ANISE. *That?* Oh, no, I don't think that.

JOSEPH (*appears in the door*). The sausage cakes is shrinking.

FANNY (*rises. To ANISE*). I want everybody down here immediately. Is the car ready? (*ANISE nods.*) Did you order a good dinner? (*Shrieke.*) David! Oh.

[*DAVID FARRELLY, a pleasant-looking man of thirty-nine, comes in from the entrance hall, almost bumps into FANNY.*]

DAVID. Good morning, everybody.

ANISE (*to FANNY*). Everything is excellent. You have been asking the same questions for a week. You have made the kitchen very nervous.

DAVID (*to JOSEPH*). Why did you ring that air-raid alarm again?

JOSEPH. Ain't me, Mr. David. I don't like no noise. Miss Fanny told me.

FANNY. Good morning, David.

DAVID (*to JOSEPH*). Tell Fred to leave the car. I'll drive to the station.

JOSEPH (*nods*). Yes, sir. (*Exits.*)

DAVID (*to FANNY, half amused, half annoyed, as he begins to read his mail*). Mama, I think we'll fix up the chicken-house for you as a playroom. We'll hang the room with bells and you can go into your second childhood in the proper privacy.

FANNY. I find it very interesting. You sleep soundly, you rise at your usual hour—although your sister, whom

you haven't seen in years, is waiting at the station——

DAVID. She is not waiting at the station. (*Laughs.*) The train does not come in until ten minutes past twelve.

FANNY (*airily*). It's almost that now.

ANISE (*turns to look at her*). Really, Miss Fanny, contain yourself. It is twenty minutes before nine.

DAVID. And I have *not* slept soundly. 10 And I've been up since six o'clock.

FANNY. The Balkans aren't down yet. Where are they?

DAVID. I don't know.

ANISE. There's nothing in your mail, Mr. David. Only the usual advertisements.

DAVID. And for me, that is all that is every likely to come—here.

ANISE (*haughtily, as she starts toward hall*). 20 I cannot, of course, speak for Miss Fanny. I have never opened a letter in my life.

DAVID. I know. You don't have to. For you they fly open.

FANNY (*giggles*). It's true. You're a snooper, Anise. (*ANISE exits. FANNY talks as ANISE moves out.*) I rather admire it. It shows an interest in life. (*She looks up at Joshua's portrait.*) You 30 know, I've been lying awake most of the night wondering what Papa would have thought about Sara. We'd have been very pleased, wouldn't he? I always find myself wondering what Joshua would have felt.

DAVID. Yes. But maybe it would be just as well if you didn't expect me to be wondering about it, too. I wasn't married to him, Mama. He was just 40 my father.

FANNY. My. You got up on the wrong side of the bed. (*She moves past him. Points to the mail which he is still opening.*) The bills are for our noble guests. Interesting, how many there are

every morning. How much longer are they going to be with us?

DAVID (*without looking at her*). I don't know.

FANNY. It's been six weeks. Now that Sara and her family are coming, even this house might be a little crowded—— (*He looks up at her. Quickly.*) Yes. I know I invited them. I felt sorry for Marthe, and Teck rather amused me. He plays good cribbage, and he tells good jokes. But that's not enough for a lifetime guest. If you've been urging her to stay, I wish you'd stop it. They haven't any money; all right, lend them some——

DAVID. I have been urging them to stay?

FANNY. I'm not so old I don't recognize flirting when I see it.

DAVID. But you're old enough not to be silly.

FANNY. I'm not silly. I'm charming.

[*MARTHE DE BRANCOVIS, an attractive woman of thirty-one or thirty-two, enters.*]

MARTHE. Good morning, Fanny. Morning, David.

FANNY. Good morning, Marthe.

DAVID (*warmly*). Good morning.

MARTHE. Fanny, darling, couldn't you persuade yourself to let me have a tray in bed and some cotton for my ears?

DAVID. Certainly not. My father ate breakfast at nine; and whatever my father did . . .

FANNY (*carefully, to DAVID*). There was a night-letter for you from that Carter woman in Lansing, Michigan. She is returning and you are to come to dinner next Thursday. (*As she exits on terrace.*) C-A-R-T-E-R. (*Pronounces it carefully.*) Lansing, Michigan.

DAVID (*laughs*). I know how to spell Carter, but thank you. (*FANNY exits.*)

DAVID *looks up at MARTHE.*) Do you understand my mother?

MARTHE. Sometimes.

DAVID. Miss Carter was done for your benefit.

MARTHE *(smiles)*. That means she has guessed that I would be jealous. And she has guessed right.

DAVID *(looks at her)*. Jealous?

MARTHE. I know I've no right to be, but I am. And Fanny knows it.

DAVID *(carelessly)*. Don't pay any attention to Mama. She has a sure instinct for the women I like, and she begins to hammer away early. Marthe—
(Goes to decanter on side-table.) I'm going to have a drink. I haven't had a drink before breakfast since the day I took my bar examination. *(Pours himself a drink, gulps it down.)* What's it going to be like to stand on a station platform and see your sister after all these years? I'm afraid, I guess.

MARTHE. Why?

DAVID. I don't know. Afraid she won't like me—*(Shrugs.)* We were very fond of each other, but it's been a long time.

MARTHE. I remember Sara. Mama brought me one day when your father was stationed in Paris. I was about six and Sara about fifteen and you were—

DAVID. You were a pretty little girl.

MARTHE. Do you really remember me? You never told me before.

FANNY *(yelling from the terrace)*. David! Come to breakfast.

DAVID *(as if he had not been listening)*. You know, I've never met Sara's husband. Mama did. I think the first day Sara met him, in Munich. Mama didn't like the marriage much in those days—and Sara didn't care, and Mama didn't like Sara not caring. Mama cut up about it, bad.

MARTHE. Why?

DAVID. Probably because they didn't let her arrange it. Why does Mama ever act badly? She doesn't remember ten minutes later.

MARTHE. Wasn't Mr. Müller poor?

DAVID. Oh, Mama wouldn't have minded that. If they'd only come home and let her fix their lives for them—*(Smiles.)* But Sara didn't want it that way.

MARTHE. You'll have a house full of refugees—us and—

DAVID. Are you and Teck refugees? I'm not sure I know what you're refugees from.

MARTHE. From Europe.

DAVID. From what Europe?

MARTHE *(smiles, shrugs)*. I don't know. I don't know myself, really. Just Europe. *(Quickly, comes to him.)* Sara will like you. I like you. *(Laughs.)* That doesn't make sense, does it?

[On her speech, TECK DE BRANCOVIS appears in the hall. He is a good-looking man of about forty-five. She stops quickly.]

TECK *(to MARTHE and DAVID)*. Good morning.

[The bell gives an enormous ring.]

DAVID *(goes to terrace)*. Good morning, Teck. For years I've been thinking they were coming for Mama with a net. I'm giving up hope. I may try catching her myself. *(Disappears, calling.)* Mama! Stop that noise.

TECK. I wonder if science has a name for women who enjoy noise? *(Goes to table, picks up his mail.)* Many mistaken people, Marthe, seem to have given you many charge accounts.

MARTHE. The Countess de Brancovis. That still does it. It would be nice to be able to pay bills again—

TECK. Do not act as if I refused to pay them. I did not sleep well last night. I was worried. We have eighty-seven

dollars in American Express checks. (*Pleasantly, looking at her.*) That's all we have, Marthe.

MARTHE (*shrugs*). Maybe something will turn up. It's due.

TECK (*carefully*). David? (*Then, as she turns to look at him.*) The other relatives will arrive this morning?

MARTHE. Yes.

TECK (*points to porch*). I think Madame 10
Fanny and Mr. David may grow weary of accents and charity guests. Or is the husband of the sister a rich one?

MARTHE. No. He's poor. He had to leave Germany in '33.

TECK. A Jew?

MARTHE. No. I don't think so.

TECK. Why did he have to leave Germany?

MARTHE (*still reading*). Oh, I don't know, 20
Teck. He's an anti-Nazi.

TECK. A political?

MARTHE. No, I don't think so. He was an engineer. I don't know. I don't know much about him.

TECK. Did you sleep well?

MARTHE. Yes. Why not?

TECK. Money does not worry you?

MARTHE. It worries me very much. But 30
I just lie still now and hope. I'm glad to be here. (*Shrugs.*) Maybe something good will happen. We've come to the end of a road. That's been true for a long time. Things will have to go one way or the other. Maybe they'll go well, for a change.

TECK. I have not come to the end of any road.

MARTHE (*looks at him*). No? I admire you. 40

TECK. I'm going into Washington tonight. Phil has a poker game every Wednesday evening. He has arranged for me to join it.

MARTHE (*after a pause*). Have you been seeing Phil?

TECK. Once or twice. Why not? Phil and I are old friends. He may be useful. I do not want to stay in this country forever.

MARTHE. You can't leave them alone. Your favorite dream, isn't it, Teck? That they will let you play with them again? I don't think they will, and I don't think you should be seeing Phil, or that you should be seen at the Embassy.

TECK (*smiles*). You have political convictions now?

MARTHE. I don't know what I have. I've never liked Nazis, as you know, and you should have had enough of them. They seem to have had enough of you, God knows. It would be just as well to admit they are smarter than 20 you are and let them alone.

TECK (*looking at her carefully, after a minute*). That is interesting.

MARTHE. What is interesting?

TECK. I think you are trying to say something to me. What is it?

MARTHE. That you ought not to be at the Embassy, and that it's insane to play cards in a game with Von Seitz with eighty-seven dollars in your pocket. I don't think he'd like your not being able to pay up. Suppose you lose?

TECK. I shall try not to lose.

MARTHE. But if you do lose and can't pay, it will be all over Washington in an hour. (*Points to terrace.*) They'll find out about it, and we'll be out of here when they do.

TECK. I think I want to be out of here. I find that I do not like the picture of you and our host.

MARTHE (*carefully*). There is no picture, as you put it, to like or dislike.

TECK. Not yet? I am glad to hear that. (*Comes toward her slowly.*) Marthe, you understand that I am not really a

fool? You understand that it is unwise to calculate me that way?

MARTHE. *(slowly, as if it were an effort)*

Yes, I understand that. And I understand that I am getting tired. Just plain tired. The whole thing's too much for me. I've always meant to ask you, since you played on so many sides, why we didn't come out any better. I've always wanted to ask you 10 what happened. *(Sharply.)* I'm tired, see? And I just want to sit down. Just to sit down in a chair and stay.

TECK *(carefully)*. Here?

MARTHE. I don't know. Any place—

TECK. You have thus arranged it with David?

MARTHE. I've arranged nothing.

TECK. But you are trying, eh? *(He comes close to her)* I think not. I would not like 20 that. Do not make any arrangements, Marthe. I may not allow you to carry them through. *(Smiles.)* Come to breakfast now.

[He passes her, disappears on the terrace. She stands still and thoughtful. Then she, too, moves to the terrace, disappears.]

JOSEPH appears on the terrace, carrying a tray toward the unseen breakfast table.

The stage is empty. After a minute, there 30 are sounds of footsteps in the hall. SARA MÜLLER appears in the doorway, comes toward the middle of the room as if expecting to find somebody, stops, looks around, begins to smile. Behind her in the doorway, are three children; behind them, KURT MÜLLER. They stand waiting, watching SARA. SARA is forty-one or forty-two, a good-looking woman, with a well-bred, serious face. She is very badly dressed. Her dress 40 is too long, her shoes were bought a long time ago and have no relation to the dress, and the belt of her dress has become untied and is hanging down. She looks clean and dowdy. As she looks around the room, her face is gay and surprised. Smiling, without

turning, absently, she motions to the children and KURT. Slowly, the children come in. BODO MÜLLER, a boy of nine, comes first. He is carrying coats. Behind him, carrying two cheap valises, is JOSHUA MÜLLER, a boy of fourteen. Behind him is BABETTE MÜLLER, a pretty little girl of twelve. They are dressed for a much colder climate. They come forward, look at their mother, then move to a couch. Behind them is KURT MÜLLER, a large, powerful, German-looking man of about forty-seven. He is carrying a shabby valise and a brief-case. He stands watching SARA. JOSHUA puts down the valises, goes to his father, takes the valise from KURT, puts it neatly near his, and puts the brief-case near KURT. BABETTE goes to SARA, takes a package from her, places it near the valise. Then she turns to BODO, takes the coats he is carrying, puts them neatly on top of the valises. After a second, KURT sits down. As he does so, we see that his movements are slow and careful, as if they are made with effort.]

BABETTE *(points to a couch near which they are standing. She has a slight accent)*. Is it allowed?

KURT *(smiles. He has an accent)*. Yes. It is allowed. *(BABETTE and BODO sit stiffly on the couch.)*

JOSHUA *(nervously. He has a slight accent)*. But we did not sound the bell—

SARA *(idly, as she wanders around the room, her face excited)*. The door isn't locked. It never was. Never since I can remember.

BODO *(softly, puzzled)*. The entrance of the home is never locked. So.

KURT *(looks at him)*. You find it curious to believe there are people who live and do not need to watch, eh, Bodo?

BODO. Yes, Papa.

KURT *(smiles)*. You and I.

JOSHUA *(smiles)*. It is strange. But it must be good, I think.

KURT. Yes.

SARA. Sit back. Be comfortable. I—I wonder where Mama and David—
(*Delighted, sees portrait of Joshua Farrelly, points to it.*) And that was my Papa. That was the famous Joshua Farrelly. (*They all look up at it. She wanders around the room.*) My goodness, isn't it a fine room? I'd almost forgotten— (*Picks up a picture from the table.*) And this was my grandmother. (*Very nervously.*) Shall I go and say we're here? They'd be having breakfast, I think. Always on the side terrace in nice weather. I don't know. Maybe— (*Picks up another picture.*) "To Joshua and Fanny Farrelly. With admiration. Alfonso, May 7, 1910." I had an ermine boa and a pink coat. I was angry because it was too warm in Madrid to wear it.

BODO. Alfons von Spanien? Der hat immer Bilder von sich verschenkt. Ein schlechtes Zeichen für einen Mann.

JOSHUA. Mama told you it is good manners to speak the language of the country you visit. Therefore, speak in English.

BODO. I said he seemed always to give his photograph. I said that is a bad flag on a man. Grow fat on the poor people and give pictures of the face. (*JOSHUA sits down.*)

SARA. I remember a big party and cakes and a glass of champagne for me. I was ten, I guess— (*Suddenly laughs.*) That was when Mama said the first time a king got shot at, he was a romantic, but the fifth time he was a comedian. And when my father gave his lecture in Madrid, he repeated it—right in Madrid. It was a great scandal. You know, Alfonso was always getting shot at or bombed.

BODO (*shrugs*). Certainement.

JOSHUA. Certainement? As-tu perdu la tête?

BABETTE. Speak in English, please.

KURT (*without turning*). You are a terrorist, Bodo?

BODO (*slowly*). No.

JOSHUA. Then since when has it become natural to shoot upon people?

BODO. Do not give me lessons. It is neither right nor natural to shoot upon people. I know that.

SARA (*looks at BABETTE, thoughtfully*). An ermine boa. A boa is a scarf. I should like to have one for you, Babbie. Once, in Prague, I saw a pretty one. I wanted to buy it for you. But we had to pay our rent. (*Laughs.*) But I almost bought it.

BABETTE. Yes, Mama. Thank you. Tie your sash, Mama.

SARA (*thoughtfully*). Almost twenty years.

BODO. You were born here, Mama?

SARA. Upstairs. And I lived here until I went to live with your father. (*Looks out beyond terrace.*) Your Uncle David and I used to have a garden, behind the terrace. I wonder if it's still there. I like a garden. I've always hoped we'd have a house some day and settle down— (*Stops, nervously, turns to stare at KURT, who is looking at her.*) I am talking so foolish. Sentimental. At my age. Gardens and ermine boas. I haven't wanted anything—

KURT (*comes toward her, takes her hand*). Sara. Stop it. This is a fine room. A fine place to be. Everything is so pleasant and full of comfort. This will be a good piano on which to play again. And it is all so clean. I like that. Now, you shall not be a baby. You must enjoy your house, and not be afraid that you hurt me with it. Yes?

BABETTE. Papa, tie Mama's sash, please.

SARA (*shyly smiles at him as he leans down to tie the belt*). Yes, of course. It's strange, that's all. We've never been in a place like this together—

KURT. That does not mean, and should not mean, that we do not remember how to enjoy what comes our way. We are on a holiday.

JOSHUA. A holiday? But for how long? And what plans afterward?

KURT (*quietly*). We will have plans when the hour arrives to make them. (ANISE *appears from the hall. She starts into the room, stops, bewildered. The MÜLLERS have 10 not seen her. Then, as SARA turns, ANISE speaks. As she speaks, the children rise.*)

ANISE. What? What?

SARA (*softly*). Anise. It's me. It's Sara.

ANISE (*coming forward slowly*). What?

(*Then as she approaches SARA, she begins to run toward her.*) Miss Sara! Miss

Sara! (*They reach each other, both laugh happily. SARA kisses ANISE.*) I would have known you. Yes, I would. I 20

would have known— (*Excited, bewildered, nervous, she looks toward KURT.*) How do you do, sir? How do you do?

(*Turns toward the children.*) How do you do?

JOSHUA. Thank you, Miss Anise. We are in good health.

SARA (*very happily*). You look the same.

I think you look the same. Just the way I've always remembered. (*To the 30 others.*) This is the Anise I have told you about. She was here before I was born.

ANISE. But how— Did you just come in? What a way to come home! And after all the plans we've made! But you were to come on the twelve o'clock train, and Mr. David was to meet you—

BABETTE. The twelve o'clock train was 40 most expensive. We could not have come with that train. We liked the train we came on. It was most luxurious.

ANISE (*very nervously, very rattled*). But Madame Fanny will have a fit. I will

call her— She will not be able to contain herself. She—

SARA (*softly*). I wanted a few minutes. I'm nervous about coming home, I guess.

BODO (*conversationally*). You are French, Madame Anise?

ANISE. Yes, I am from the Bas Rhin.

(*She looks past SARA, and bobs her head idiotically at KURT.*) Sara's husband.

That is nice. That is nice.

BODO. Yes. Your accent is from the North. That is fine country. We were in hiding there once. (BABETTE *quickly pokes him.*)

ANISE. Hiding? You— (*Turns nervously to KURT.*) But here we stand and talk. You have not had your breakfast, sir!

BABETTE (*simply, eagerly*). It would be nice to have breakfast.

ANISE. Yes, of course— I will go and order it.

SARA (*to the children*). What would you like for breakfast?

BABETTE (*surprised*). What would we like? Why, Mama, we will have anything that can be spared. If eggs are not too rare or too expensive—

ANISE (*amazed*). Rare? Why— Oh, I—I must call Miss Fanny now. It is of a necessity. (*Excited, rushing toward terrace, calling.*) Miss Fanny. Miss Fanny (*Back to SARA.*) Have you forgotten your Mama's nature? She cannot bear not knowing things. Miss Fanny! What a way to come home! After twenty years and nobody at the station—

FANNY'S VOICE. Don't yell at me. What is the matter with you?

ANISE (*excitedly, as FANNY draws near*).

She's here. They're here. Miss Sara.

She's here, I tell you. (FANNY *comes up to her, stares at her, then looks slowly around until she sees SARA.*)

SARA (*softly*). Hello, Mama.

FANNY (*after a long pause, softly, coming toward her*). Sara. Sara, darling. You're here. You're really here. (*She reaches her, takes her arms, stares at her, smiles.*) Welcome. Welcome. Welcome to your house. (*Slowly.*) You're not young, Sara.

SARA (*smiles*). No, Mama. I'm forty-one.

FANNY (*softly*). Forty-one. Of course. 10 (*Presses her arms again.*) Oh, Sara, I'm — (*Then quickly.*) You look more like Papa now. That's good. The years have helped you. (*Turns to look at KURT.*) Welcome to this house, sir.

KURT (*warmly*). Thank you, Madame.

FANNY (*turns to look at SARA again, nervously pats her arm. Nods, turns again to stare at KURT. She is nervous and chatty*).

You are a good-looking man, for a 20 German. I didn't remember you that way. I like a good-looking man. I always have.

KURT (*smiles*). I like a good-looking woman. I always have.

FANNY. Good. That's the way it should be.

BODO (*to SARA*). Ist das Grossmama?

FANNY (*looks down*). Yes. I am your grandmother. Also, I speak German, so do not talk about me. I speak lan- 30 guages very well. But there is no longer anybody to speak with. Anise has half forgotten her French, which was always bad; and I have nobody with whom to speak my Italian or German or—Sara, it's very good to have you home. I'm chattering away, I—

JOSHUA. Now you have us, Madame.

We speak ignorantly, but fluently, in 40 German, French, Italian, Spanish—

KURT. And boastfully in English.

BODO. There is never a need for boasting. If we are to fight for the good of all men, it is to be accepted that we must be among the most advanced.

ANISE. My God.

FANNY (*to SARA*). Are these your children? Or are they dressed-up midgets?

SARA (*laughs*). These are my children, Mama. This, Babette. (*BABETTE bows.*) This, Joshua. (*JOSHUA bows.*) This is Bodo (*BODO bows.*)

FANNY. Joshua was named for Papa. You wrote me. (*Indicates picture of Joshua Farrelly.*) You bear a great name, young man.

JOSHUA (*smiles, indicates his father*). My name is Müller.

FANNY (*looks at him, laughs*). Yes. You look a little like your grandfather. (*To BABETTE.*) And so do you. You are a nice-looking girl. (*To BODO.*) You look like nobody.

BODO (*proudly*). I am not beautiful.

FANNY (*laughs*). Well, Sara, well. Three children. You have done well. (*To KURT.*) You, too, sir, of course. Are you quite recovered? Sara wrote that you were in Spain and—

BODO. Did Mama write that Papa was a great hero? He was brave, he was calm, he was expert, he was resourceful, he was—

KURT (*laughs*). My biographer. And as unprejudiced as most of them.

SARA. Where is David? I am so anxious — Has he changed much? Does he . . .

FANNY (*to ANISE*). Don't stand there. Go and get him right away. Go get David. (*As ANISE exits.*) He's out having breakfast with the titled folk. Do you remember Marthe Randolph? I mean, do you remember Hortie Randolph, her mother, who was my friend? Can you follow what I'm saying? I'm not speaking well today.

SARA (*laughs*). Of course I remember Marthe and Hortie. You and she used to scream at each other.

FANNY. Well, Martha, her daughter,

married Teck de Brancovis. Count de Brancovis. He was fancy when she married him. Not so fancy now, I suspect. Although still chic and tired. You know what I mean, the way they are in Europe. Well, they're here.

SARA. What's David like now? I——

FANNY. Like? Like? I don't know. He's a lawyer. You know that. Papa's firm. He's never married. You know that, 10 too——

SARA. Why hasn't he married?

FANNY. Really, I don't know. I don't think he likes his own taste. Which is very discriminating of him. He's had a lot of girls, of course, one more ignorant and silly than the other——
(*Goes toward terrace, begins to scream.*)
And where is he? David! David!

ANISE'S VOICE. He's coming, Miss Fanny. 20 He's coming. Contain yourself. He was down at the garage getting ready to leave——

FANNY. I don't care where he is. Tell him to come.—David! (*Suddenly points to picture of Joshua.*) That's my Joshua. Handsome, eh? We were very much in love. Hard to believe of people nowadays, isn't it?

SARA. Kurt and I love each other. 30

FANNY. Oh. You do? I daresay. But there are ways and ways of loving.

SARA. How dare you, Mama——

KURT (*laughs*). Ladies, ladies.

SARA (*giggles*). Why, I almost got mad then. You know, I don't think I've been mad since I last saw you.

BODO. My! You and Mama must not get angry. Anger is protest. And so you must direction it to the proper 40 channels and then harness it for the good of other men. That is correct, Papa?

FANNY (*peers down at him*). If you grow up to talk like that, and stay as ugly as you are, you are going to have one of

those successful careers on the lecture platform. (JOSHUA and BABETTE *laugh*.)
JOSHUA (*to BODO*). Ah. It is a great pleasure to hear Grandma talk with you.

BODO (*to FANNY, tenderly*). We will not like each other.

[KURT *has wandered to the piano. Standing, he touches the keys in the first bars of a Mozart Rondo.*]

FANNY. You are wrong. I think we are rather alike; if that is so, let us at least remember to admire each other.
(DAVID *comes running in from the entrance hall. At the door he stops, stares at SARA.*)

DAVID (*to SARA*). Sara. Darling——

SARA (*wheels, goes running toward him. She moves into his arms. He leans down, kisses her with great affection*). David. David.

DAVID (*softly*). It's been a long, long time. I got to thinking it would never happen. (*He leans down, kisses her hair. After a minute, he smiles, presses her arm.*)

SARA (*excited*). David, I'm excited. Isn't it strange? To be here, to see each other—— But I am forgetting. This is my husband. These are my children. Babette, Joshua, Bodo.

[*They all three advance, stand in line to shake hands.*]

BODO (*shaking hand*). How do you do, Uncle David?

DAVID. How do you do, Bodo? (DAVID *shakes hands with JOSHUA*.) Boys can shake hands. But so pretty a girl must be kissed. (*He kisses BABETTE. She smiles, very pleased, and crosses to the side of SARA.*)

BABETTE. Thank you. Fix your hairpin, Mama. (SARA *shoves back a falling hairpin.*)

DAVID (*crossing to KURT*). I'm happy to meet you, sir, and to have you here.

KURT. Thank you. Sara has told me so much from you. You have a devoted sister.

DAVID (*very pleased*). Have I? Still? That's mighty good to hear. (*ANISE comes in from the library.*)

ANISE. Your breakfast is coming. Shall I wash the children, Miss Sara?

JOSHUA (*amazed*). Wash us? Do people wash each other?

SARA. No, but the washing is a good idea. Go along now, and hurry. (*All three start for the hall.*) And then we'll all have a fine, big breakfast again. (*The children exit.*)

FANNY. Again? Don't you usually have a good breakfast?

KURT (*smiles*). No, Madame. Only sometimes.

SARA (*laughs*). Oh, we do all right, usually. (*Very happily, very gaily.*) Ah, it's good to be here. (*Puts her arm in DAVID's.*) We were kids. Now we're all grown up! I've got children, you're a lawyer, and a fine one, I bet—

FANNY. The name of Farrelly on the door didn't, of course, hurt David's career.

DAVID (*smiles*). Sara, you might as well know Mama thinks of me only as a monument to Papa and a not very well-made monument at that. I am not the man Papa was.

SARA (*to FANNY, smiles*). How do you know he's not?

FANNY (*carefully*). I beg your pardon. That is the second time you have spoken disrespectfully of your father. (*SARA and DAVID laugh. FANNY turns to KURT.*) I hope you will like me.

KURT. I hope so.

SARA (*pulls him to the couch, sits down with him*). Now I want to hear about you— (*Looks at him, laughs.*) I'm awfully nervous about seeing you. Are you, about me?

DAVID. Yes. I certainly am.

SARA (*looks around*). I'm like an idiot. I want to see everything right away.

The lake, and my old room—and I want to talk and ask questions . . .

KURT (*laughs*). More slow, Sara. It is most difficult to have twenty years in a few minutes.

SARA. Yes, I know, but— Oh, well. Kurt's right. We'll say it all slowly. It's just nice being back. Haven't I fine children?

DAVID. Very fine. You're lucky. I wish I had them.

FANNY. How could you have them? All the women you like are too draughty, if you know what I mean. I'm sure that girl from Lansing, Michigan, would be sterile. Which is as God in his wisdom would have it.

SARA. Oh. So you have a girl?

DAVID. I have no girl. This amuses Mama.

FANNY. He's very attractive to some women. (*To KURT.*) Both my children are attractive, whatever else they're not. Don't you think so? (*Points to DAVID.*) He's flirting with our Countess now, Sara. You will see for yourself.

DAVID (*sharply*). You are making nervous jokes this morning, Mama. And they're not very good ones.

FANNY (*gaily*). I tell the truth. If it turns out to be a joke, all the better.

SARA (*affectionately*). Ah, Mama hasn't changed. And that's good, too.

FANNY. Don't mind me, Sara. I, too, am nervous about seeing you. (*To KURT.*) You'll like it here. You are an engineer?

KURT. Yes.

FANNY. Do you remember the day we met in München? The day Sara brought you to lunch? I thought you were rather a clod and that Sara would have a miserable life. I think I was wrong. (*To DAVID.*) You see? I always admit when I'm wrong,

DAVID. You are a woman who is noble in all things, at all times.

FANNY. Oh, you're mad at me. (To KURT.) As I say, you'll like it here. I've already made some plans. The new wing will be for you and Sara. The old turkey-house we'll fix up for the children. A nice, new bathroom, and we'll put in their own kitchen, and Anise will move in with them—

SARA. That's kind of you, Mama. But—but—we won't make any plans for a while— (*Very quietly.*) A good, long vacation; God knows Kurt needs it—
FANNY. A vacation? You'll be staying here, of course. You don't have to worry about work—engineers can always get jobs, David says, and he's already begun to inquire—

KURT. I have not worked as an engineer since many years, Madame.

DAVID. Haven't you? I thought— Didn't you work for Dornier?

KURT. Yes. Before '33.

FANNY. But you have worked in other places. A great many other places, I should say. Every letter of Sara's seemed to have a new postmark.

KURT (*smiles*). We move most often.

DAVID. You gave up engineering?

KURT. I gave it up? (*Shrugs.*) One could say it that way.

FANNY. What do you do?

SARA. Mama, we—

KURT. It is difficult to explain.

DAVID (*after a slight pause*). If you'd rather not.

FANNY. No, I—I'm trying to find out something. (To KURT.) May I ask it, sir?

KURT. Let me help you, Madame. You wish to know whether not being an engineer buys adequate breakfasts for my family. It does not. I have no wish to make a mystery of what I have been doing; it is only that it is awkward to

place neatly. (*Smiles, motions with his hand.*) It sounds so big: it is so small.

I am an Anti-Fascist. And that does not pay well.

FANNY. Do you mind questions?

SARA. Yes.

KURT (*sharply*). Sara. (To FANNY.) Perhaps I shall not answer them. But I shall try.

10 FANNY. Are you a radical?

KURT. You would have to tell me what that word means to you, Madame.

FANNY (*after a slight pause*). That is just. Perhaps we all have private definitions. We all are Anti-Fascists, for example—

SARA. Yes. But Kurt works at it.

FANNY. What kind of work?

KURT. Any kind. Anywhere.

20 FANNY (*sharply*). I will stop asking questions.

SARA (*very sharply*). That would be sensible, Mama.

DAVID. Darling, don't be angry. We've been worried about you, naturally. We knew so little, except that you were having a bad time.

SARA. I didn't have a bad time. We never—

30 KURT. Do not lie for me, Sara.

SARA. I'm not lying. I didn't have a bad time, the way they mean. I—

FANNY (*slowly*). You had a bad time just trying to live, didn't you? That's obvious, Sara, and foolish to pretend it isn't. Why wouldn't you take money from us? What kind of nonsense—

SARA (*slowly*). We've lived the way we wanted to live. I don't know the language of rooms like this any more. And I don't want to learn it again.

KURT. Do not bristle about it.

SARA. I'm not bristling. (To FANNY.) I married because I fell in love. You can understand that.

FANNY (*slowly*). Yes.

SARA. For almost twelve years, Kurt went to work every morning and came home every night, and we lived modestly, and happily— (*Sharply.*) As happily as people could in a starved Germany that was going to pieces—

KURT. Sara, please. You are angry. I do not like it that way. I will try to find a way to tell you with quickness. Yes. (*SARA turns, looks at him, starts to speak, 10 stops.*) I was born in a town called Fürth. (*Pauses. Looks up, smiles.*) There is a holiday in my town. We call it Kirchweih. It was a gay holiday with games and music and a hot white sausage to eat with the wine. I grow up, I move away—to school, to work—but always I come back for Kirchweih. It is for me, the great day of the year. (*Slowly.*) But after the war, that 20 day begins to change. The sausage is made from bad stuff, the peasants come in without shoes, the children are too sick— (*Carefully.*) It is bad for my people, those years, but always I have hope. In the festival of August, 1931, more than a year before the storm, I give up that hope. On that day, I see twenty-seven men murdered in a Nazi street fight. I cannot 30 stay by now and watch. My time has come to move. I say with Luther, "Here I stand. I can do nothing else. God help me. Amen."

SARA. It doesn't pay well to fight for what we believe in. But I wanted it the way Kurt wanted it. (*Shrugs.*) They don't like us in Europe; I guess they never did. So Kurt brought us home. You've always said you wanted 40 us. If you don't, I will understand.

DAVID. Darling, of course we want you—

FANNY (*rises*). I am old. And made of dry cork. And bad-mannered. Please forgive me.

SARA (*goes quickly to FANNY*). Shut up, Mama. We're all acting like fools. I'm glad to be home. That's all I know. So damned glad.

DAVID. And we're damned glad to have you. Come on. Let's walk to the lake. We've made it bigger and planted the island with blackberries— (*She smiles and goes to him. Together they move out the hall entrance.*)

FANNY (*after a silence*). They've always liked each other. We're going to have Zwetschgen-Knoedel for dinner. You like them?

KURT. Indeed.

FANNY. I hope you like decent food.

KURT. I do.

FANNY. That's a good sign in a man.

MARTHE (*coming in from the terrace. Stops in the doorway*). Oh, I'm sorry, Fanny. We were waiting. I didn't want to interrupt the family reunion. I—

FANNY. This is my son-in-law, Herr Müller. The Countess de Brancovis.

KURT AND MARTHE (*together*). How do you do?

MARTHE. And how is Sara, Herr Müller? I haven't seen her since I was a little girl. She probably doesn't remember me at all. (*TECK comes in from the hall. She turns.*) This is my husband, Herr Müller.

KURT. How do you do?

TECK. How do you do, sir? (*KURT bows. They shake hands.*) Would it be impertinent for one European to make welcome another?

KURT (*smiles*). I do not think so. It would be friendly.

BODO (*appears at the hall door*). Papa— (*Sees TECK and MARTHE, bows.*) Oh, good morning. Miss Anise says you are the Count and Countess. Once before we met a Count and Countess. They had a small room bordering on ours in Copenhagen. They were more

older than you, and more poor. We shared with them our newspaper.

MARTHE (*laughs*). It wasn't us, but it might have been. What's your name?

TECK (*laughs*). We hope you will be as kind to us.

BODO. My name is Bodo. It's a strange name. No? (*To KURT.*) Papa, this is the house of great wonders. Each has his bed, each has his bathroom. The 10 arrangement of it, that is splendidous.

FANNY (*laughs*). You are a fancy talker, Bodo.

KURT. Oh, yes. In many languages.

BODO (*to FANNY*). Please to correct me when I am wrong. Papa, the plumbing is such as you have never seen. Each implement is placed on the floor, and all are simultaneous in the same room. You will therefore see that be- 20 ing placed most solidly on the floor allows of no rats, rodents or crawlers, and is most sanitary. (*To the others.*) Papa will be most interested. He likes to know how each thing of everything is put together. And he is so fond of being clean—

KURT (*laughs. To FANNY*). I am a hero to my children. It bores everybody but me.

TECK. It is most interesting, Herr Müller. I thought I had a good ear for the accents of your country. But yours is most difficult to place. It is Bayrisch? Or is it—

BODO. That's because Papa has worked in so many—

KURT (*quickly*). German accents are the most difficult to identify. I, myself, when I try, am usually incorrect. It 40 would be particularly difficult with me because I speak other languages. Yours would be Roumanian?

MARTHE (*laughs*). My God, is it that bad?

KURT (*smiles*). I am showing off. I know the Count de Brancovis is Roumanian.

TECK (*heartily*). So? We have met before?

I thought so, but I cannot remember—

KURT. No, sir. We have not met before.

I read your name in the newspapers.

TECK (*to KURT*). Strange. I was sure I had met you. I was in the Paris Legation for many years, and I thought perhaps—

KURT. Oh, no. If it is possible to believe, I am the exile who is not famous. (*To FANNY.*) I have been thinking with pleasure, Madame Fanny, of breakfast on your porch. (*He points to the picture of Joshua Farrelly.*) Your husband once wrote: "I am getting older now and Europe seems far away. Fanny and I will have an early breakfast on the porch and then I shall drive the bays into Washington." (*Remembering.*) And then he goes on: "Henry Adams tells me he has been reading Karl Marx. I shall have to tell him my father made me read Marx many years ago and that, since he proposes to exhibit himself to impress me, will spoil Henry's Sunday."

FANNY (*laughs, delighted. Takes KURT's arm*). And so it did. I had forgotten that. I am pleased with you. I shall come and serve your food myself. I had forgotten Joshua ever wrote it. (*They start out of the terrace doors together, followed by BODO.*)

KURT (*as they disappear*). I try to impress you. I learned it last night. (*FANNY laughs. They disappear.*)

TECK (*smiles*). He is a clever man. A quotation from Joshua Farrelly is a sure road to Fanny's heart. Where did you say Herr Müller was from?

MARTHE. Germany.

TECK. I know that. (*Goes to a valise. He leans over, stares at it, looks at the labels, pushes the lock. The lock opens; he closes it. Then he turns and, as he speaks, picks*

up the brief-case.) What part of Germany?

MARTHE. I don't know. And I never knew you were an expert on accents.

TECK. I never knew it either. Are you driving into Washington with David this morning?

MARTHE. I was going to. But he may not be going to the office, now that Sara's here. I was to have lunch with Sally Tyne. *(TECK puts down the brief-case.)* What are you doing?

TECK. Wondering why luggage is unlocked and a shabby brief-case is so carefully locked.

MARTHE. You're very curious about Mr. Müller.

TECK. Yes. And I do not know why. Something far away . . . I am curious about a daughter of the Farrellys' who marries a German who has bullet scars on his face and broken bones in his hands.

MARTHE *(sharply)*. Has he? There are many of them now, I guess.

TECK. So there are. But this one is in this house. *(He goes to the bell cord, pulls it. She watches him nervously.)*

MARTHE. Is it—is he any business of yours?

TECK. What is my business? Anything might be my business now.

MARTHE. Yes—unfortunately. You might inquire from your friend Von Seitz. They always know their nationals.

TECK *(pleasantly, ignoring the sharpness with which she has spoken)*. Oh, yes, I will do that, of course. But I do not like to ask questions without knowing the value of the answers.

MARTHE. Teck. This man is a little German Sara married years ago. I remember Mama talking about it. He was nothing then and he isn't now. They've had a tough enough time already without—

TECK. Have you— Have you been sleeping with David?

MARTHE *(stops, stares at him, then simply)*. No. I have not been. And that hasn't been your business for a good many years now.

TECK. You like him?

MARTHE *(nervously)*. What's this for, Teck?

TECK. Answer me, please.

MARTHE. I— *(She stops.)*

TECK. Yes? Answer me.

MARTHE. I do like him.

TECK. What does he feel about you?

MARTHE. I don't know.

TECK. But you are trying to find out. You have made plans with him?

MARTHE. Of course not. I—

TECK. But you will try to make him have plans. I have recognized it. Well, we have been together a long— *(JOSEPH enters. TECK stops.)* Joseph, Miss Fanny wishes you to take the baggage upstairs.

JOSEPH. Yes, sir. I was going to. *(He begins to pick up the baggage. MARTHE has turned sharply and is staring at TECK. Then she rises, watches JOSEPH pick up the baggage, turns again to look at TECK.)*

30 TECK. As I was saying. It is perhaps best that we had this talk.

MARTHE *(she stops, waits for JOSEPH to move off. He exits, carrying the valises)*. Why did you do that? Why did you tell Joseph that Fanny wanted him to take the baggage upstairs?

TECK. Obviously it is more comfortable to look at baggage behind closed doors.

MARTHE *(very sharply)*. What kind of silliness is this now? Leave these people alone— *(As he starts to exit)* I won't let you—

TECK. What? *(As he moves again, she comes after him.)*

MARTHE. I said I won't let you. You are not—

TECK. How many times have you seen me angry? (*MARTHE looks up, startled.*) You will not wish to see another. Run along now and have lunch with something you call Sally Tyne. But do not make plans with David. You will not

be able to carry them out. You will go with me, when I am ready to go. You understand. (*He exits during his speech. The last words come as he goes through the door, and as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II

The scene is the same as Act One, about ten days later. During the act it will begin to grow dark; but the evening is warm and the terrace doors are open.

At rise, SARA is sitting on the couch, crocheting. FANNY and TECK are sitting at a small table playing cribbage. BODO is sitting near them, at a large table, working on a heating pad. The cord is torn from the bag, the bag is ripped open. ANISE sits next to him, anxiously watching him. Outside on the terrace, JOSHUA is going through baseball motions, coached by JOSEPH. From time to time they move out of sight, reappear, move off again.

FANNY (*playing a card*). One.

BODO (*after a minute, to TECK*). The arrangement of this heating pad grows more complex.

TECK (*smiles, moves on the cribbage board*).

And the more wires you remove, the more complex it will grow.

BODO (*points to bag*). Man has learned to make man comfortable. Yet all cannot have the comforts. (*To ANISE.*) How much did this cost you?

ANISE. It cost me ten dollars. And you have made a ruin of it.

BODO. That is not yet completely true. (*To FANNY.*) Did I not install for you a twenty-five-cent button-push for your radio?

TECK (*playing a card*). Two and two.

(*Moves pegs on the cribbage board.*)

FANNY. Yes, you're quite an installer.

BODO (*to TECK*). As I was wishing to tell

you, Count de Brancovis, comfort and plenty exist. Yet all cannot have them it. Why?

10 TECK. I do not know. It has worried many men. Why?

ANISE (*to BODO*). Yes, why?

BODO (*takes a deep breath, raises his finger as if about to lecture*). Why? (*Considers a moment, then deflates himself.*) I am not as yet sure.

ANISE. I thought not.

FANNY (*turns to look at JOSHUA and JOSEPH on the terrace*). Would you mind doing that dancing some place else?

JOSEPH (*looking in*). Yes'm. That ain't dancing. I'm teaching Josh baseball.

FANNY. Then maybe he'd teach you how to clean the silver.

JOSEPH. I'm a good silver-cleaner, Miss Fanny.

FANNY. But you're getting out of practice.

JOSEPH (*after a moment's thought*). Yes'm. I see what you mean. (*He exits.*)

FANNY (*playing a card*). Three.

JOSHUA. It is my fault. I'm crazy about baseball.

BODO. Baseball players are among the most exploited people in this country. I read about it.

FANNY. You never should have learned to read.

BODO. Their exploited condition is founded on the fact that—

JOSHUA (*bored*). All right, all right. I still like baseball.

SARA. Founded, Bodo, not founded.

JOSHUA. He does it always. He likes long words. In all languages.

TECK. How many languages do you children speak?

BODO. Oh, we do not really know any very well, except German and English. We speak bad French and—

SARA. And bad Danish and bad Czech.

TECK. You seem to have stayed close to the 'borders of Germany. Did Herr Müller have hopes, as so many did, that National Socialism would be overthrown on every tomorrow?

SARA. We have not given up that hope.

Have you, Count de Brancovis?

TECK. I never had it.

JOSHUA (*pleasantly*). Then it must be most difficult for you to sleep.

TECK. I beg your pardon?

SARA. Schweig doch, Joshua!

FANNY (*to TECK*). Sara told Joshua to shut up. (*Playing a card.*) Twelve.

TECK. I have offended you, Mrs. Müller. I am most sorry.

SARA (*pleasantly*). No, sir, you haven't offended me. I just don't like polite political conversations any more.

TECK (*nods*). All of us, in Europe, had too many of them.

SARA. Yes. Too much talk. By this time all of us must know where we are and what we have to do. It's an indulgence to sit in a room and discuss your beliefs as if they were a juicy piece of gossip.

FANNY. You know, Sara, I find it very pleasant that Kurt, considering his history, doesn't make platform speeches. He hasn't tried to convince anybody of anything.

SARA (*smiles*). Why should he, Mama? You are quite old enough to have your own convictions—or Papa's.

FANNY (*turns to look at her*). I am proud to have Papa's convictions.

SARA. Of course. But it might be well

to have a few new ones, now and then.

FANNY (*peers over at her*). Are you criticizing me?

SARA (*smiles*). Certainly not.

BABETTE (*comes running in from the right entrance door. She has on an apron and she is carrying a plate. She goes to FANNY*). Eat it while it's hot, Grandma.

[FANNY *peers down, takes the fork, begins to eat. ANISE and BODO both rise, move to FANNY, inspect the plate.*]

FANNY (*to them*). Go away.

ANISE. It is a potato pancake.

FANNY. And the first good one I've eaten in many, many years. I love a good potato pancake.

BODO. I likewise.

BABETTE. I am making a great number for dinner. Move away, Bodo.

TECK (*playing a card*). Fifteen and two.

ANISE (*who has followed BODO back to the table, leans over to look at the heating pad*).

You've ruined it! I shall sue you.

JOSHUA. I told you not to let him touch it.

SARA (*laughs*). I remember you were always saying that, Anise—that you were going to sue. That's very French. I was sick once in Paris, and Babbie stayed up for a whole night and day and finished a dress I was making for a woman in the Rue Jacob. I told her to tell the woman she'd done it—I thought perhaps the woman would give her a candy or something—and anyway, I was very proud of her work. But no. The woman admitted the dress was well done, but said she was going to sue because I hadn't done it myself. Fancy that.

FANNY (*slowly*). You sewed for a living?

SARA. Not a very good one. But Babbie and I made a little something now and then. Didn't we, darling?

FANNY (*sharply*). Really, Sara, were

these—these things necessary? Why couldn't you have written?

SARA (*laughs*). You've asked me that a hundred times in the last week.

JOSHUA (*gently*). I think it is only that Grandma feels sorry for us. Grandma has not seen much of the world.

FANNY. Don't you start giving me lectures, Joshua. I'm fond of you. And of you, Babbie. (*To ANISE.*) Are there two 10 desserts for dinner? And are theysweet?

ANISE. Yes.

FANNY (*turns to BODO*). I wish I were fond of you.

BODO. You are. (*Happily.*) You are very fond of me.

FANNY (*playing a card*). Twenty-five.

BABETTE. This is for you, Grandma. I'm making a bed-jacket. It is nice lace. Papa brought it to me from Spain 20 and I mean for you to have it.

FANNY (*kisses BABETTE*). Thank you, darling. A sequence and three. A pair and five. (*To TECK, as they finish the cribbage game.*) There. That's two dollars off. I owe you eight-fifty.

TECK. Let us carry it until tomorrow. 'You shall give it to me as a going-away token.

FANNY (*too pleased*). You're going away? 30

TECK (*laughs*). Ah, Madame Fanny. Do not sound *that* happy.

FANNY. Did I? That's rude of me. When are you going?

TECK. In a few days, I think. (*Turns to look at SARA.*) We're too many refugees, eh, Mrs. Müller?

SARA (*pleasantly*). Perhaps.

TECK. Will you be leaving, also?

SARA. I beg your pardon?

TECK. I thought perhaps you, too, would be moving on. Herr Müller does not give me the feeling of a man who settles down. Men who have done his work, seldom leave it. Not for a quiet country house.

[*All three children look up.*]

SARA (*very quietly*). What work do you think my husband has done, Count de Brancovis?

TECK. Engineering?

SARA (*slowly*). Yes. Engineering.

FANNY (*very deliberately to TECK*). I don't know what you're saying. They shall certainly not be leaving—ever. Is that understood, Sara?

SARA. Well, Mama—

FANNY. There are no wells about it. You've come home to see me die and you will wait until I'm ready.

SARA (*laughs*). Really, Mama, that isn't the reason I came home.

FANNY. It's a good enough reason. I shall do a fine death. I intend to be a great deal of trouble to everybody.

ANISE. I daresay.

FANNY. I shall take to my bed early and stay for years. In great pain.

ANISE. I am sure of it. You will duplicate the disgrace of the birth of Miss Sara.

SARA (*laughs*). Was I born in disgrace?

ANISE. It was not your fault. But it was disgusting. Three weeks before you were to come—all was excellent, of course, in so healthy a woman as Madame Fanny—a great dinner was given here and, most unexpectedly, attended by a beautiful lady from England.

FANNY. Do be still. You are dull and fanciful—

ANISE. Mr. Joshua made the great error of waltzing the beauty for two dances, Madame Fanny being unfitted for the waltz and under no circumstances 40 being the most graceful of dancers.

FANNY (*her voice rising*). Are you crazy? I danced magnificently.

ANISE. It is well you thought so. A minute did not elapse between the second of the waltzes and a scream from Madame Fanny. She was in labor.

Two hundred people, and if we had left her alone, she would have remained in the ballroom——

FANNY. How you invent! How you invent!

ANISE. Do not call to me that I am a liar. For three weeks you are in the utmost agony——

FANNY. And so I was. I remember it to this day——

ANISE (*to SARA, angrily*). Not a pain. Not a single pain. She would lie up there in state, stealing candy from herself. Then, when your Papa would rest himself for a minute at the dinner or with a book, a scream would dismantle the house—it was revolting. (*Spitefully to FANNY.*) And now the years have passed I may disclose to you that Mr. Joshua knew you were going through the play-acting——

FANNY (*rises*). He did not. You are a malicious——

ANISE. Once he said to me, "Anise, it is well that I am in love. This is of a great strain and her great-uncle Freddie was not right in the head, neither."

FANNY (*screaming*). You will leave this house—— You are a liar, a woman of——

SARA. Mama, sit down.

ANISE. I will certainly leave this house. I will——

SARA (*sharply*). Both of you. Sit down. And be still.

ANISE. She has intimated that I lie——

FANNY (*screaming*). Intimated! Is that what I was doing—— (*ANISE begins to leave the room.*) All right. I beg your pardon. I apologize.

[*ANISE turns.*]

SARA. Both of you. You are acting like children.

BODO. Really, Mama. You insult us.

ANISE. I accept your apology. Seat yourself. •

[*They both sit down.*]

FANNY (*after a silence*). I am unloved.

BABETTE. I love you, Grandma.

FANNY. Do you, Babbie?

JOSHUA. And I.

FANNY (*nods, very pleased*). To BODO. And you?

BODO. I loved you the primary second I saw you.

10 FANNY. You are a charlatan.

ANISE. As for me, I am fond of all the living creatures. It is true that the children cause me greater work, which in turn more greatly inconveniences the feet. However, I do not complain. I believe in children.

FANNY. Rather like believing in the weather, isn't it? (*DAVID and KURT come in from the terrace. Both are in work clothes, their sleeves rolled up.*) Where have you been?

DAVID. Oh, we've been helping Mr. Chabeuf spray the fruit trees.

ANISE. Mr. Chabeuf says that Herr Müller has the makings of a good farmer. From a Frenchman that is a large thing to say.

KURT (*who has looked around the room, looked at TECK, strolled over to BODO*).

30 Mr. Chabeuf and I have an excellent time exchanging misinformation. My father was a farmer. I have a wide knowledge of farmers' misinformation.

FANNY. This is good farm land. Perhaps, in time——

DAVID (*laughs*). Mama would give you the place, Kurt, if you guaranteed that your great-grandchildren would

40 die here.

KURT (*smiles*). I would like to so guarantee.

TECK. A farmer. That is very interesting. Abandon your ideals, Herr Müller?

KURT. Ideals? (*Carefully.*) Sara, heisst das auf deutsch "Ideale"?

SARA. Yes.

KURT. Is that what I have now? I do not like the word. It gives to me the picture of a small, pale man at a seaside resort. (*To BODO.*) What are you doing?

BODO. Preparing an elderly electric pad for Miss Anise. I am confused.

KURT (*wanders toward the piano*). So it seems.

BODO. Something has gone wrong with the principle on which I have been working. It is probably that I will ask your assistance.

KURT (*bows to him*). Thank you. Whenever you are ready. (*Begins to pick out notes with one hand.*)

FANNY. We shall have a little concert tomorrow evening. In honor of Babbie's birthday. (*To KURT.*) Kurt, you and I will play "The Clock Symphony." Then Joshua and I will play the duet we've learned, and Babbie will sing. And I shall finish with a Chopin Nocturne.

DAVID (*laughs*). I thought you'd be the last on the program.

TECK. Where is Marthe?

FANNY. She'll be back soon. She went into town to do an errand for me. (*To DAVID.*) Did you buy presents for everybody?

DAVID. I did.

SARA (*smiles, to BABETTE*). We always did that here. If somebody had a birthday, we all got presents. Nice, isn't it?

DAVID (*to ANISE*). I shall buy you an electric pad. You will need it.

ANISE. Indeed.

FANNY. Did you buy me a good present? 40

DAVID. Pretty good. (*Pats BABETTE's head.*) The best present goes to Babbie; it's *her* birthday.

FANNY. Jewelry?

DAVID. No, not jewelry.

FANNY. Oh. Not jewelry.

DAVID. Why?

FANNY (*too casually*). I just asked you.

TECK (*gets up*). It was a natural mistake, David. You see, Mrs. Mellie Sewell told your mother that she had seen you and Marthe in Barstow's. And your mother said you were probably buying her a present, or one for Babbie.

10 DAVID (*too sharply*). Yes.

TECK (*laughs*). Yes what?

DAVID (*slowly*). Just yes.

FANNY (*too hurriedly*). Mellie gets everything wrong. She's very anxious to meet Marthe because she used to know Francie Cabot, her aunt. Marthe's aunt, I mean, not Mellie's.

SARA (*too hurriedly*). She really came to inspect Kurt and me. But I saw her first. (*She looks anxiously at DAVID, who has turned his back on the room and is facing the terrace.*) You were lucky to be out, David.

DAVID. Oh, she calls every Saturday afternoon, to bring Mama all the Washington gossip of the preceding week. She gets it all wrong, you understand, but that doesn't make any difference to either Mama or her. Mama then augments it, wits it up, Papa used to say—

FANNY. Certainly. I sharpen it a little. Mellie has no sense of humor.

DAVID. So Mama sharpens it a little, and delivers it tomorrow afternoon to old lady Marcy down the road. Old lady Marcy hasn't heard a word in ten years, so she unsharpens it again, and changes the names. By Wednesday afternoon—

TECK (*smiles*). By Wednesday afternoon it will not be you who were in Barstow's, and it will be a large diamond pin with four sapphires delivered to Gaby Deslys.

DAVID (*turns, looks at him*). Exactly.

FANNY (*very nervously*). Francie Cabot, Marthe's aunt, you understand—
(*To KURT.*) Did you ever know Paul von Seitz, a German?

KURT. I have heard of him.

FANNY (*speaking very rapidly*). Certainly. He was your Ambassador to somewhere, I've forgotten. Well, Francie Cabot married him. I could have. Any American, not crippled, whose 10 father had money—He was crazy about me. I was better-looking than Francie. Well, years later when he was your Ambassador—my father was, too, as you probably know—not your Ambassador, of course, ours—but I am talking about Von Seitz.

DAVID (*laughs to KURT*). You can understand how it goes. Old lady Marcy is not entirely to blame.

FANNY. Somebody asked me if I didn't regret not marrying him. I said, "Madame, je le regrette tous les jours et j'en suis heureuse chaque soir." (*FANNY turns to DAVID.*) That means I regret it every day and am happy about it every night. You understand what I meant, by *night*? Styles in wit change so.

DAVID. I understood it, Mama.

JOSHUA. We, too, Grandma.

BABETTE (*approvingly*). It was most witty.

BODO. I do not know that I understood.

You will explain to me, Grandma?

SARA. Later.

FANNY (*turns to look at TECK*). You remember the old Paul von Seitz?

TECK (*nods*). He was stationed in Paris when I first was there.

FANNY. Of course. I always forget you 40 were a diplomat.

TECK. It is just as well.

FANNY. There's something insane about a Roumanian diplomat. Pure insane. I knew another one, once. He wanted to marry me, too.

SARA (*laughs*). All of Europe.

FANNY. Not all. Some. Naturally. I was rich, I was witty, my family was of the best. I was handsome, unaffected—

DAVID. And noble and virtuous and kind and elegant and fashionable and simple—it's hard to remember everything you were. I've often thought it must have been boring for Papa to have owned such perfection.

FANNY (*shrieks*). What! Your father bored with me! Not for a second of our life—

DAVID (*laughs*). Oh God, when will I learn?

BODO. Do not shriek, Grandma. It is an unpleasant sound for the ear.

FANNY. Where was I? Oh, yes. What I started out to say was— (*She turns, speaks carefully to TECK.*) Mellie Sewell told me, when you left the room, that she had heard from Louis Chandler's child's governess that you had won quite a bit of money in a poker game with Sam Chandler and some Germans at the Embassy. (*KURT, who has been playing the piano, stops playing very abruptly. TECK turns to look at him.*) That's how I thought of Von Seitz. 30 His nephew Philip was in on the game.

DAVID (*looks at TECK*). It must have been a big game. Sam Chandler plays in big games.

TECK. Not big enough.

DAVID. Have you known Sam long?

TECK. For years. Every Embassy in Europe knew him.

DAVID (*sharply*). Sam and Nazis must make an unpleasant poker game.

[*KURT begins to play a new melody.*]

TECK (*who has not looked away from KURT*). I do not play poker to be amused.

DAVID (*irritably*). What's Sam selling now?

TECK. Bootleg munitions. He always has.

DAVID. You don't mind?

TECK. Mind? I have not thought about it.

FANNY. Well, you ought to think about it. Sam Chandler has always been a scoundrel. All the Chandlers are. They're cousins of mine. Mama used to say they never should have learned to walk on two feet. They would have been more comfortable on four. 10

TECK. Do you know the young Von Seitz, Herr Müller? He was your military attaché in Spain.

KURT. He was the German government attaché in Spain. I know his name, of course. He is a famous artillery expert. But the side on which I fought was not where he was stationed, Count de Brancovis.

ANISE (BABETTE and JOSHUA begin to hum 20 the song KURT is playing. SARA begins to hum). It is time for the bath and the change of clothes. I will give you five more minutes—

FANNY. What is the song?

TECK. It was a German soldier's song. They sang it as they straggled back 'in '18. I remember hearing it in Berlin. Were you there then, Herr Müller? 30

KURT (the playing and the humming continue). I was not in Berlin.

TECK. But you were in the war, of course?

KURT. Yes. I was in the war.

FANNY. You didn't think then you'd live to see another war.

KURT. Many of us were afraid we would.

FANNY. What are the words?

SARA. The Germans in Spain, in Kurt's 40 Brigade, wrote new words for the song.

KURT. This was what you heard in Berlin, in 1918. (Begins to sing.)

"Wir zieh'n Heim, wir zieh'n Heim, Mancher kommt nicht mit,

Mancher ging verschütt,
Aber Freunde sind wir stets."

(In English.)

"We come home. We come home. Some of us are gone, and some of us are lost, but we are friends: Our blood is on the earth together. Some day. Some day we shall meet again.

Farewell."

(Stops singing.) At a quarter before six on the morning of November 7th, 1936, eighteen years later, five hundred Germans walked through the Madrid streets on their way to defend the Manzanares River. We felt good that morning. You know how it is to be good when it is needed to be good? So we had need of new words to say that. I translate with awkwardness, you understand. (Begins to sing.)

"And so we have met again.

The blood did not have time to dry.

We lived to stand and fight again.

This time we fight for people.

This time the bastards will keep their hands away.

Those who sell the blood of other men, this time,

They keep their hands away.

For us to stand.

For us to fight.

' This time no farewell, no farewell."

(Music dies out. There is silence for a minute.) We did not win. (Looks up, gently.) It would have been a different world if we had.

SARA. Papa said so years ago. Do you remember, Mama? "For every man who lives without freedom, the rest of us must face the guilt."

FANNY. Yes. "We are liable in the conscience-balance for the tailor in Lodz, the black man in our South, the

peasant in——" (*Turns to TECK. Unpleasantly.*) Your country, I think.

ANISE (*rises*). Come. Baths for everybody. (*To BODO.*) Gather the wires.

You have wrecked my cure.

BODO. If you would allow me a few minutes more——

ANISE. Come along. I have been duped for long enough. Come, Joshua.

Babette. Baths.

JOSHUA (*starts out after ANISE. BABETTE begins to gather up her sewing*). My tub is a thing of glory. But I do not like it so prepared for me and so announced by Miss Anise. (*He exits.*)

BODO (*to ANISE*). You are angry about this. I do not blame you with my heart or my head. I admit I have failed. But Papa will repair it, Anise. Will you not, Papa? In a few min-20
utes——

TECK (*to BODO*). Your father is an expert electrician?

BODO. Oh, yes, sir.

TECK. And as good with radio——

[BODO begins to nod.]

KURT (*sharply*). Count de Brancovis.

Make your questions to me, please.

Not to my children.

[*The others look up, surprised.*]

TECK (*pleasantly*). Very well, Herr Müller.

ANISE (*as she exits with BODO*). Nobody can fix it. You have made a pudding of it.

BODO (*as he follows her*). Do not worry.

In five minutes tonight, you will have a pad far better—— (*As BODO reaches the door he bumps into MARTHE who is carrying large dress boxes.*) Oh. Your pardon. Oh, hello. (*He disappears.*)

MARTHE (*gaily*). Hello. (*To FANNY.*) I waited for them. I was afraid they wouldn't deliver this late in the day. (*To SARA.*) Come on, Sara. I can't wait to see them.

SARA. What?

MARTHE. Dresses. From Fanny. A tan linen, and a dark green with wonderful buttons, a white net for Babbie, and a suit for you, and play dresses for Babbie, and a dinner dress in gray to wear for Babbie's birthday—gray should be good for you, Sara—all from Savitt's. We sneaked the measurements, Anise and I——

SARA (*she goes toward FANNY*). How nice of you, Mama. How very kind of you. And of you, Marthe, to take so much trouble—— (*She leans down, kisses FANNY.*) You're a sweet woman, Mama.

DAVID. That's the first time Mama's ever heard that word. (*He takes the boxes from MARTHE, puts them near the staircase. MARTHE smiles at him, touches his hand, as TECK watches them.*)

FANNY (*giggles*). I have a bottom sweetness, if you understand what I mean.

DAVID. I have been too close to the bottom to see it.

FANNY. That should be witty. I don't know why it isn't.

[BABETTE goes over to stare at the boxes.]

SARA. From Savitt's. Extravagant of you. They had such lovely clothes. I remember my coming-out dress—— (*Goes to KURT.*) Do you remember the black suit with the braid, and the Milan hat? Not the first day we met, but the picnic day? (*He smiles up at her.*) Well, they were from Savitt's. That was over twenty years ago—I've known you a long time. Me, in an evening dress. Now you'll have to take me into Washington. I want to show off. Next week, and we'll dance, maybe—— (*Sees that he is not looking at her.*) What's the matter, darling? (*No answer. Slowly he turns to look at her.*) What's the matter, Kurt? (*Takes his arms, very unhappily.*) What have I

done? It isn't that dresses have ever mattered to me, it's just that——

KURT. Of course, they have mattered to you. As they should. I do not think of the dresses. (*Draws her to him.*) How many years have I loved that face?

SARA (*her face very happy*). So?

KURT. So. (*He leans down, kisses her, as if it were important.*)

SARA (*pleased, unembarrassed*). There are 10 other people here.

MARTHE (*slowly*). And good for us to see.

TECK. Nostalgia?

MARTHE. No. Nostalgia is for something you have known.

[FANNY coughs.]

BABETTE (*comes to FANNY*). Grandma, is it allowed to look at my dresses?

FANNY. Of course, child. Run along.

BABETTE (*picks up the boxes, goes toward 20 the hall entrance, stops near FANNY*). I love dresses, I have a great fondness for materials and colors. Thank you, Grandma. (*She runs out of the room.*)

[JOSEPH appears in the doorway.]

JOSEPH. There is a long-distance operator with a long-distance call for Mr. Müller. She wants to talk with him on the long-distance phone.

KURT. Oh—— Excuse me, please——

[KURT rises quickly. SARA turns sharply to look at him. TECK looks up. KURT goes quickly out. TECK watches him go. SARA stands staring after him.]

MARTHE (*laughs*). I feel the same way as Babbie. Come on, Sara. Let's try them on.

[SARA does not turn.]

TECK. You also have a new dress?

MARTHE (*looks at him*). Yes. Fanny was 40 kind to me, too.

TECK. You are a very generous woman, Madame Fanny. Did you also give her a sapphire bracelet from Barstow's?

FANNY. I beg your——

DAVID (*slowly*). No. I gave Marthe the bracelet. And I understand that it is not any business of yours.

[FANNY rises. SARA turns.]

FANNY. Really, David——

DAVID. Be still, Mama.

TECK (*after a second*). Did you tell him that, Marthe?

MARTHE. Yes.

TECK (*looks up at her*). I shall not forgive you for that. (*Looks at DAVID.*) It is a statement which no man likes to hear from another man. You understand that? (*Playfully.*) That is the type of thing about which we used to play at duels in Europe.

DAVID (*comes toward him*). We are not so musical comedy here. And you are not in Europe.

TECK. Even if I were, I would not suggest any such action. I would have reasons for not wishing it.

DAVID. It would be well for you not to suggest any action. And the reason for that is you might get hurt.

TECK (*slowly*). That would not be my reason. (*To MARTHE.*) Your affair has gone far enough——

MARTHE (*sharply*). It is not an affair——

30 TECK. I do not care what it is. The time has come to leave here. Go upstairs and pack your things. (*She does not move. DAVID turns toward her.*) Go on, Marthe.

MARTHE (*to DAVID*). I am not going with him. I told you that.

DAVID. I don't want you to go with him.

FANNY (*carefully*). Really, David, aren't you interfering in all this a good deal——

DAVID (*carefully*). Yes, Mama. I am.

TECK (*to MARTHE*). When you are speaking to me, please say what you have to say to me.

MARTHE (*comes to him*). You are trying to frighten me. But you are not going to

frighten me any more. I will say it to you: I am not going with you. I am never going with you again.

TECK (*softly*). If you do not fully mean what you say, or if you might change your mind, you are talking unwisely, Marthe.

MARTHE. I know that.

TECK. Shall we talk about it alone?

MARTHE. You can't make me go, can you, Teck?

TECK. No, I can't make you.

MARTHE. Then there's no sense talking about it.

TECK. Are you in love with him?

MARTHE. Yes.

FANNY (*sharply*). Marthe! What is all this?

MARTHE (*sharply*). I'll tell you about it in a minute.

DAVID. You don't have to explain anything to anybody.

TECK (*ignores him*). Is he in love with you?

MARTHE. I don't think so. You won't believe it, because you can't believe anything that hasn't got tricks to it, but David hasn't much to do with this. I told you I would leave some day, and I remember where I said it—

(*Slowly*).— and why I said it.

TECK. I also remember. But I did not believe you. I have not had much to offer you these last years. But if now we had some money and could go back—

MARTHE. No. I don't like you, Teck. I never have.

TECK. And I have always known it.

FANNY (*stiffly*). I think your lack of affections should be discussed with more privacy. Perhaps—

DAVID. Mama—

MARTHE. There is nothing to discuss. Strange. I've talked to myself about this scene for almost fifteen years. I

knew a lot of things to say to you and I used to lie awake at night or walk along the street and say them. Now I don't want to. I guess you only want to talk that way, when you're not sure what you can do. When you're sure, then what's the sense of saying it? "This is why and this is why and this—" (*Very happily*.) But when you know you can do it, you don't have to say anything; you can just go. And I'm going. There is nothing you can do. I would like you to believe that now.

TECK. Very well, Marthe. I think I made a mistake. I should not have brought you here. I believe you now.

MARTHE (*after a pause, she looks at DAVID*). I'll move into Washington, and—

20 DAVID. Yes. Later. But I'd like you to stay here for a while, with us, if you wouldn't mind.

SARA. It would be better for you, Marthe—

FANNY. It's very interesting that I am not being consulted about this. (*To MARTHE*.) I have nothing against you, Marthe. I am sorry for you, but I don't think—

30 MARTHE. Thank you, Sara, David. But I'd rather move in now. (*Turns, comes toward FANNY*.) But perhaps I have something against you. Do you remember my wedding?

FANNY. Yes.

MARTHE. Do you remember how pleased Mama was with herself? Brilliant Mama, handsome Mama—everybody thought so, didn't they? A seventeen-year-old daughter, marrying a pretty good title, about to secure herself in a world that Mama liked—she didn't ask me what I liked. And the one time I tried to tell her, she frightened me— (*Looks up*.) Maybe I've always been frightened. All my life.

TECK. Of course.

MARTHE (to FANNY, as if she had not heard TECK). I remember Mama's face at the wedding—it was *her* wedding, really, not mine.

FANNY (sharply). You are very hard on your mother.

MARTHE. Nineteen hundred and twenty-five. No, I'm not hard on her. I only tell the truth. She wanted a life for 10 me, I suppose. It just wasn't the life I wanted for myself. (Sharply.) And that's what you have tried to do. With your children. In another way. Only Sara got away. And that made you angry—until so many years went by that you forgot.

FANNY. I don't usually mind people saying anything they think, but I find that—

MARTHE. I don't care what you mind or don't mind. I'm in love with your son—

FANNY (very sharply). That's unfortunate—

MARTHE. And I'm sick of watching you try to make him into his father. I don't think you even know you do it any more and I don't think he knows it any more, either. And that's 30 what's most dangerous about it.

FANNY (very angrily). I don't know what you are talking about.

DAVID. I think you do. (Smiles.) You shouldn't mind hearing the truth—and neither should I.

FANNY (worried, sharply). David! What does all this nonsense mean? I—

MARTHE (to FANNY). Look. That pretty world Mama got me into was a tough 40 world, see? I'm used to trouble. So don't try to interfere with me, because I won't let you. (She goes to DAVID.) Let's just have a good time. (He leans down, takes both her hands, kisses them. Then slowly, she turns away,

starts to exit. To TECK.) You will also be going today?

TECK. Yes.

MARTHE. Then let us make sure we go in different directions, and do not meet again. Good-bye, Teck.

TECK. Good-bye, Marthe. You will not believe me, but I tried my best, and I am now most sorry to lose you.

MARTHE. Yes. I believe you. (She moves out. There is silence for a minute.)

FANNY. Well, a great many things have been said in the last few minutes.

DAVID (crosses to bell cord. To TECK). I will get Joseph to pack for you.

TECK. Thank you. Do not bother. I will ring for him when I am ready. (KURT comes in from the study door. SARA turns, stares at him, waits. He does not look at her.) It will not take me very long. (He starts for the door, looking at KURT.)

SARA. What is it, Kurt?

KURT. It is nothing of importance, darling— (He looks quickly at TECK, who is moving very slowly.)

SARA. Don't tell me it's nothing. I know the way you look when—

KURT (sharply). I said it was of no importance. I must get to California for a few weeks. That is all.

SARA. I—

TECK (turns). It is in the afternoon newspaper, Herr Müller. (Points to paper on table.) I was waiting to find the proper moment to call it to your attention. (He moves toward the table, as they all turn to watch him. He picks up the paper, turns it over, begins to read.) "Zurich, Switzerland: The Zurich papers today reprinted a despatch from the Berliner Tageblatt on the capture of Colonel Max Freidank. Freidank is said— (SARA begins to move toward him.) —to be the chief of the Anti-Nazi Underground Movement. Colonel Freidank has long been an almost

legendary figure. The son of the famous General Freidank, he was a World War officer and a distinguished physicist before the advent of Hitler." That is all.

SARA. Max——

KURT. Be still, Sara.

TECK. They told me of it at the Embassy last night. They also told me that with him they had taken a man who 10 called himself Ebber, and a man who called himself Triste. They could not find a man called Gotter. (*He starts again toward the door.*) I shall be a lonely man without Marthe. I am also a very poor one. I should like to have ten thousand dollars before I go.

DAVID (*carefully*). You will make no loans in this house.

TECK. I was not speaking of a loan. 20

FANNY (*carefully*). God made you not only a scoundrel but a fool. That is a dangerous combination.

DAVID (*suddenly leaps toward TECK*). Damn you, you——

KURT (*suddenly pounds on the top of the piano, as DAVID almost reaches TECK*). Leave him alone. (*Moves quickly to stop DAVID.*) Leave him alone! *David! Leave him alone!*

DAVID (*angrily to KURT*). Keep out of it. (*Starts toward TECK again.*) I'm beginning to see what Marthe meant. Blackmailing with your wife—— You——

KURT (*very sharply*). He is not speaking of his wife. Or you. He means me. (*Looks at TECK.*) Is that correct?

[SARA moves toward KURT. DAVID draws back, bewildered.]

TECK. Good. It was necessary for me to hear you say it. You understand that?

KURT. I understand it.

SARA (*frightened, softly*). Kurt——

DAVID. What is all this about? What the hell are you talking about?

TECK (*sharply for the first time*). Be still. (*To KURT.*) At your convenience.

Your hands are shaking, Herr Müller. KURT (*quietly*). My hands were broken: they are bad when I have fear.

TECK. I am sorry. I can understand that. It is not pleasant. (*Motions toward FANNY and DAVID.*) Perhaps you would like a little time to—— I will go and pack, and be ready to leave. We will all find that more comfortable, I think. You should get yourself a smaller gun, Herr Müller. That pistol you have been carrying is big and awkward.

KURT. You saw the pistol when you examined our bags?

TECK. You knew that?

KURT. Oh, yes. I have the careful eye, through many years of needing it. And then you have not the careful eye. The pistol was lying to the left of a paper package and when you leave, it is to the right of the package.

SARA. Kurt! Do you mean that——

KURT (*sharply*). Please, darling, do not do that.

TECK. It is a German Army Luger? •

KURT. Yes. •

30 TECK. Keep it in your pocket, Herr Müller. You will have no need to use it. And, in any case, I am not afraid of it. You understand that?

KURT (*slowly*). I understand that you are not a man of fears. That is strange to me, because I am a man who has so many fears.

TECK (*laughs, as he exits*). Are you? That is most interesting. (*He exits.*)

40 DAVID (*softly*). What is this about, Kurt?

KURT. He knows who I am and what I do and what I carry with me.

SARA (*carefully*). What about Max?

KURT. The telephone was from Mexico. Ilse received a cable. Early on the morning of Monday, they caught

Ebber and Triste. An hour after they took Max in Berlin. (*She looks up at him, begins to shake her head. He presses her arm.*) Yes. It is hard.

FANNY (*softly*). You said he knew who you were and what you carried with you. I don't understand.

KURT. I am going to tell you: I am an outlaw. I work with many others in an illegal organization. I have so 10 worked for seven years. I am on what is called a desired list. But I did not know I was worth ten thousand dollars. My price has risen.

DAVID (*slowly*). And what do you carry with you?

KURT. Twenty-three thousand dollars. It has been gathered from the pennies and the nickels of the poor who do not like Fascism, and who believe in 20 the work we do. I came here to bring Sara home and to get the money. I had hopes to rest here for a while, and then——

SARA (*slowly*). And I had hopes someone else would take it back and you would stay with us—— (*Shakes her head, then.*) Max is not dead?

KURT! No. The left side of his face is dead. (*Softly.*) It was a good face. 30

SARA (*to FANNY and DAVID, as if she were going to cry*). It was a very good face. He and Kurt—in the old days—— (*To KURT.*) After so many years. If Max got caught, then nobody's got a chance. Nobody. (*She suddenly sits down.*)

DAVID (*points upstairs*). He wants to sell what he knows to you? Is that right?

KURT. Yes.

FANNY. Wasn't it careless of you to leave twenty-three thousand dollars lying around to be seen?

KURT. No, it was not careless of me. It is in a locked brief-case. I have thus carried money for many years. There

seemed no safer place than Sara's home. It was careless of you to have in your house a man who opens baggage and blackmails.

DAVID (*sharply*). Yes. It was very careless.

FANNY. But you said you knew he'd seen it——

KURT. Yes. I knew it the first day we were here. What was I to do about it? He is not a man who steals. This is a safer method. I knew that it would come some other way. I have been waiting to see what the way would be. That is all I could do.

DAVID (*to FANNY*). What's the difference? It's been done. (*To KURT.*) If he wants to sell to you, he must have another buyer. Who?

KURT. The Embassy. Von Seitz, I think.

DAVID. You mean he has told Von Seitz about you and——

KURT. No. I do not think he has told him anything. As yet. It would be foolish of him. He has probably only asked most guarded questions.

DAVID. But you're here. You're in this country. They can't do anything to you. They wouldn't be crazy enough to try it. Is your passport all right?

KURT. Not quite.

FANNY. Why not? Why isn't it?

KURT (*wearily, as if he were bored*). Because people like me are not given visas with such ease. And I was in a hurry to bring my wife and my children to safety. (*Sharply.*) Madame Fanny, you must come to understand it is no longer the world you once knew.

40 DAVID. It doesn't matter. You're a political refugee. We don't turn back people like you. People who are in danger. You will give me your passport and tomorrow morning I'll see Barrens. We'll tell him the truth—— (*Points to the door.*) Tell de Brancovis

to go to hell. There's not a damn thing he or anybody else can do.

SARA (*looks up at KURT, who is staring at her*). You don't understand, David.

DAVID. There's a great deal I don't understand. But there's nothing to worry about.

SARA. Not much to worry about as long as Kurt is in this house. But he's not 10 going to—

KURT. The Count has made the guess that—

SARA. That you will go back to get Ebber and Triste and Max. Is that right, Kurt? Is that right?

KURT. Yes, darling, I will try. They were taken to Sonnenburg. Guards can be bribed— It has been done once before at Sonnenburg. We will 20 try for it again. I must go back, Sara. I must start.

SARA. Of course, you must go back. I guess I was trying to think it wouldn't come. But— (*To FANNY and DAVID.*) Kurt's got to go back. He's got to go home. He's got to buy them out.

He'll do it, too. You'll see. (*She stops, breathes.*) It's hard enough to get back. Very hard. But if they knew he was coming— They want Kurt bad. Almost as much as they wanted Max— And then there are hundreds of others, too— (*She gets up, comes to him. He holds her, puts his face in her hair. She stands holding him, trying to speak without crying. She puts her face down on his head.*) Don't be scared, darling. You'll get back. You'll see. You've done it before—you'll do it again. Don't be scared. You'll get Max out all right. (*Gasps.*) And then you'll do his work, won't you? That's good. That's fine. You'll do a good job, the way you've always done. (*She is crying very hard. To FANNY.*) Kurt doesn't feel well. He was wounded and he gets tired— (*To KURT.*) You don't feel well, do you? (*Slowly. She is crying too hard now to be heard clearly.*) Don't be scared, darling. You'll get home. Don't worry, you'll get home. Yes, you will.

[*The curtain falls.*]

ACT III

The same scene. A half hour later.

At rise, FANNY is sitting in a chair. KURT is at the piano, his head resting on one hand. 30 He is playing softly with the other hand. SARA is sitting very quietly on the couch. DAVID is pacing on the terrace.

FANNY (*to DAVID*). David, would you stop that pacing, please? (*DAVID comes in.*) And would you stop that one-hand piano playing? Either play, or get up.

[*KURT gets up, crosses to the couch, sits.* 40 *SARA looks at him, gets up, crosses to the decanters, begins to make a drink.*]

SARA (*to DAVID*). A drink?

DAVID. What? Yes, please. (*To KURT.*) Do you intend to buy your friends out of jail?

KURT. I intend to try.

FANNY. It's all very strange to me. I thought things were so well run that bribery and—

KURT (*smiles*). What a magnificent work Fascists have done in convincing the world that they are men from legends. DAVID. They have done very well for themselves—unfortunately.

KURT. Yes. But not by themselves. Does it make us all uncomfortable to remember that they came in on the shoulders of the most powerful men

in the world? Of course. And so we would prefer to believe they are men from the planets. They are not. Let me reassure you. They are smart, they are sick, and they are cruel. But given men who know what they fight for— (*Shrugs.*) I will console you. A year ago last month, at three o'clock in the morning, Freidank and I, with two elderly pistols, raided the home of the Gestapo chief in Konstanz, got what we wanted, and the following morning Freidank was eating his breakfast three blocks away, and I was over the Swiss border.

FANNY (*slowly*). You are brave men.

KURT. I do not tell you the story to prove we are remarkable, but to prove they are not.

[SARA brings him a drink. Gives one to 20 DAVID.]

SARA (*softly, touching KURT's shoulder*). Kurt loves Max.

KURT. Always since I came here I have a dream: that he will come into this room some day. How he would like it here, eh, Sara? He loves good food and wine, and you have books— (*Laughs happily.*) He is fifty-nine years of age. And when he was fifty-seven, 30 he carried me on his back, seven miles across the border. I had been hurt— That takes a man, does it not?

FANNY (*to KURT*). You look like a sick man to me.

KURT. No. I'm only tired. I do not like to wait. It will go. It is the waiting that is always most bad for me.

DAVID (*points upstairs*). Damn him! He's 40 doing it deliberately.

KURT. It is then the corruption begins. Once in Spain I waited for two days until the planes would exhaust themselves. I think then why must our side fight always with naked hands. The

spirit and the hands. All is against us but ourselves.

SARA. You will not think that when the time comes. It will go.

KURT. Of a certainty.

FANNY. But does it have to go on being your hands?

KURT. For each man, his own hands. He has to sleep with them.

DAVID (*uncomfortably, as if he did not like to say it*). That's right. I guess it's the way all of us should feel. But—but you have a family. Isn't there somebody else who hasn't a wife and children—

KURT. Each could have his own excuse. Some love for the first time, some have bullet holes, some have fear of the camps, some are sick, many are getting older. (*Shrugs.*) Each could find a reason. And many find it. My children are not the only children in the world, even to me.

FANNY. That's noble of you, of course. But they are your children, nevertheless. And Sara, she—

SARA. Mama—

KURT (*after a slight pause*). One means always in English to insult with that word noble?

FANNY. Of course not, I—

KURT. It is not noble. It is the way I must live. Good or bad, it is what I am. (*Turns deliberately to look at FANNY.*) And what I am is not what you wanted for your daughter, twenty years ago or now.

FANNY. You are misunderstanding me.

KURT (*smiles*). For our girl, too, we want a safe and happy life. And it is thus I try to make it for her. We each have our way. I do not convert you to mine.

DAVID. You are very certain of your way.

KURT (*smiles*). I seem so to you? Good.

[JOSEPH *appears in the hall doorway. He is carrying valises and overcoats.*]

JOSEPH. What'll I do with these, Miss Fanny?

FANNY. They're too large for eating, aren't they? What were you thinking of doing with them?

JOSEPH. I mean, it's Fred's day off.

DAVID. All right. You drive him into town.

JOSEPH. Then who's going to serve at dinner?

FANNY (*impatiently*). Belle can do it alone tonight.

JOSEPH. No, she can't. Belle's upstairs packing with Miss Marthe. My, there's quite a lot of departing, ain't there?

FANNY (*very impatiently*). All right, then cook can bring in dinner.

JOSEPH. I wouldn't ask her to do that, if I were you. She's mighty mad: the sink pipe is leaking again. You just better wait for your dinner till I get back from Washington.

FANNY (*shouting*). We are not cripples and we were eating dinner in this house before you arrived to show us how to use the knife and fork. (JOSEPH *laughs*.) Go on. Put his 30 things in the car. I'll ring for you when he's ready.

JOSEPH. You told me the next time you screamed to remind you to ask my pardon.

FANNY. You call that screaming?

JOSEPH. Yes'm.

FANNY. Very well. I ask your pardon. (*Waves him away.*) Go on!

JOSEPH. Yes'm. (*Exits.*)

[TECK *appears in the door. He is carrying his hat and the brief-case we have seen in Act One.* SARA, *seeing the brief-case, looks startled, looks quickly at KURT.* KURT *watches TECK as he comes toward him.* TECK *throws his hat on a chair, comes to*

the table at which KURT is sitting, puts the brief-case on the table. KURT puts out his hand, puts it on the brief-case, leaves it there.]

TECK (*smiles at the gesture*). Nothing has been touched, Herr Müller. I brought it from your room, for your convenience.

FANNY (*angrily*). Why didn't you steal 10 it? Since you do not seem to—

TECK. That would have been very foolish of me, Madame Fanny.

KURT. Very.

TECK. I hope I have not kept you waiting too long. I wanted to give you an opportunity to make any explanations—

DAVID (*angrily*). Does your price include listening to this tony conversation?

20 TECK (*turns to look at him*). My price will rise if I have to spend the next few minutes being interrupted by your temper. I will do my business with Herr Müller. And you will understand, I will take from you no interruptions, no exclamations, no lectures, no opinions of what I am or what I am doing.

KURT (*quietly*). You will not be interrupted.

TECK (*sits down at table with KURT*). I have been curious about you, Herr Müller. Even before you came here. Because Fanny and David either knew very little about you, which was strange, or wouldn't talk about you, which was just as strange. Have you ever had come to you one of those insistent half-memories of some person 40 or some place?

KURT (*quietly, without looking up*). You had such a half-memory of me?

TECK. Not even a memory, but something. The curiosity of one European for another, perhaps.

KURT. A most sharp curiosity. You lost

no time examining—(*Pats the case.*)—this. You are an expert with locks?

TECK. No, indeed. Only when I wish to be.

FANNY (*angrily, to TECK*). I would like you out of this house as quickly as—

TECK (*turns to her*). Madame Fanny, I have just asked Mr. David not to do that. I must now ask you. (*Leans forward to KURT.*) Herr Müller, I got one of the desired lists from Von Seitz, without, of course, revealing anything to him. As you probably know, they are quite easy to get. I simply told him that we refugees move in small circles and I might come across somebody on it. If, however, I have to listen to any more of this from any of you, I shall go immediately to 20 him.

KURT (*to DAVID and FANNY*). Please allow the Count to do this in his own way. It will be best.

TECK (*takes a sheet of paper from his pocket*). There are sixty-three names on this list. I read them carefully, I narrow the possibilities and under "G" I find Gotter. (*Begins to read.*) "Age, forty to forty-five. About six feet. One hundred seventy pounds. Birthplace unknown to us. Original occupation unknown to us, although he seems to know Munich and Dresden. Schooling unknown to us. Family unknown to us. No known political connections. No known trade-union connections. Many descriptions, few of them in agreement and none of them of great reliability. Equally unreliable, though 40 often asked for, were Paris, Copenhagen, Brussels police descriptions. Only points on which there is agreement: married to a foreign woman, either American or English; three children; has used name of Gotter,

Thomas Bodmer, Karl Francis. Thought to have left Germany in 1933, and to have joined Max Freidank shortly after. Worked closely with Freidank, perhaps directly under his orders. Known to have crossed border in 1934—February, May, June, October. Known to have again crossed border with Max Freidank in 1935—August, twice in October, November, January—"

KURT (*smiles*). The report is unreliable. It would have been impossible for God to have crossed the border that often.

TECK (*looks up, laughs. Then looks back at list*). "In 1934, outlaw radio station announcing itself as Radio European, begins to be heard. Station was located in Düsseldorf: the house of a restaurant waiter was searched, and nothing was found. Radio heard during most of 1934 and 1935. In an attempt to locate it, two probable Communists killed in the tool-house of a farm near Bonn. In three of the broadcasts, Gotter known to have crossed border immediately before and after. Radio again became active in early part of 1936. Active attempt made to locate Freidank. Gotter believed to have then appeared in Spain with Madrid Government army, in one of the German brigades, and to have been a brigade commander under previously used name of Bodmer. Known to have stayed in France the first months of 1938. Again crossed German border some time during week when Hitler's Hamburg radio speech interrupted and went off the air." (*Looks up.*) That was a daring deed, Herr Müller. It caused a great scandal. I remember. It amused me. KURT. It was not done for that reason. TECK. "Early in 1939, informant in

Konstanz reported Gotter's entry, carrying money which had been exchanged in Paris and Brussels. Following day, home of Konstanz Gestapo chief raided for spy list by two men——" (KURT turns to look at FANNY and DAVID, smiles.) My God, Herr Müller, that job took two good men.

SARA (*angrily*). Even you admire them.

TECK. Even I. Now I conclude a week 10 ago that you are Gotter, Karl Francis——

KURT. Please. Do not describe me to myself again.

TECK. And that you will be traveling home—(*Points to brief-case.*)—with this. But you seem in no hurry, and so I must wait. Last night when I hear that Freidank has been taken, I guess that you will now be leaving. Not for 20 California. I will tell you free of charge, Herr Müller, that they have got no information from Freidank or the others.

KURT. Thank you. But I was sure they would not. I know all three most well. They will take what will be given them.

TECK (*looks down. Softly*). There is a deep sickness in the German character, 30 Herr Müller. A pain-love, a death-love——

DAVID (*very angrily*). Oh, for God's sake, spare us your moral judgments.

FANNY (*very sharply*). Yes. They are sickening. Get on!

KURT. Fanny and David are Americans and they do not understand our world—as yet. (*Turns to DAVID and*

FANNY.) All Fascists are not of one 40 mind, one stripe. There are those who give the orders, those who carry out the orders, those who watch the orders being carried out. Then there are those who are half in, half hoping to come in. They are made to do the

dishes and clean the boots. Frequently they come in high places and wish now only to survive. They came late: some because they did not jump in time, some because they were stupid, some because they were shocked at the crudity of the German evil, and preferred their own evils, and some because they were fastidious men. For those last, we may well some day have pity. They are lost men, their spoils are small, their day is gone. (*To TECK.*) Yes?

TECK (*slowly*). Yes. You have the understanding heart. It will get in your way some day.

KURT (*smiles*). I will watch it.

TECK. We are both men in trouble, Herr Müller. The world, ungratefully, seems to like your kind even less than it does mine. (*Leans forward.*) Now. Let us do business. You will not get back if Von Seitz knows you are going.

KURT. You are wrong. Instead of crawling a hundred feet an hour in deep night, I will walk across the border with as little trouble as if I were a boy again on a summer walking trip. There are many men they would like to have. I would be allowed to walk directly to them—until they had all the names and all the addresses. (*Laughs, points his finger at TECK.*) Roumanians would pick me up ahead of time. Germans would not.

TECK (*smiles*). Still the national pride?

KURT. Why not? For that which is good.

FANNY (*comes over, very angrily, to TECK*). I have not often in my life felt what I feel now. Whatever you are, and however you became it, the picture of a man selling the lives of other men——

TECK. Is very ugly, Madame Fanny. I do not do it without some shame, and therefore I must sink my shame in

large money. (*Puts his hand on the briefcase.*) The money is here. For ten thousand, you go back to save your friends, nobody will know that you go, and I will give you my good wishes. (*Slowly, deliberately, KURT begins to shake his head. TECK waits, then carefully.*) No?

KURT. This money is going home with me. It was not given to me to save my life, and I shall not so use it. It is to save the lives and further the work of more than I. It is important to me to carry on that work and to save the lives of three valuable men, and to do that with all speed. But— (*Sharply.*) Count de Brancovis, the first morning we arrived in this house, my children wanted their breakfast with great haste. That is because the evening before we had been able only to buy milk and buns for them. If I would not touch this money for them, I would not touch it for you. (*Very sharply.*) It goes back with me. The way it is. And if it does not get back, it is because I will not get back.

[*There is a long pause. SARA gets up, turns away.*]

TECK. Then I do not think you will get back. You are a brave one, Herr Müller, but you will not get back.

KURT (*as if he were very tired*). I will send to you a postal card and tell you about my bravery.

DAVID (*coming toward KURT*). Is it true that if this swine talks, you and the others will be—

SARA (*very softly*). Caught and killed. Of course. If they're lucky enough to get killed quickly. (*Quietly, points to the table.*) You should have seen his hands in 1935.

FANNY (*violently, to DAVID*). We'll give him the money. For God's sake, let's give it to him and get him out of here.

DAVID (*to SARA*). Do you want Kurt to go back?

SARA. Yes. I do.

DAVID. All right. (*Goes to her, lifts her face.*) You're a good girl.

KURT. That is true. Brave and good, my Sara. She is everything. She is handsome and gay and— (*Puts his hand over his eyes. SARA turns away.*)

DAVID (*after a second, comes to stand near TECK*). If we give you the money, what is to keep you from selling to Von Seitz?

TECK. I do not like your thinking I would do that. But—

DAVID (*tensely*). Look here. I'm sick of what you'd like or wouldn't like. And I'm sick of your talk. We'll get this over with now, without any more fancy talk from you, or as far as I am concerned, you can get out of here without my money and sell to any buyer you can find. I can't take much more of you at any cost.

TECK (*smiles*). It is your anger which delays us. I was about to say that I understood your fear that I would go to Von Seitz, and I would suggest that you give me a small amount of cash now and a check dated a month from now. In a month, Herr Müller should be nearing home, and he can let you know. And if you should not honor the check because Herr Müller is already in Germany, Von Seitz will pay a little something for a reliable description. I will take my chance on that. You will now say that I could do that in any case—and that is the chance you will take.

DAVID (*looks at KURT, who does not look up*). Is a month enough? For you to get back?

KURT (*shrugs*). I do not know.

DAVID (*to TECK*). Two months from today. How do you want the cash and how do you want the check?

TECK. *One month from today.* That I will not discuss. One month. Please decide now.

DAVID (*sharply*). All right. (*To TECK.*) How do you want it?

TECK. Seventy-five hundred dollars in a check. Twenty-five hundred in cash.

DAVID. I haven't anywhere near that much cash in the house. Leave your address and I'll send it to you in the 10 morning.

TECK (*laughs*). Address? I have no address, and I wish it now. Madame Fanny has cash in her sitting-room safe.

FANNY. Have you investigated that, too?

TECK (*laughs*). No. You once told me you always kept money in the house.

DAVID (*to FANNY*). How much have you got upstairs?

FANNY. I don't know. About fifteen or 20 sixteen hundred.

TECK. Very well. That will do. Make the rest in the check.

DAVID. Get it, Mama, please. (*He starts toward the library door. FANNY starts for the hall exit.*)

FANNY (*turns, looks carefully at TECK*). Years ago, I heard somebody say that being Roumanian was not a nation- 30 ality, but a profession. The years have brought no change.

KURT (*softly*). Being a Roumanian aristocrat is a profession.

[FANNY exits. After her exit, there is silence. KURT does not look up, SARA does not move.]

TECK (*awkwardly*). The new world has left the room. (*Looks up at them.*) I feel less discomfort with you. We are 40 Europeans, born to trouble and understanding it.

KURT. My wife is not a European.

TECK. Almost. (*Points upstairs.*) They are young. The world has gone well for most of them. For us— (*Smiles.*) The three of us—we are like peasants

watching the big frost. Work, trouble, ruin— (*Shrugs.*) But no need to call curses at the frost. There it is, it will be again, always—for us.

SARA (*gets up, moves to the window, looks out*). You mean my husband and I do not have angry words for you. What for? We know how many there are of you. They don't, yet. My mother and brother feel shocked that you are in their house. For us—we have seen you in so many houses.

TECK. I do not say you *want* to understand me, Mrs. Müller. I say only that you do.

SARA. Yes. You are not difficult to understand.

KURT (*slowly gets up, stands stiffly. Then he moves toward the decanter table*). A 20 whiskey?

TECK. No, thank you. (*He turns his head to watch KURT move. He turns back.*)

KURT. Sherry?

TECK (*nods*). Thank you, I will.

KURT (*as he pours*). You, too, wish to go back to Europe.

TECK. Yes.

KURT. But they do not much want you. Not since the Budapest oil deal of '31.

TECK. You seem as well informed about me as I am about you.

KURT. That must have been a conference of high comedy, that one. Everybody trying to guess whether Kessler was working for Fritz Thyssen, and what Thyssen *really* wanted—and whether this "National Socialism" was a smart blind of Thyssen's, and where was Wolff—I should like to have seen you and your friends. It is too bad: you guessed an inch off, eh?

TECK. More than an inch.

KURT. And Kessler has a memory? (*Almost playfully.*) I do not think Von Seitz would pay you money for a

description of a man who has a month to travel. But I think he would pay you in a visa and a cable to Kessler. I think you want a visa almost as much as you want money. Therefore, I conclude you will try for the money here, and the visa from Von Seitz. (*He comes toward the table carrying the sherry glass.*) I cannot get anywhere near Germany in a month and you know it. (*He is about to place the glass on the table.*) I have been bored with this talk of paying you money. If they are willing to try you on this fantasy, I am not. Whatever made you think I would take such a chance? Or any chance? You are a gambler. But you should not gamble with your life.

(*TECK has turned to stare at him, made a half motion as if to rise. As he does so, and on the words, "gamble with your life," KURT drops the glass, hits TECK in the face. Struggling, TECK makes a violent effort to rise. KURT throws himself on TECK, knocking him to the floor. As TECK falls to the floor, KURT hits him on the side of the head. At the fourth blow, TECK does not move. KURT rises, takes the gun from his pocket, begins to lift TECK from the floor. As he does so, JOSHUA appears in the hall entrance. He is washed and ready for dinner. As he reaches the door, he stops, sees the scene, stands quietly as if he were waiting for orders. KURT begins to balance TECK, to balance himself. To JOSHUA.*) Hilf mir. (*JOSHUA comes quickly to KURT.*) Mach die Tür auf! (*JOSHUA runs toward the doors, opens them, stands waiting.*) Bleib da! Mach die Tür zu! (*KURT begins to move out through the terrace. When he is outside the doors, JOSHUA closes them quickly, stands looking at his mother.*)

SARA. There's trouble.

JOSHUA. Do not worry. I will go up now. I will pack. In ten minutes all will be

ready. I will say nothing. I will get the children ready— (*He starts quickly for the hall, turns for a second to look toward the terrace doors. Then almost with a sob.*) This was a nice house.

SARA (*softly*). We're not going this time, darling. There's no need to pack.

JOSHUA (*stares at her, puzzled*). But, Papa—

SARA. Go upstairs, Joshua. Take Babbie and Bodo in your room, and close the door. Stay there until I call you. (*He looks at her, SARA sits down.*) There's nothing to be frightened of, darling. Papa is all right. (*Then very softly.*) Papa is going home.

JOSHUA. To Germany?

SARA. Yes.

JOSHUA. Oh. Alone?

SARA. Alone. (*Very softly.*) Don't say anything to the children. He will tell them himself.

JOSHUA. I won't.

SARA (*as he hesitates*). I'm all right. Go upstairs now. (*He moves slowly out, she watches him, he disappears. For a minute she sits quietly. Then she gets up, moves to the terrace doors, stands with her hands pressed against them. Then she crosses, picks up the overturned chair, places it by the table, picks up the glass, puts it on the table. As if without knowing what she is doing, she wipes the table with her handkerchief.*)

[*FANNY comes in from hall. After a second, DAVID comes in from library. Stops, looks around room.*]

DAVID. Where is he? Upstairs?

SARA. No. They went outside.

FANNY. Outside? They went outside. What are they doing, picking a bouquet together?

SARA (*without turning*). They just went outside.

DAVID (*looks at her*). What's the matter, Sara?

[SARA shakes her head. Goes to the desk, opens the telephone book, looks at a number, begins to dial the telephone.]

FANNY. Eleven hundred, eleven hundred and fifty, twelve, twelve-fifty—

DAVID. For God's sake, stop counting that money.

FANNY. All right. I'm nervous. And I don't like to think of giving him too much.

SARA. It's very nice of you and Mama. All that money— (*Into the telephone.*) Hello. What time is your next plane? Oh. To— South. To El Paso, or— Brownsville. Yes.

DAVID (*to FANNY*). Is Joseph ready?

FANNY. I don't know. I told him I'd call him.

SARA. To Brownsville? Yes. Yes. That's all right. At what time? Yes. No. The ticket will be picked up at the airport. (*DAVID begins to cross to the bell cord. She looks up.*) No. David. Don't call Joseph. *David! Please!* (*He draws back, stares at her. Looking at him, she goes on with the conversation.*) Ritter. R-I-T-T-E-R. From Chicago. Yes. Yes. (*She hangs up, walks away.*)

DAVID. Sara! What's happening? What is all this? (*She does not answer.*) Where is Kurt? What— (*He starts for the terrace door.*)

SARA. David. *Don't go out.*

FANNY (*rises*). Sara! What's happening—

SARA. For seven years now, day in, day out, men have crossed the German border. They are always in danger. They always may be going in to die. Did you ever see the face of a man who never knows if this day will be the last day? (*Softly.*) Don't go out on the terrace, David. Leave Kurt alone.

FANNY (*softly*). Sara! What is—

SARA (*quietly*). For them, it may be torture, and it may be death. Some day,

when it's all over, maybe there'll be a few of them left to celebrate. There aren't many of Kurt's age left. He couldn't take a chance on them. They wouldn't have liked it. (*Suddenly, violently.*) He'd have had a bad time trying to explain to them that because of this house and this nice town and my mother and my brother, he took chances with their work and with their lives. (*Quietly.*) Sit down, Mama. I think it's all over now. (*To DAVID.*) There's nothing you can do about it. It's the way it had to be.

DAVID. Sara—

FANNY. Do you mean what I think you— (*She sits down.*)

SARA (*she turns, looks out toward the doors. After a pause*). He's going away tonight and he's never coming back any more. (*In a sing-song.*) Never, never, never. (*She looks down at her hands, as if she were very interested in them.*) I don't like to be alone at night. I guess everybody in the world's got a time they don't like. Me, it's right before I go to sleep. And now it's going to be for always. All the rest of my life. (*She looks up as KURT comes in from the terrace.*) I've told them. There is an eight-thirty plane going as far south as Brownsville. I've made you a reservation. In the name of Ritter.

KURT (*stands looking at her*). Liebe Sara! (*Then he goes to the table at which FANNY is sitting. To FANNY.*) It is hard for you, eh? (*He pats her hand.*) I am sorry.

FANNY (*without knowing why, she takes her hand away*). Hard? I don't know. I—I don't—I don't know what I want to say.

KURT (*looks at the hand she has touched, then turns to look at DAVID*). Before I come in, I stand and think. I say, I will make Fanny and David understand. I say, how can I? Does one under-

stand a killing? No. To hell with it, I say. I do what must be done. I have long sickened of words when I see the men who live by them. What do you wish to make them understand, I ask myself. Wait. Stand here. Just stand here. What are you thinking? Say it to them just as it comes to you. And this is what came to me. When you kill in a war, it is not so lonely; and I 10 remember a cousin I have not seen for many years; and a melody comes back and I begin to make it with my fingers; a staircase in a house in Bonn years ago; an old dog who used to live in our town; Sara in a hundred places— Shame on us. Thousands of years and we cannot yet make a world. Like a child I am. I have stopped a man's life. (*Points to the place 20 on the couch where he had been sitting opposite TECK.*) I sit here. I listen to him. You will not believe—but I pray that I will not have to touch him. Then I know I will have to. I know that if I do not, it is only that I pamper myself, and risk the lives of others. I want you from the room. I know what I must do. (*Loudly.*) All right. Do I now pretend sorrow? Do I now pre- 30 tend it is not I who act thus? No. I do it. I have done it. I will do it again. And I will keep my hope that we may make a world in which all men can die in bed. I have a great hate for the violent. They are the sick of the world. (*Softly.*) Maybe I am sick now, too.

SARA. You aren't sick. Stop that. It's late. You must go soon.

KURT (*he puts out his hands, she touches them*). I am going to say good-bye now to my children. Then I am going to take your car— (*Motions with his head.*) I will take him with me. After that, it is up to you. Two ways:

You can let me go and keep silent. I believe I can hide him and the car. At the end of two days, if they have not been found, you will tell as much of the truth as is safe for you to say. Tell them the last time you saw us we were on our way to Washington. You did not worry at the absence, we might have rested there. Two crazy foreigners fight, one gets killed; you know nothing of the reason. I will have left the gun, there will be no doubt who did the killing. If you will give me those two days, I think I will be far enough away from here. If the car is found before then— (*Shrugs.*) I will still try to move with speed. And all that will make you, for yourselves, part of a murder. For the world, I do not think you will be in bad trouble. (*He pauses.*) There is another way. You can call your police. You can tell them the truth. I will not get home. (*To SARA.*) I wish to see the children now. (*She goes out into the hall and up the stairs. There is silence.*)

FANNY. What are you thinking, David?

DAVID. I don't know. What are you thinking?

FANNY. Me? Oh, I was thinking about my Joshua. I was thinking that a few months before he died, we were sitting out there. (*Points to terrace.*) He said, "Fanny, the Renaissance American is dying, the Renaissance man is dying." I said what do you mean, although I knew what he meant, I always knew. "A Renaissance man," he said, "is a man who wants to know. He wants to know how fast a bird will fly, how thick is the crust of the earth, what made Iago evil, how to plow a field. He knows there is no dignity to a mountain, if there is no dignity to man. You can't put that in a man, but

when it's *really* there, and he will fight for it, put your trust in him."

DAVID (*gets up, smiles, looks at FANNY*). You're a smart woman sometimes. (*SARA enters with JOSHUA. To KURT.*) Don't worry about things here. My soul doesn't have to be so nice and clean. I'll take care of it. You'll have your two days. And good luck to you!

FANNY. You go with my blessing, too.

I like you. (*BODO enters.*)

SARA. See? I come from good stock. (*KURT looks at DAVID. Then he begins to smile. Nods to DAVID. Turns, smiles at FANNY.*)

FANNY. Do you like me?

KURT. I like you, Madame, very much.

FANNY. Would you be able to cash that check?

KURT (*laughs*). Oh, no.

FANNY. Then take the cash. I, too, would like to contribute to your work.

KURT (*slowly*). All right. Thank you. (*He takes the money from the table, puts it in his pocket.*)

BODO (*to KURT*). You like Grandma? I thought you would, with time. I like her, too. Sometimes she dilates with screaming, but— Dilates is correct? (*BABETTE enters. JOSHUA stands away from the others, looking at his father. KURT turns to look at him.*)

JOSHUA. Alles in Ordnung?

KURT. Alles in Ordnung.

BODO. What? What does that mean, all is well? (*There is an awkward silence.*)

BABETTE (*as if she sensed it*). We are all clean for dinner. But nobody else is clean. And I have on Grandma's dress to me—

FANNY (*very nervously*). Of course. And you look very pretty. You're a pretty little girl, Babbie.

BODO (*looks around the room*). What is the matter? Everybody is acting like such

a ninny. I got that word from Grandma.

KURT. Come here. (*They look at him. Then slowly BABETTE comes toward him, followed by BODO. JOSHUA comes more slowly, to stand at the side of KURT's chair.*) We have said many good-byes to each other, eh? We must now say another. (*As they stare at him, he smiles, slowly, as if it were difficult.*) This time, I leave you with good people to whom I believe you also will be good. (*Half playfully.*) Would you allow me to give away my share in you, until I come back?

BABETTE (*slowly*). If you would like it.

KURT. Good. To your mother, her share. My share, to Fanny and David. It is all I have to give. (*Laughs.*) There. I have made a will, eh? Now. We will not joke. I have something to say to you. It is important for me to say it.

JOSHUA (*softly*). You are talking to us as if we were children.

KURT (*turns to look at him*). Am I, Joshua? I wish you were children. I wish I could say love your mother, do not eat too many sweets, clean your teeth— (*Draws BODO to him.*) I cannot say these things. You are not children. I took it all away from you.

BABETTE. We have had a most enjoyable life, Papa.

KURT (*smiles*). You are a gallant little liar. And I thank you for it. I have done something bad today—

FANNY (*shocked, sharply*). Kurt—

SARA. Don't, Mama. (*BODO and BABETTE have looked at FANNY and SARA, puzzled. Then they have turned again to look at KURT.*)

KURT. It is not to frighten you. In a few days, your mother and David will tell you.

BODO. You could not do a bad thing.

BABETTE (*proudly*). You could not.

KURT (*shakes his head*). Now let us get straight together. The four of us. Do you remember when we read "Les Misérables"? Do you remember that we talked about it afterward and Bodo got candy on Mama's bed?

BODO. I remember.

KURT. Well. He stole bread. The world is out of shape, we said, when there are hungry men. And until it gets in shape, men will steal and lie and— (*A little more slowly*).—kill. But for whatever reason it is done, and whoever does it—you understand me—it is all bad. I want you to remember that. Whoever does it, it is bad. (*Then very gaily*.) But you will live to see the day when it will not have to be. All over the world, in every place and every town, there are men who are going to make sure it will not have to be. They want what I want: a child for every child. For my children, and I for theirs. (*He picks BODO up, rises*.) Think of that. It will make you happy. In every town and every village and every mud hut in the world, there is always a man who loves children and who will fight to make a good world for them. And now good-bye. Wait for me. I shall try to come back for you. (*He moves toward the hall, followed by BABETTE, and more slowly, by JOSHUA*.) Or you shall come to me. At Hamburg, the boat will come in. It will be a fine, safe land—I will be waiting on the dock. And there will be the three of you and Mama and Fanny and David. And I will have ordered an extra big dinner and we will show them what our Germany can be like— (*He has put BODO down. He leans down, presses his face in BABETTE's hair.*

Tenderly, as her mother has done earlier, she touches his hair.)

JOSHUA. Of course. That is the way it will be. Of course. But—but if you should find yourself delayed— (*Very slowly*.) Then I will come to you. Mama.

SARA (*she has turned away*). I heard you, Joshua.

KURT (*he kisses BABETTE*). Gute Nacht, Liebling!

BABETTE. Gute Nacht, Papa. Mach's gut!

KURT (*leans to kiss BODO*). Good night, baby.

BODO. Good night, Papa. Mach's gut! (*BABETTE runs up the steps. Slowly BODO follows her.*)

KURT (*kisses JOSHUA*). Good night, son.

JOSHUA. Good night, Papa. Mach's gut! (*He begins to climb the steps. KURT stands watching them, smiling. When they disappear, he turns to DAVID.*)

KURT. Good-bye, and thank you.

DAVID. Good-bye, and good luck.

KURT (*he moves to FANNY*). Good-bye. I have good children, eh?

FANNY. Yes, you have. (*KURT kisses her hand.*)

KURT (*slowly, he turns toward SARA*). Men who wish to live have the best chance to live. I wish to live. I wish to live with you. (*She comes toward him.*)

SARA. For twenty years. It is as much for me today— (*Takes his arms.*) Just once, and for all my life. (*He pulls her toward him.*) Come back for me, darling. If you can. (*Takes brief-case from table and gives it to him.*)

KURT (*simply*). I will try. (*He turns.*) Good-bye, to you all. (*He exits. After a second, there is the sound of a car starting. They sit listening to it. Gradually the noise begins to go off into the distance. A second later, JOSHUA appears.*)

JOSHUA. Mama— (*She looks up. He is*

very tense.) Bodo cries. Babette looks very queer. I think you should come.

SARA (*gets up, slowly*). I'm coming.

JOSHUA (*to FANNY and DAVID. Still very tense*), Bodo talks so fancy, we forget sometimes he is a baby. (*He waits for SARA to come up to him. When she reaches him, she takes his hand, goes up the steps, disappears. FANNY and DAVID watch them.*)

FANNY (*after a minute*). Well, here we are. We're shaken out of the magnolias, eh?

DAVID. Yes. So we are.

FANNY. Tomorrow will be a hard day.

But we'll have Babbie's birthday dinner. And we'll have music afterward. You can be the audience. I think you'd better go up to Marthe now.

Be as careful as you can. She'd better stay here for a while. I daresay I can stand it.

DAVID (*turns, smiles*). Even your graciousness is ungracious, Mama.

FANNY. I do my best. Well, I think I shall go and talk to Anise. I like Anise best when I don't feel well. (*She begins to move off.*)

DAVID. Mama. (*She turns.*) We are going to be in for trouble. You understand that?

FANNY. I understand it very well. We will manage. You and I. I'm not put together with flour paste. And neither are you—I am happy to learn.

DAVID. Good night, Mama. (*As she moves out, the curtain falls.*)

STUDENTS' BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MODERN DRAMA

THE number of books on modern drama has grown to huge proportions. The subject has had so many points of interest, and it has been so dynamic over a period of sixty years, that it has called forth hundreds of articles, studies, and books on every aspect of drama and the theatre. Many of these works served a useful purpose but were outmoded by the onrush of the movement. Others have been superseded by later, more complete treatises. The following list is a beginner's guide to the most helpful books on the drama, the playwrights, and the theatre.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- ANDERSON, MAXWELL. *The Essence of Tragedy*. Washington, 1939.
- ANDREWS, CHARLTON. *The Drama of Today*. Philadelphia, 1913.
- BAHR, HERMAN. *Expressionism* (trans. by R. F. Gribble). London, 1925; Munich, 1920.
- BAILLY, A. Maeterlinck (trans. F. Rothwell). London, 1931.
- BELL, A. F. G. *Contemporary Spanish Literature*. New York, 1925.
- BITHELL, JETHRO. *Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck*. London, 1930.
- BLOCK, ANITA. *The Changing World in Plays and Theatre*. Boston, 1939.
- BROWN, JOHN MASON. *Broadway in Review*, New York, 1940.
- *The Modern Theatre in Revolt*. New York, 1929.
- *Two on the Aisle: Ten Years of the American Theatre in Performance*. New York, 1938.
- CARTER, HUNTLEY. *The New Spirit in the Russian Theatre, 1917-1928*. New York, 1929.
- *The New Spirit in the European Theatre, 1914-1924*. New York, 1926.
- CHANDLER, FRANK W. *The Contemporary Drama of France*. Boston, 1925.
- *Modern Continental Playwrights*. (Excellent survey, with complete bibliographies.) New York, 1931.
- CHARQUES, R. D. (ed.). *Footnotes to the Theatre*. London, 1938.
- CLARK, BARRETT H. *Eugene O'Neill, The Man and His Plays*. New York, 1929 and 1936.
- *A Study of the Modern Drama* (Revised ed.). New York, 1936.
- COATS, R. H. *John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist*. New York, 1926.
- CORDELL, RICHARD W. *Somerset Maugham*. New York, 1937.
- CUNLIFFE, JOHN W. *Modern English Playwrights*. New York, 1927.
- DAHLSTRÖM, CARL E. W. L. *Strindberg's Dramatic Expressionism*. Ann Arbor, 1930.
- DANA, H. W. L. *Handbook on Soviet Drama*. New York, 1938.
- DICKINSON, THOMAS H. *An Outline of Contemporary Drama*. Boston, 1927.
- *The Contemporary Drama of England*. Boston, 1931.
- (ed.). *The Theatre in a Changing Europe*. New York, 1937.
- DUHAMEL, GEORGES. *Paul Claudel, le philosophe, le poète, l'écrivain, le dramaturge*. Paris, 1913.
- *Paul Claudel, suivi de propos critiques*. Paris, 1919.
- DUKES, ASHLEY. *The Youngest Drama*. Chicago, 1924.
- ELOESSER, ARTHUR. *Modern German Literature*. New York, 1933.
- FAY, W. G., and GARSWELL, CATHERINE. *The Fays of the Abbey Theatre*. New York, 1935.
- FLANAGAN, HALLIE. *Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theatre*. New York, 1928.
- FLEXNER, ELEANOR. *American Playwrights: 1918-1938*. New York, 1938.
- FYFE, M. H. *Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's Plays and Players*. London, 1930.
- GASSNER, JOHN. *Masters of the Drama*. New York, 1940.

494 STUDENTS' BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MODERN DRAMA

- GERHARDI, WILLIAM. Anton Chekhov, A Critical Study. London, 1923.
- GILDER, ROSAMOND. A Theatre Library. A Bibliography of One Hundred Books Relating to the Theatre. New York, 1932.
- GOLDBERG, ISAAC. The Drama of Transition: Native and Exotic Playcraft. Cincinnati, 1922.
- GORELIK, MORDECAI. New Theatres for Old. New York, 1941.
- GOSSE, EDMUND. Life of Henrik Ibsen. New York, 1907.
- GREGORY, LADY. Our Irish Theatre, A Chapter of Autobiography. New York, 1913.
- HALASZ, GEORGE. Ferenc Molnar, the Man Behind the Monocle. New York, 1929.
- HAMILTON, CLAYTON MEEKER. The Theory of the Theatre. (Consolidated ed.) New York, 1939.
- HENDERSON, ARCHIBALD. European Dramatists. New York, 1926.
- G. Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. New York, 1932.
- HOUGHTON, NORRIS. Moscow Rehearsals; an Account of Methods of Production in the Soviet Theatre. New York, 1936.
- KAUN, ALEXANDER. Maxim Gorky and His Russia. New York, 1931.
- KOHT, HALDAN. The Life of Ibsen. 2 vols. New York, 1931.
- KOMMISARJEVSKY, THEODORE. Myself and the Theatre. New York, 1930.
- KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD. The American Drama Since 1918. New York, 1939.
- LEWISOHN, LUDWIG. The Modern Drama. An Essay in Interpretation. New York, 1915.
- The Drama and the Stage. New York, 1922.
- MCCLINTOCK, LANDER. The Contemporary Drama of Italy. Boston, 1920.
- MCGILL, V. J. August Strindberg, the Bedevilled Viking. New York, 1930.
- MALONE, ANDREW E. The Irish Drama. New York, 1929.
- MANTLE, ROBERT BURNS. Contemporary American Playwrights. New York, 1939.
- MARKOV, PAVEL. The Soviet Theatre. New York, 1935.
- MARRIOTT, JAMES WILLIAM. Modern Drama. London, New York, 1934.
- MARROT, H. V. The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy. New York, 1936.
- MARSAN, JULES. Tendances: Théâtre d'hier et d'aujourd'hui. Paris, 1926.
- MARTINO, P. Le Naturalisme Français (1870-1895). Paris, 1923.
- Parnasse et Symbolisme (1850-1900). Paris, 1928.
- MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET. The Summing Up. New York, 1938.
- MILLER, ANNA IRENE. The Independent Theatre in Europe, 1887 to the Present. New York, 1931.
- MODERWELL, H. K. The Theatre of Today. New York, 1927.
- MORGAN, A. E. Tendencies of Modern English Drama. New York, 1924.
- NEMIRUVITCH-DANTCHENKO, VLADIMIR. My Life in the Russian Theatre. Boston, 1936.
- NICOLL, ALLARDYCE. British Drama. Revised ed. New York, 1933.
- O'HARA, FRANK HURBURN. Today in American Drama. Chicago, 1939.
- PALMER, JOHN. Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. Boston, 1927.
- PERRIN, E. S.-M. Introduction à l'oeuvre de Paul Claudel. Paris, 1926.
- QUINN, ARTHUR HOBSON. A History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day. New York, 1936.
- ROBINSON, LENNOX (ed.). The Irish Theatre: Lectures Delivered during the Abbey Theatre Festival held in Dublin in August, 1938. London, 1939.
- SARGENT, DANIEL. Four Independents. New York, 1935. (Chapter on Claudel.)
- SAYLER, OLIVER M. Our American Theatre. New York, 1923.
- SCHNEIDER, M. Expressionism in Drama. Stuttgart, 1920.
- SÉE, EDMOND. Le théâtre français contemporain. Paris, 1933.
- SKINNER, RICHARD DANA. Eugene O'Neill, A Poet's Quest. New York, 1935.
- SMITH, HUGH ALLISON. Main Currents of Modern French Drama. New York, 1925.
- SOBEL, BERNARD. The Theatre Handbook and Digest of Plays. (Useful but contains high percentage of errors.) New York, 1940.
- STARKIE, WALTER. Luigi Pirandello, 1867-1936. New York, 1937.
- SUBERVILLE, JEAN. Edmond Rostand: Son Théâtre, Son Oeuvre Posthume. Paris, 1922.
- SUTTON, GRAHAM. Some Contemporary Dramatists. London, 1924.
- SYMONS, ARTHUR. The Symbolist Movement in Literature. New York, 1917.

STUDENTS' BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MODERN DRAMA 495

- TAYLOR, UNA. Maurice Maeterlinck, a Critical Study. London, 1914.
 THOMPSON, VANCE. Strindberg and His Plays. New York, 1921.
 TOLLER, ERNST. I Was a German. London, 1934.
 TOUMANOVA, PRINCESS NINA ANDRONIKOVA. Anton Chekhov, The Voice of Twilight Russia. New York, 1937.
 VERNON, FRANK. The Twentieth-Century Theatre. London, 1924.
 VITTORINI, DOMENICO. The Drama of Luigi Pirandello. Philadelphia, 1935.
 WARREN, L. A. Modern Spanish Literature. New York, 1929.
 WAXMAN, SAMUEL MONTEFIORE. Antoine and the Théâtre Libre. Cambridge, 1926.
 WEIGAND, HERMANN J. The Modern Ibsen. New York, 1925.
 WIENER, LEO. The Contemporary Drama of Russia. Boston, 1924.
 WILSON, NORMAN SCARLYN. European Drama. London, 1937.
 WINTHER, SOPHUS KEITH. Eugene O'Neill, A Critical Study. New York, 1934.
 ZUCHER, A. E. Ibsen, the Master-Builder. New York, 1929.

